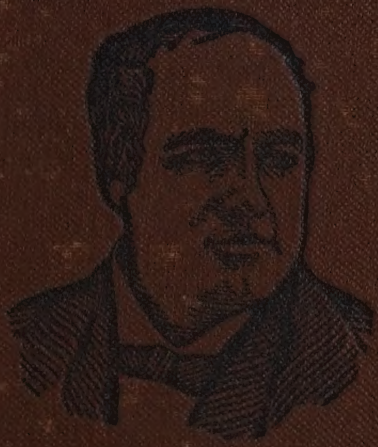
Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's



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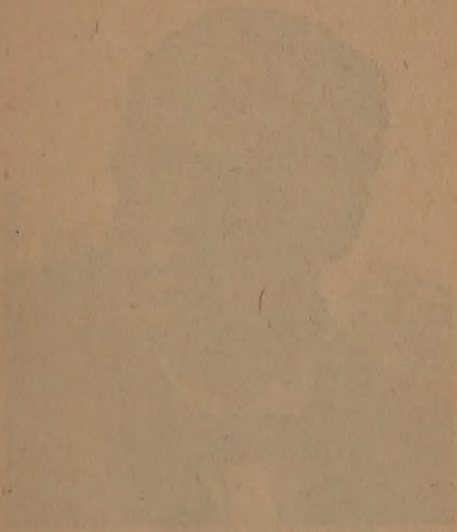

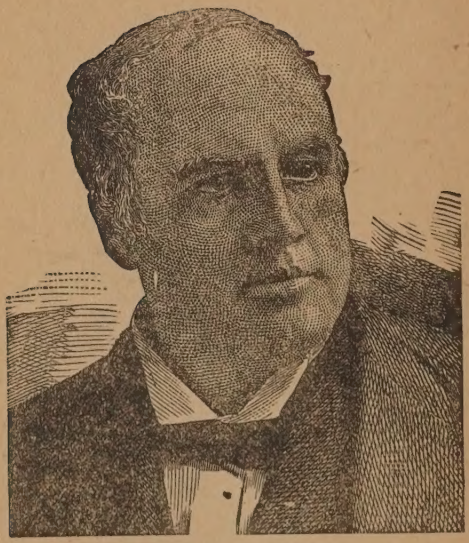

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Colonel
Robert G. Ingersoll's
44 Complete Lectures

With a Preface
by the Compiler

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PREFACE

Robert Green Ingersoll, who was known throughout the world as Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, was born in the year 1833 in the city of Dresden, State of New York.

He was the son of a Congregational minister who had a good church and was very broad in his views. This accounts in a great measure for the vast fund of biblical knowledge possessed by Robert, as even when a boy, he displayed remarkable powers of argument among his acquaintances.

Early in life, he, with his brother, took up the study of law and located at Shawneetown, Illinois, where they had a prosperous practice.

In 1857 he was induced to take up his home in Peoria, Illinois, and up to the time of his demise, Peoria was his home city.

During the civil war, from 1862 to '65, he held the commission of colonel in the U. S. cavalry, and on his retirement from that commission, he was appointed state attorney general for Illinois.

His early training brought out all those remarkable traits of biblical knowledge which he used to such advantage on the lecture platform that his opponents regarded him with admiration, though differing with him in all phases of theology.

Col. Ingersoll's views were those of the Agnostic school of thought as exemplified by Hume and Kent with a mingling of the philosophy of Berkley.

Agnosticism is a long way from Atheism, but a number of Ingersoll's critics fail to take this into account, and have unhesitatingly sent him to their devil, irrespective of their christianlike spirit, "judge not, lest ye be judged."

Col. Ingersoll departed this life with the same convictions that he held all through his career, both as soldier and citizen, a true patriot, a lover of home, mourned by all who knew him, and his writings will live long after his critics have been forgotten.

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Mistakes of Moses

Now and then some one asks me why I am endeavoring to interfere with the religious faith of others, and why I try to take from the world the consolation naturally arising from a belief in eternal fire. And I answer: I want to do what little I can to make my country truly free. I want to broaden the intellectual horizon of our people. I want it so that we can differ upon all those questions, and yet grasp each other's hands in genuine friendship. I want, in the first place, to free the clergy. I am a great friend of theirs, but they don't seem to have found it out generally. I want it so that every minister will be not a parrot, not an owl sitting upon a dead limb of the tree of knowledge and hooting the hoots that have been hooted for eighteen hundred years. But I want it so that each one can be an investigator, a thinker; and I want to make his congregation grand enough so that they will not only allow him to think, but will demand that he shall think, and give to them the honest truth of his thought. As it is now, ministers are employed like attorneys—for the plaintiff or the defendant. If a few people know of a young man in the neighborhood maybe who has not a good constitution—he may not be healthy enough to be wicked—a young man who has shown no decided talent—it occurs to them to make him a minister. They contribute and send him to some school. If it turns out that that young man has more of the man in him than they thought, and he changes his opinion, everyone who contributed will feel himself individually swindled—and they will follow that young man to the grave with the poisoned shafts of malice and slander. I want it so that everyone will be free—so that a pulpit will not be a pillory. They have in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister-factory; and every professor in that factory takes an oath once in every five years—that is as long as an oath will last—that not only has he not during the last five years, but so help him God, he will not during the next five years intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath he could easier keep. Since the foundation of that institution there has not been one case of perjury. They believe the same creed they first taught when the foundation stone was laid, and now when they send out a minister they brand him as hardware from Sheffield and Birmingham. And every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he reads, and just what he amounts to intellectually, and knows he will shrink and shrivel, and become solemnly stupid day after day until he meets with death. It is all wrong; it is cruel. These men should be allowed to grow. They should have the air of liberty and the sunshine of thought.

I want to free the schools of our country. I want it so that when a professor in a college finds some fact inconsistent with Moses he will not hide the fact; that it will not be worse for him for having discovered the fact. I wish to see an eternal divorce and separation between church and schools. The common school is the bread of life; but there should be nothing taught in the schools except what somebody knows, and anything else should not be maintained by a system of general taxation. I want its professors so that they will tell everthing they find; that they will be free to investigate in every direction, and will not be trammeled by the superstitions of our day. What has religion to do with facts? Nothing. Is there any such thing as Methodist mathematics, Presbyterian botany, Catholic astronomy or Baptist biology? What has any form of superstition or religion to do with a fact or with any science? Nothing but to hinder, delay or embarrass. I want, then, to free the schools; and I want to free the politicians, so that a man will not have to pretend he is a Methodist, or his wife a Baptist, or his grandmother a Catholic; so that he can go through a campaign, and when he gets through will find none of the dust of hypocrisy on his knees.

I want the people splendid enough that when they desire men to make laws for them they will take one who knows something, who has brain enough to prophesy the destiny of the American Republic, no matter what his opinions may be upon any religious subject. Suppose we are in a storm out at sea, and the billows are washing over our ship, and it is necessary that some one should reef the topsail, and a man presents himself. Would you stop him at

the foot of the mast to find out his opinion on the five points of Calvinism? What has that to do with it? Congress has nothing to do with baptism or any particular creed, and from what little experience I have had of Washington, very little to do with any kind of religion whatever. Now, I hope this afternoon, this magnificent and splendid audience will forget that they are Baptists or Methodists, and remember that they are men and women. These are the highest titles humanity can bear—man and woman; and every title you add belittles them. Man is the highest; woman is the highest. Let us remember that we are simply human beings, with interests in common. And let us all remember that our views depend largely upon the country in which we happen to live. Suppose we were born in Turkey, most of us would have been Mohammedans; and when we read in the book that when Mohammed visited heaven he became acquainted with an angel named Gabriel, who was so broad between his eyes that it would take a smart camel three hundred days to make the journey, we probably would have believed it. If we did not, people would say: "That young man is dangerous; he is trying to tear down the fabric of our religion. What do you propose to give us instead of that angel? We cannot afford to trade off an angel of that size for nothing." Or if we had been born in India we would have believed in a god with three heads. Now we believe in three gods with one head. And so we might make a tour of the world and see that every superstition that could be imagined by the brain of man has been in some place held to be sacred.

Now, someone says: "The religion of my father and mother is good enough for me." Suppose we all said that, where would be the progress of the world? We would have the rudest and most barbaric religion, which no one could believe. I do not believe that it is showing real respect to our parents to believe something simply because they did. Every good father and every good mother wish their children to find out more than they know; every good father wants his son to overcome some obstacle that he could not grapple with; and if you wish to reflect credit on your father and mother, do it by accomplishing more than they did, because you live in a better time. Every nation has had what you call a sacred record, and the older the more sacred, the more contradictory and the more inspired is the record. We, of course, are not an exception, and I propose to talk a little about what is called the Pentateuch, a book, or a collection of books, said to have been written by Moses. And right here in the commencement let me say that Moses never wrote one word of the Pentateuch—not one word was written until he had been dust and ashes for hundreds of years. But as the general opinion is that Moses wrote these books, I have entitled this lecture "The Mistakes of Moses." For the sake of this lecture, we will admit that he wrote it. Nearly every maker of religion has commenced by making the world; and it is one of the safest things to do, because no one can contradict as having been present, and it gives free scope to the imagination. These books, in times when there was a vast difference between the educated and the ignorant, became inspired, and people bowed down and worshiped them.

I saw a little while ago a Bible with immense oaken covers, with hasps and clasps large enough almost for a penitentiary, and I can imagine how that book would be regarded by barbarians in Europe when not more than one person in a dozen could read and write. In fancy I saw it carried into the cathedral, heard the chant of the priest, saw the swinging of the censer and the smoke rising; and when that Bible was put on the altar I can imagine the barbarians looking at it and wondering what influence that black book would have on their lives and future. I do not wonder that they imagined it was inspired. None of them could write a book, and consequently when they saw it they adored it; they were stricken with awe; and rascals took advantage of that awe.

Now, they say that book is inspired. I do not care whether it is or not; the question is, Is it true? If it is true it don't need to be inspired. Nothing needs inspiration except a falsehood or a mistake. A fact never went into partnership with a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of wonders. A fact will fit every other fact in the universe, and that is how you can tell whether it is or is not a fact. A lie will not fit anything except another lie made for the express purpose; and, finally, some one gets tired of lying, and the last lie will not fit the next fact, and then there is a chance for inspiration. Right then and there a miracle is needed. The real question is: In the light of science, in the light of the brain and heart of the nineteenth century, is this book true? The gentleman who wrote it begins by telling us that God made the universe out of nothing. That I cannot conceive; it may be so, but I cannot conceive it. Nothing, regarded in the light of raw material, is to my mind,

a decided and disastrous failure, I cannot imagine of nothing being made into something, any more than I can of something being changed back into nothing. I cannot conceive of force aside from matter, because force to be force must be active, and unless there is matter there is nothing for force to act upon, and consequently it cannot be active. So I simply say I cannot comprehend it. I cannot believe it. I may roast for this, but it is my honest opinion. The next thing he proceeds to tell us is that God divided the darkness from the light; and right here let me say when I speak about God I simply mean the being described by the Jews. There may be in immensity some being beneath whose wing the universe exists, whose every thought is a glittering star, but I know nothing about Him—not the slightest—and this afternoon I am simply talking about the being described by the Jewish people. When I say God, I mean Him. Moses describes God dividing the light from the darkness. I suppose that at that time they must have been mixed. You can readily see how light and darkness can get mixed. They must have been entities. The reason I think so is because in that same book I find that darkness overspread Egypt so thick that it could be felt; and they used to have on exhibition in Rome a bottle of the darkness that once overspread Egypt. The gentleman who wrote this in imagination saw God dividing light from the darkness. I am sure the man who wrote it believed darkness to be an entity, a something, a tangible thing that can be mixed with light.

The next thing that he informs us is that God divided the waters above the firmament from those below the firmament. The man who wrote that believed the firmament to be a solid affair. And that is what the gods did. You recollect the gods came down and made love to the daughters of men—and I never blamed them for it. I have never read a description of any heaven I would not leave on the same errand. That is where the gods lived. That is where they kept the water. It was solid. That is the reason the people prayed for rain. They believed that an angel could take a lever, raise a window and let out the desired quantity. I find in the Psalms that "He bowed the heavens and came down;" and we read that the children of men built a tower to reach the heavens and climb into the abode of the gods. The man who wrote that believed the firmament to be solid. He knew nothing about the laws of evaporation. He did not know that the sun wooed with amorous kiss the waves of the sea, and that, disappointed, their vaporous sighs changed to tears and fell again as rain. The next thing he tells us is that the grass began to grow, and the branches of the trees laughed into blossom, and the grass ran up the shoulder of the hills, and not a solitary ray of light had left the eternal quiver of the sun. Not a blade of grass had ever been touched by a gleam of light. And I do not think that grass will grow to hurt without a gleam of sunshine. I think the man who wrote that simply made a mistake, and is excusable to a certain degree. The next day he made the sun and moon—the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night. Do you think the man who wrote that knew anything about the size of the sun? I think he thought it was about three feet in diameter, because I find in some book that the sun was stopped a whole day, to give a general named Joshua time to kill a few more Amalekites; and the moon was stopped also. Now, it seems to me that the sun would give light enough without stopping the moon; but as they were in the stopping business they did it just for devilment. At another time, we read, the sun was turned ten degrees backward to convince Hezekiah that he was going to die of a boil. How much easier it would have been to cure the boil! The man who wrote that thought the sun was two or three feet in diameter, and could be stopped and pulled around like the sun and moon in a theater. Do you know that the sun throws out every second of time as much heat as could be generated by burning eleven thousand million tons of coal. I don't believe he knew that, or that he knew the motion of the earth. I don't believe he knew that it was turning on its axis at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, because if he did, he would have understood the immensity of heat that would have been generated by stopping the world. It has been calculated by one of the best mathematicians and astronomers that to stop the world would cause as much heat as it would take to burn a lump of solid coal three times as big as the globe. And yet we find in that book that the sun was not only stopped, but turned back ten degrees, simply to convince a gentleman that he was not going to die of a boil! They may say I will be damned if I do not believe that, and I tell them I will if I do.

Then he gives us the history of astronomy, and he gives it to us in five words: "He made the stars also." He came very near forgetting the stars. Do you believe that the man who wrote that knew that there are stars as much larger than this earth as the earth is larger than the apple

which Adam and Eve are said to have eaten? Do you believe that he knew this world is but a speck in the shining, glittering universe of existence? I would gather from that that he made the stars after he got the world done. The telescope, in reading the infinite leaves of the heaven, has ascertained that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, and it would require millions of years to come from some of the stars to the earth. Yet the beams of those stars mingle in our atmosphere, so that if those distant orbs were fashioned when this world began, we must have been whirling in space not six thousand, but many millions of years. Do you believe the man who wrote that as a history of astronomy really knew that this world was but a speck compared with millions of sparkling orbs? I do not. He then proceeds to tell us that God made fish and cattle, and that man and woman were created male and female. The first account stops at the second verse of the second chapter.

You see, the Bible originally was not divided into chapters; the first Bible that was ever divided into chapters in our language was made in the year of grace, 1550. The Bible was originally written in the Hebrew language, and the Hebrew language at that time had no vowels in writing. It was written entirely with consonants, and without being divided into chapters or into verses, and there was no system of punctuation whatever. After you go home to-night write an English sentence or two with only consonants close together, and you will find that it will take twice as much inspiration to read it as it did to write it. When the Bible was divided into verses and chapters, the divisions were not always correct, and so the division between the first and second chapter of Genesis is not in the right place. The second account of the creation commences at the third verse, and it differs from the first in two essential points. In the first account man is the last made; in the second, man is made before the beasts. In the first account, man is made "male and female," in the second only a man is made, and there is no intention of making a woman whatever.

You will find by reading that second chapter that God tried to palm off on Adam a beast as his helpmeet. Everybody talks about the Bible and nobody reads it; that is the reason it is so generally believed. I am probably the only man in the United States who has read the Bible through this year. I have wasted that time, but I had a purpose in view. Just read it, and you will find about the twenty-third verse, that God caused all the animals to walk before Adam in order that he might name them. And the animals came like a menagerie into town, and as Adam looked at all the crawlers, jumpers and creepers, this God stood by to see what he would call them. After this procession passed, it was pathetically remarked, "Yet was there not found any helpmeet for Adam." Adam didn't see anything that he could fancy. And I am glad he didn't. If he had, there would not have been a free-thinker in this world; we should have all died orthodox. And finding Adam was so particular, God had to make him a helpmeet, and having used up the nothing He was compelled to take part of the man to make the woman with, and He took from the man a rib. How did he get it? And then imagine a God with a bone in his hand, and about to start a woman, trying to make up his mind whether to make a blonde or a brunette. Right here it is only proper that I should warn you of the consequences of laughing at any story in the holy Bible. When you come to die, your laughing at this story will be a thorn in your pillow. As you look back upon the record of your life, no matter how many men you have wrecked and ruined, and no matter how many women you have deceived and deserted—all that may be forgiven you; but if you recollect that you have laughed at God's book, you will see through the shadows of death, the leering looks of fiends and the forked tongues of devils. Let me show you how it will be. For instance, it is the day of judgment. When the man is called up by the recording secretary, or whoever does the cross-examining, he says to his soul: "Where are you from?" "I am from the world." "Yes, sir. What kind of a man were you?" "Well, I don't like to talk about myself." "But you have to. What kind of a man were you?" "Well, I was a good fellow; I loved my wife, I loved my children. My home was my heaven; my fireside was my paradise, and to sit there and see the lights and shadows falling on the faces of those I love, that to me was a perpetual joy. I never gave one of them a solitary moment of pain. I don't owe a dollar in the world, and I left enough to pay my funeral expenses and keep the wolf of want from the door of the house I loved. That is the kind of man I am." "Did you belong to any church?" "I did not. They were too narrow for me. They were always expecting to be happy simply because somebody else was to be damned." "Well, did you believe that rib story?" "What rib story do you mean, that Adam and Eve business? No, I did not. To tell you the God's truth, that

was a little more than I could swallow." "To hell with him! Next. Where are you from?" "I'm from the world, too." "Do you belong to any church?" "Yes, sir, and to the Young Men's Christian Association." "What is your business?" "Cashier in a bank." "Did you ever run off with any of the money?" "I don't like to tell, sir." "Well, but you have to." "Yes, sir; I did." "What kind of a bank did you have?" "A savings bank." "How much did you run off with?" "One hundred thousand dollars." "Did you take anything else along with you?" "Yes, sir." "What?" "I took my neighbor's wife." "Did you have a wife and children of your own?" "Yes, sir." "And you deserted them?" "Oh, yes; but such was my confidence in God that I believed He would take care of them." "Have you heard of them since?" "No, sir." "Did you believe that rib story?" "Ah, bless your soul, yes! I believed all of it, sir; I often used to be sorry that there were not harder stories yet in the Bible, so that I could show what my faith could do." "You believed it, did you?" "Yes, with all my heart." "Give him a harp."

I simply wanted to show you how important it is to believe these stories. Of all the authors in the world God hates a critic the worst. Having got this woman done he brought her to a man, and they started housekeeping, and a few minutes afterwards a snake came through a crack in the fence and commenced to talk with her on the subject of fruit. She was not acquainted in the neighborhood, and she did not know whether snakes talked or not, or whether they knew anything about the apples or not. Well, she was misled, and the husband ate some of those apples and laid it all on his wife; and there is where the mistake was made. God ought to have rubbed him out at once. He might have known that no good could come of starting the world with a man like that. They were turned out. Then the trouble commenced, and people got worse and worse. God, you must recollect, was holding the reins of government, but He did nothing for them. He allowed them to live six hundred and sixty-nine years without knowing their A, B, C's. He never started a school, not even a Sunday school. He didn't even keep his own boys at home. And the world got worse every day, and finally He concluded to drown them. Yet that same God has the impudence to tell me how to raise my own children. What would you think of a neighbor, who had just killed his babes, giving you his views on domestic economy? God found that He could do nothing with them and He said: "I will drown them all, except a few." And He picked out a fellow by the name of Noah, that had been a bachelor for five hundred years. If I had to drown anybody, I would have drowned him. I believe that Noah had then been married something like one hundred years. God told him to build a boat, and he built one five hundred feet long, eighty or ninety feet broad and fifty-five feet high, with one door shutting on the outside, and one window twenty-two inches square. If Noah had any hobby in the world it was ventilation. Then into this ark he put a certain number of all the animals in the world. Naturalists have ascertained that at that time there were at least eleven hundred thousand insects necessary to go into the ark, about forty thousand mammalia, sixteen hundred reptilia, to say nothing about the mastodon, the elephant and the animalculæ, of which thousands live upon a single leaf and which cannot be seen by the naked eye. Noah had no microscope, and yet he had to pick them out by pairs. You have no idea the trouble that man had. Some say the flood was not universal, that it was partial. Why, then, did God say: "I will destroy every living thing beneath the heavens." If it was partial why did Noah save the birds? An ordinary bird, tending strictly to business, can beat a partial flood. Why did he put the birds in there—the eagles, the vultures, the condors —if it was only a partial flood? And how did he get them in there? Were they inspired to go there, or did he drive them up? Did the polar bear leave his home of ice and start for the tropics inquiring for Noah; or could the kangaroo come from Australia unless he was inspired, or somebody was behind him? Then there are animals on this hemisphere not on that. How did He get them across? And there are some animals which would be very unpleasant in an ark unless the ventilation was very perfect.

When he got the animals in the ark, God shut the door and Noah pulled down the window. And then it began to rain, and it kept on raining until the water went twenty-nine feet over the highest mountain. Chimboraza, then as now, lifted its head above the clouds. And yet the waters rose and rose over every mountain in the world —twenty-nine feet above the highest peaks, covered with snow and ice. How deep were these waters? About five and a half miles. How long did it rain? Forty days. How much did it have to rain a day? About eight hundred feet. How is that for dampness? No wonder they said the

windows of the heavens were open. If I had been there I would have said the whole side of the house was out. How long were they in this ark? A year and ten days, floating around with no rudder, no sail, nobody on the outside at all. The window was shut, and there was no door, except the one that shut on the outside. Who ran this ark—who took care of it? Finally it came down on Mount Ararat, a peak seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea, with about three thousand feet of snow, and it stopped there simply to give the animals from the tropics a chance. Then Noah opened the window and got a breath of fresh air, and he let out all the animals; and then Noah took a drink, and God made a bargain with him that He would not drown us any more, and He put a rainbow in the clouds and said: "When I see that I will recollect that I have promised not to drown you." Because if it was not for that He is apt to drown us at any moment. Now can anybody believe that that is the origin of the rainbow? Are you not all familiar with the natural causes which bring those beautiful arches before our eyes? Then the people started out again, and they were bad as before. Here let me ask why God did not make Noah in the first place? He knew he would have to drown Adam and Eve and all his family. Then another thing, why did He want to drown the animals? What had they done? What crime had they committed? It is very hard to answer these questions—that is, for a man who has only been born once. After a while they tried to build a tower to get into heaven, and the gods heard about it and said: "Let's go down and see what man is up to." They came and found things a great deal worse than they thought and thereupon they confounded the language to prevent them succeeding, so that the fellow up above could not shout down "mortar" or "brick" to the one below, and they had to give it up. Is it possible that anyone believes that that is the reason why we have the variety of languages in the world? Do you know that language is born of human experience and is a physical science? Do you know that every word has been suggested in some way by the feelings or observations of man—that there are words as tender as the dawn, as serene as the stars, and others as wild as the beasts? Do you know that language is dying and being born continually—that every language has its cemetery and cradle, its bud and blossom and withered leaf? Man has loved, enjoyed and suffered, and language is simply the expression he gives those experiences.

Then the world began to divide, and the Jewish nation was started. Now, I want to say that at one time your ancestors, like mine, were barbarians. If the Jewish people had to write these books now they would be civilized books, and I do not hold them responsible for what their ancestors did. We find the Jewish people first in Canaan, and there were seventy of them, counting Joseph and his children already in Egypt. They lived two hundred and fifteen years, and they went down into Egypt and stayed there two hundred and fifteen years; they were four hundred and thirty years in Canaan and Egypt. How many did they have when they went to Egypt? Seventy. How many were they at the end of two hundred and fifteen years? Three millions. That is a good many. We had at the time of the Revolution in this country three millions of people. Since that time there have been four doubles, until we have forty-eight millions today. How many would the Jews number at the same ratio in two hundred and fifteen years? Call it eight doubles and we have forty thousand. But instead of forty thousand they had three millions. How do I know they had three millions? Because they had six hundred thousand men of war. For every honest voter in the state of Illinois there will be five other people, and there are always more voters than men of war. They must have had at the lowest possible estimate three millions of people. Is that true? Is there a minister in the city of Chicago that will certify to his own idiocy by claiming that they could have increased to three millions by that time? If there is, let him say so. Do not let him talk about the civilizing influence of a lie.

When they got into the desert they took a census to see how many first-born children there were. They found they had twenty-two thousand two hundred and seventy-three first-born males. It is reasonable to suppose there was about the same number of first-born girls, or forty-five thousand first-born children. There must have been about as many mothers as first-born children. Divide three millions by forty-five thousand mothers, and you will find that the women in Israel had to have on the average of sixty-eight children a piece. Some stories are too thin. This is too thick. Now, we know that among three million people there will be about three hundred births a day; and according to the Old Testament, whenever a child was born the mother had to make a sacrifice—a sin-offering for the crime of having been a mother. If there is in this universe any-

thing that is infinitely pure, it is a mother with her child in her arms. Every woman had to have a sacrifice of a couple of doves, a couple of pigeons, and the priest had to eat those pigeons in the most holy place. At that time there were at least three hundred births a day, and the priests had to cook and eat those pigeons in the most holy place; and at that time there were only three priests. Two hundred birds a piece per day! I look upon them as the champion bird-eaters of the world.

Then where were these Jews? They were upon the desert of Sinai; and Sahara, compared to that, is a garden. Imagine an ocean of lava, torn by storm and vexed by tempest, suddenly gazed at by Gorgon, and changed to stone. Such was the desert of Sinai. The whole supplies of the world could not maintain three millions of people on the desert of Sinai for forty years. It would cost one hundred thousand millions of dollars, and would bankrupt Christendom. And yet there they were with flocks and herds—so many that they sacrificed over one hundred and fifty thousand first-born lambs at one time. It would require millions of acres to support those flocks, and yet there was no blade of grass, and there is no account of it raining baled hay. They sacrificed one hundred and fifty thousand lambs, and the blood had to be sprinkled on the altar within two hours, and there were only three priests. They would have to sprinkle the blood of twelve hundred and fifty lambs per minute. Then all the people gathered in front of the tabernacle, eighteen feet deep. Three millions of people would make a column six miles long. Some reverend gentlemen say they were ninety feet deep. Well, that would make a column of over a mile.

Where were those people going? They were going to the Holy Land. How large was it? Twelve thousand square miles—one-fifth the size of Illinois—a frightful country, covered with rocks and desolation. There never was a land agent in the city of Chicago that would not have blushed with shame to have described that land as flowing with milk and honey. Do you believe that God Almighty ever went into partnership with hornets? It is necessary unto salvation. God said to the Jews: "I will send hornets before you, to drive out the Canaanites. How would a hornet know a Canaanite? Is it possible that God inspired the hornets—that He granted letters of marque and reprisal to hornets? I am willing to admit that nothing in the world would be better calculated to make a man leave his native country than a few hornets attending strictly to business. God said: "Kill the Canaanites slowly." Why? "Lest the beasts of the field increase upon you." How many Jews were there? Three millions. Going to a country, how large? Twelve thousand square miles. But were there nations already in this Holy Land? Yes, there were seven nations "mightier than the Jews." Say there would be twenty-one millions when they got there, or twenty-four millions with themselves. Yet they were told to kill them slowly, lest the beasts of the field increased upon them. Is there a man in Chicago that believes that? Then what does he teach it to little children for? Let him tell the truth.

So the same God went into partnership with snakes. The children of Israel lived on manna—one account says all the time, and another only a little while. That is the reason there is a chance for commentaries, and you can exercise faith. If the book was reasonable everybody could get to heaven in a moment. But whenever it looks as if it could not be that way and you believe, you are almost a saint, and when you know it is not that way and believe you are a saint. He fed them on manna. Now manna is very peculiar stuff. It would melt in the sun, and yet they used to cook it by seething and baking. I would as soon think of frying snow or boiling icicles. It shrank to an omer, no matter how much they gathered, and swelled up to an omer, no matter how little they gathered. What a magnificent thing manna would be for the currency, shrinking and swelling, according to the volume of business! There was not a change in the bill of fare for forty years, and they knew that God could just as well give them three square meals a day. They remembered about the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks and the onions of Egypt, and they said: "Our souls abhorreth this light bread." Then this God got mad—you know cooks are always touchy—and thereupon He sent snakes to bite the men, women and children. He also sent them quails in wrath and anger, and while they had the flesh between their teeth He struck thousands of them dead. He always acted in that way, all of a sudden. People had no chance to explain—no chance to move for a new trial—nothing. I want to know if it is reasonable He should kill people for asking for one change of diet in forty years. Suppose you had been boarding with an old lady for forty years, and she never had a solitary thing on the table but hash, and one morning you said: "My soul abhorreth hash." What would you say if she let a basketful of rattlesnakes upon you? Now is it possible for people to believe this? The Bible says that

their clothes did not wax old, they did not get shiny at the knees or elbows; and their shoes did not wear out. They grew right along with them. The little boy starting out with his first pants grew up and his pants grew with him. Some commentators have insisted that angels attended to their wardrobes. I never could believe it. Just think of one angel hunting another and saying: "There goes another button." I cannot believe it.

There must be a mistake somewhere or somehow. Do you believe the real God—if there is one—ever killed a man for making hair-oil? And yet you find in the Pentateuch that God gave Moses a recipe for making hair-oil to grease Aaron's beard; and said if anybody made the same hair-oil he should be killed. And he gave him a formula for making ointment, and He said if anybody made ointment like that he should be killed. I think that is carrying patent laws to excess. There must be some mistake about it. I cannot imagine the infinite Creator of all the shining worlds giving a recipe for hair-oil. Do you believe that the real God came down to Mount Sinai with a lot of patterns for making a tabernacle—patterns for tongs, for snuffers and such things? Do you believe that God came down on that mountain and told Moses how to cut a coat, and how it should be trimmed? What would an infinite God care on which side he cut the breast, what color the fringe was, or how the buttons were placed? Do you believe God told Moses to make curtains of fine linen? Where did they get their flax in the desert? How did they weave it? Did he tell him to make things of gold, silver and precious stones, when they hadn't them? Is it possible that God told them not to eat any fruit until after the fourth year of planting the trees? You see all these things were written hundreds of years afterwards, and the priests, in order to collect the tithes, dated the laws back. They did not say, "This is our law," but, "Thus said God to Moses in the wilderness." Now, can you believe that? Imagine a scene: The eternal God tells Moses, "Here is the way I want you to consecrate my priests. Catch a sheep and cut his throat." I never could understand why God wanted a sheep killed just because a man had done a mean trick; perhaps it was because his priests were fond of mutton. He tells Moses further to take some of the blood and put it on his right thumb, a little on his right ear, and a little on his right big toe. Do you believe God ever gave such instructions for the consecration of His priests? If you should see the South Sea Islanders going through such a performance you could not keep your face straight. And will you tell me that it had to be done in order to consecrate a man to the service of the infinite God? Supposing the blood got on the left toe!

Then we find in this book how God went to work to make the Egyptians let the Israelites go. Suppose we wish to make a treaty with the mikado of Japan, and Mr. Hayes sent a commissioner there; and suppose he should employ Hermann, the wonderful German, to go along with him; and when they came in the presence of the mikado, Hermann threw down an umbrella, which changed into a turtle, and the commissioner said: "That is my certificate. You would say the country is disgraced. You would say the president of a republic like this disgraces himself with jugglery. Yet we are told God sent Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, and when they got there Moses threw down a stick, which turned into a snake. That God is a juggler—he is the infinite prestidigitator. Is that possible? Was that really a snake, or was it the appearance of a snake? If it was the appearance of a snake, it was a fraud. Then the necromancers of Egypt were sent for, and they threw down sticks, which turned into snakes, but those were not so large as Moses' snake, which swallowed them. I maintain that it is just as hard to make small snakes as it is to make large ones; the only difference is that to make large snakes either larger sticks or more practice is required.

Do you believe that God rained hail on the innocent cattle, killing them in the highways, and in the field? Why should He inflict punishment on cattle for something their owners had done? I could never have any respect for a God that would so inflict pain upon a brute beast simply on account of the crime of its owner. Is it possible that God worked miracles to convince Pharaoh that slavery was wrong? Why did He not tell Pharaoh that any nation founded on slavery could not stand? Why did He not tell him, "Your government is founded on slavery, and it will go down, and the sands of the desert will hide from the view of man your temples, your altars, and your fanes?" Why did not He speak about the infamy of slavery? Because He believed in the infamy of slavery himself. Can we believe that God will allow a man to give his wife the right of divorcement and make the mother of his children a wanderer and a vagrant? There is not one word about woman in the Old Testament except the word of shame and humiliation. The God of the Bible does not think woman is as good as man. She was never

worth mentioning. It did not take the pains to recount the death of the mother of us all. I have no respect for any book that does not treat woman as the equal of man. And if there is any God in this universe who thinks more of me than he thinks of my wife, he is not well acquainted with both of us. And yet they say that that was done on account of the hardness of their hearts; and that was done in a community where the law was so fierce that it stoned a man to death for picking up sticks on Sunday. Would it not have been better to stone to death every man who abused his wife and allowed them to pick up sticks on account of the hardness of their hearts? If God wanted to take those Jews from Egypt to the land of Canaan, why didn't He do it instantly? If He was going to do a miracle, why didn't He do one worth talking about?

After God had killed all the first-born in Egypt, after he had killed all the cattle, still Egypt could raise an army that could put to flight six hundred thousand men. And because this God overwhelmed the Egyptian army, he bragged about it for a thousand years, repeatedly calling the attention of the Jews to the fact that he overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts. Did he help much with their six hundred thousand men? We find by the records of the day that the Egyptian standing army at that time was never more than one hundred thousand men. Must we believe all these stories in order to get to heaven when we die? Must you judge of a man's character by the number of stories he believes? Are we to get to heaven by creed or by deed? That is the question. Shall we reason, or shall we simply believe? Ah, but they say the Bible is not inspired about those little things. The Bible says the rabbit and the hare chew the cud. But they do not. They have a tremendous motion of the lip. But the Being that made them says they chew the cud. The Bible therefore, is not inspired in natural history. Is it inspired in its astrology? No. Well, what is it inspired in? In its law? Thousands of people say that if it had not been for the ten commandments we would not have known any better than to rob and steal. Suppose a man planted an acre of potatoes, hoed them all summer and dug them in the fall; and suppose a man had sat upon the fence all the time and watched him: do you believe it would be necessary for that man to read the ten commandments to find out who, in his judgment, had a right to take those potatoes? All laws against larceny have been made by industry to protect the fruits of its labor. Why is there a law against murder? Simply because a large majority of people object to being murdered. That is all. And all these laws were in force thousands of years before that time.

One of the commandments said they should not make any graven images, and that was the death of art in Palestine. No sculptor has ever enriched stone with the divine forms of beauty in that country; and any commandment that is the death of art is not a good commandment. But they say the Bible is morally inspired; and they tell me there is no civilization without this Bible. Then God knows that just as well as you do. God always knew it, and if you can't civilize a nation without a Bible, why didn't God give every nation just one Bible to start with? Why did God allow hundreds of thousands and billions of billions to go down to hell just for the lack of a Bible? They say that it is morally inspired. Well, let us examine it. I want to be fair about this thing, because I am willing to stake my salvation or damnation on this question, whether the Bible is true or not. I say it is not; and upon that I am willing to wager my soul. Is there a woman here who believes in the institution of polygamy? Is there a man here who believes in that infamy? You say: "No; we do not." Then you are better than your God was four thousand years ago. Four thousand years ago He believed in it, taught it and upheld it. I pronounce it and denounce it the infamy of infamies. It robs our language of every sweet and tender word in it. It takes the fireside away forever. It takes the meaning out of the words father, mother, sister, brother, and turns the temple of love into a vile den where crawl the slimy snakes of lust and hatred. I was in Utah a little while ago, and was on the mountain where God used to talk to Brigham Young. He never said anything to me. I said it was just as reasonable that God in the nineteenth century would talk to a polygamist in Utah as it was that four thousand years ago, on Mount Sinai, he talked to Moses upon that hellish and damnable question.

I have no love for any God who believes in polygamy. There is no heaven on this earth save where the one woman loves the one man and the one man loves the one woman. I guess it is not inspired on the polygamy question. Maybe it is inspired about religious liberty. God says that if anybody differs with you about religion, "kill him." He told His peculiar people, "If any one teaches a different religion, kill him!" He did not say try and convince him that he is wrong, but "kill him." He did not say, "I am in the miracle business, and I will convince him;" but "kill him." He said to every husband, "If your wife,

that you love as you love your own soul, says, 'let us go and worship other gods,' then thy hand shall be first upon her and she shall be stoned with stones until she dies." Well now, I hate a God of that kind, and I cannot think of being nearer heaven than to be away from Him. A God tells a man to kill his wife simply because she differs with him on religion! If the real God were to tell me to kill my wife, I would not do it. If you had lived in Palestine at that time, and your wife—the mother of your children—had waked up at night and said: "I am tired of Jehovah. He is always turning up that board bill. He is always telling about whipping the Egyptians. He is always killing somebody. I am tired of him. Let us worship the sun. The sun has clothed the world in beauty; it has covered the earth with green and flowers; by its divine light I first saw your face; its light has enabled me to look into the eyes of my beautiful babe. Let us worship the sun, father and mother of light and love and joy." Then what would it be your duty to do—kill her? Do you believe any real God ever did that? Your hand should be first upon her, and when you took up some ragged rock and hurled it against the white bosom filled with love for you, and saw running away the red current of her sweet life, then you would look up to heaven and receive the congratulations of the infinite fiend whose commandments you had to obey. I guess the Bible was not inspired about religious liberty. Let me ask you right here: Suppose, as a matter of fact, God gave those laws to the Jews and told them "whenever a man preaches a different religion, kill him," and suppose that afterwards that same God took upon himself flesh and came to the world and taught and preached a different religion, and the Jews crucified him—did he not reap exactly what he sowed?

Maybe this book is inspired about war. God told the Israelites to overrun that country, and kill every man, woman, and child for defending their native land. Kill the old men. Yes. Kill the women? Certainly. And the little dimpled babies in the cradle, that smile and coo in the face of murder—dash out their brains; that is the will of God. Will you tell me that any God ever commanded such infamy? Kill the men and the women, and the young men and the babes! "What shall we do with the maidens?" "Give them to the rabble murderers!" Do you believe that God ever allowed the roses of love and the violets of modesty that shed their perfume in the heart of a maiden to be trampled beneath the brutal feet of lust? If there is any God, I pray him to write in the book of eternal remembrance, opposite to my name, that I denied that lie. Whenever a woman reads a Bible and comes to that passage, she ought to throw the book from her in contempt and scorn. Do you tell me that any decent God would do that? What would the devil have done under the same circumstances? Just think of it; and yet that is the God that we want to get into the constitution. That is the God we teach our children about, so that they will be sweet and tender, amiable and kind. That monster—that fiend! I guess the Bible is not inspired about religious liberty, nor about war.

Then, if it is not inspired about these things, maybe it is inspired about slavery. God tells the Jews to buy up the children of the heathen round about and they should be servants for them. What is a "servant?" If they struck a "servant" and he died immediately, punishment was to follow, but if the injured man should linger awhile, there was no punishment, because the servant represented their money! Do you believe that is right—that God made one man to work for another and to receive pay in rations? Do you believe God said that a whip on the naked back was the legal tender for labor performed? Is it possible that the real God ever gave such infamous, bloodthirsty laws? What more does he say? When the time of a married slave expired, he could not take his wife and children with him. Then if the slave did not wish to desert his family, he had his ears pierced with an awl, and became his master's property forever. Do you believe that God ever turned the dimpled cheeks of little children into iron chains to hold a man in slavery? Do you know that a God like that would not make a respectable devil? I want none of his mercy. I want no part and no lot in the heaven of such a God. I will go to perdition, where there is human sympathy. The only voice we have ever had from either of those other worlds came from hell. There was a rich man who prayed his brothers to attend to Lazarus so that they might "not come to this place." That is the only instance so far as we know of souls across the river having any sympathy. And I would rather be in hell asking for water than in heaven denying that petition. Well, what is this book inspired about? Where does the inspiration come from? Why was it that so many animals were killed? It was simply to make atonement for man—that is all. They killed something that had not committed a crime, in order that the one who had committed the crime might be acquitted. Based upon that idea is the atonement of the Christian religion. That

is the reason I attack this book—because it is the basis of another infamy, viz., that one man can be good for another, or that one man can sin for another. I deny it. You have got to be good for yourself; you have got to sin for yourself. The trouble about the atonement is, that it saves the wrong man. For instance, I kill some one. He is a good man. He loves his wife and children and tries to make them happy; but he is not a Christian, and he goes to hell. Just as soon as I am convicted and cannot get a pardon I get religion, and I go to heaven. The hand of mercy cannot reach down through the shadows of hell to my victim.

There is no atonement for the saint—only for the sinner and the criminal. The atonement saves the wrong man. I have said that I would never make a lecture at all without attacking this doctrine. I did not care what I started out on. I was always going to attack this doctrine. And in my conclusion I want to draw you a few pictures of the Christian heaven. But before I do that I want to say the rest I have to say about Moses. I want you to understand that the Bible was never printed until 1488. I want you to know that up to that time it was in manuscript in the possession of those who could change it if they wished; and they did change it, because no two ever agreed. Much of it was in the waste basket of credulity, in the open mouth of tradition, and the dull ear of memory. I want you also to know that the Jews themselves never agreed as to what books were inspired, and that there were a lot of books written that were not incorporated in the Old Testament. I want you to know that two or three years before Christ, the Hebrew manuscript was translated into Greek, and that the original from which the translation was made has never been seen since. Some Latin Bibles were found in Africa but no two agreed, and then they translated the Septuagint into the language of Europe, and no two agreed. Henry VIII. took a little time between murdering his wives to see that the Word of God was translated correctly. You must recollect that we are indebted to murderers for our Bibles and our creeds. Constantine, who helped on the good work in its early stage, murdered his wife and child, mingling their blood with the blood of the Savior.

The Bible that Henry VIII. got up did not suit and then his daughter, the murderess of Mary, Queen of Scots, got up another edition, which also did not suit; and, finally, that philosophical idiot, King James, prepared the edition which we now have. There are at least one hundred thousand errors in the Old Testament, but everybody sees that is not enough to invalidate its claim to infallibility. But these errors are gradually being fixed, and hereafter the prophet will be fed by Arabs instead of "ravens," and Samson's three hundred foxes will be three hundred "sheaves" already bound, which were fired and thrown into the standing wheat. I want you all to know that there was no contemporaneous literature at the time the Bible was composed, and that the Jews were infinitely ignorant in their day and generation—that they were isolated by bigotry and wickedness from the rest of the world. I want you to know that there are fourteen hundred millions of people in the world; and that with all the talk and work of the societies, only one hundred and twenty millions have got Bibles. I want you to understand that not one person in one hundred in this world ever read the Bible, and no two ever understood it alike who did read it, and that no one person probably ever understood it aright. I want you to understand that where this Bible has been, man has hated his brother—there have been dungeons, racks, thumbscrews, and the sword. I want you to know that the cross has been in partnership with the sword, and that the religion of Jesus Christ was established by murderers, tyrants and hypocrites. I want you to know that the church carried the black flag. Then talk about the civilizing influence of this religion.

Now I want to give an idea or two in regard to the Christian's heaven. Of all the selfish things in this world, it is one man wanting to get to heaven, caring nothing what becomes of the rest of mankind. "If I can only get my little soul in!" I have always noticed that the people who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about getting them saved. Here is what we are taught by the church to-day. We are taught by it that fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters can all be happy in heaven, no matter who may be in hell; that the husband can be happy there with the wife that would have died for him at any moment of his life in hell. But they say, "We don't believe in fire. What we believe in now is remorse." What will you have remorse for? For the mean things you have done when you are in hell? Will you have any remorse for the mean things you have done when you are in heaven? Or will you be so good then that you won't care how you used to be? Don't you see what an infinitely mean belief that is? I tell you to-day that no matter in what heaven you may be, no matter in what star you are spending the summer, if you meet another man whom you have wronged you will drop a little behind in the tune. And, no matter in what part of hell you are,

and you meet some one whom you have succored, whose nakedness you have clothed, and whose famine you have fed, the fire will cool up a little. According to this Christian doctrine, when you are in heaven you won't care how mean you were once. What must be the social condition of a gentleman in heaven who will admit that he never would have been there if he had not got scared? What must the social position of an angel who will always admit that if another had not pitied him he ought to have been damned? Is it a compliment to an infinite God to say that every being He ever made deserved to be damned the minute He got him done, and that He will damn everybody He has not had a chance to make over? Is it possible that somebody else can be good for me and that this doctrine of the atonement is the only anchor for the human soul?

For instance, here is a man seventy years of age, who has been a splendid fellow and lived according to the laws of nature. He has got about him splendid children, whom he has loved and cared for with all his heart. But he did not happen to believe in this Bible; he did not believe in the Pentateuch. He did not believe that because some children made fun of a gentleman who was short of hair, God sent two bears and tore the little darlings to pieces. He had a tender heart, and he thought about the mothers who would take the pieces, the bloody fragments of the children and press them to their bosoms in a frenzy of grief; he thought about their wails and lamentations; and could not believe that God was such an infinite monster. That was all he thought, but he went to hell. Then there is another man who made a hell on earth for his wife, who had to be taken to the insane asylum, and his children were driven from home and were wanderers and vagrants in the world. But just between the last sin and the last breath, this fellow got religion, and he never did another thing except to take his medicine. He never did a solitary human being a favor, and he died and went to heaven. Don't you think he would be astonished to see that other man in hell, and say to himself: "Is it possible that such a splendid character should bear such fruit, and that all my rascality at last has brought me next to God?" Or, let us put another case. You were once alone in the desert—no provisions, no water, no hope. Just when your life was at its lowest ebb, a man appeared, gave you water and food and brought you safely out. How you would bless that man! Time rolls on. You die and go to heaven, and one day you see, through the black night of hell, the friend who saved your life, begging for a drop of water to cool his parched lips. He cries to you, "Remember what I did in the desert—give me a drink!" How mean, how contemptible you would feel to see him suffering and be unable to relieve him. But that is the Christian heaven. We sit by the fireside and see the flames and the sparks fly up the chimney—everybody happy, and the cold wind and sleet are beating on the window, and out on the doorstep is a mother with a child on her breast freezing. How happy it makes a fireside, that beautiful contrast. And we say "God is good," and there we sit, and she sits and moans, not one night but forever. Or we are sitting at the table with our wives and children, everybody eating, happy and delighted, and Famine comes and pushes out its shriveled palms, and, with hungry eyes, implores us for a crust; how that would increase the appetite! And yet that is the Christian heaven. Don't you see that these infamous doctrines petrify the human heart? And I would have every one who hears me, swear that he will never contribute another dollar to build another church, in which is taught such infamous lies. I want every one of you to say that you never will, directly or indirectly give a dollar to any man to preach that falsehood. It has done harm enough. It has covered the world with blood. It has filled the asylums for the insane. It has cast a shadow in the heart, in the sunlight of every good and tender man and woman. I say let us rid the heavens of this monster, and write upon the dome, "Liberty, love and law."

No matter what may come to me or what may come to you, let us do exactly what we believe to be right and let us give the exact thought in our brains. Rather than have this Christianity true, I would rather all the gods would destroy themselves this morning. I would rather the whole universe would go to nothing, if such a thing were possible, this instant. Rather than have the glittering dome of pleasure treated on the eternal abyss of pain, I would see the utter and eternal destruction of this universe. I would rather see the shining fabric of our universe crumble to unmeaning chaos and take itself where oblivion broods and memory forgets. I would rather the blind Samson of some imprisoned force, released by thoughtless chance should so rack and strain this world that man in stress and strain, in astonishment and fear, should suddenly fall back to savagery and barbarity. I would rather that this thrilled and thrilling globe, shorn of all life, should in its cycles rub the wheel, the parent star, on which the light should fall as fruitlessly as falls the gaze of love on

death, than to have this infamous doctrine of eternal punishment true; rather than have this infamous selfishness of a heaven for a few and a hell for the many established as the word of God!

One world at a time is my doctrine. Let us make some one happy here. Happiness is the interest that a decent action draws, and the more decent actions you do, the larger your income will be. Let every man try to make his wife happy, his children happy. Let every man try to make every day a joy, and God cannot afford to damn such a man. I cannot help God; I cannot injure God. I can help people; I can injure people. Consequently humanity is the only real religion.

I cannot better close this lecture than by quoting four lines from Robert Burns:

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife.
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

Skulls

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Man advances just in the proportion that he mingles his thoughts with his labors—just in the proportion that he takes advantage of the forces of nature; just in proportion as he loses superstition and gains confidence in himself. (Applause.) Man advances as he ceases to fear the gods and learns to love his fellowmen. (Applause.) It is all, in my judgment, a question of intellectual development. Tell me the religion of any man and I will tell you the degree he marks on the intellectual thermometer of the world. It is a simple question of brain. Those among us who are the nearest barbarism have a barbarian religion. Those who are nearest civilization have the least superstition. (Applause.) It is, I say, a simple question of brain, and I want, in the first place, to lay the foundation to prove that assertion.

A little while ago I saw models of nearly everything that man has made. I saw models of all the water craft, from the rude dug-out in which floated a naked savage—one of our ancestors—a naked savage, with teeth twice as long as his forehead was high, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his orthodox head—I saw models of all the water craft of the world, from that dug-out up to a man-of-war, that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas; from that dug-out to the steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York, with a compass like a conscience, crossing three thousand miles of billows without missing a throb or beat of its mighty iron heart from shore to shore. And I saw at the same time the painting of the world, from the rude daub of yellow mud to the landscapes that enrich palaces and adorn houses of what were once called the common people.

I saw also their sculpture, from the rude god with four legs, a half-dozen arms, several noses, and two or three rows of ears, and one little, contemptible, brainless head, up to the figures of to-day—to the marbles that genious has clad in such a personality that it seems almost impudent to touch them without an introduction.

I saw their books written upon the skins of wild beasts—upon shoulder blades of sheep—books written upon leaves, upon bark, up to the splendid volumes that enrich the libraries of our day. When I speak of libraries, I think of the remark of Plato: "A house that has a library in it has a soul."

I saw at the same time the offensive weapons that man has made from a club, such as was grasped by that same savage when he crawled from his den in the ground and hunted a snake for his dinner; from that club to the boomerang, to the sword, to the cross-bow, to the blunderbuss, to the flint-lock, to the cap-lock, to the needle-gun, up to a cannon cast by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball weighing two thousand pounds through eighteen inches of solid steel.

I saw, too, the armor from the shell of a turtle that one of our brave ancestors lashed upon his breast when he went to fight for his country; the skin of a porcupine, dried with the quills on, which this same savage pulled over his orthodox head, up to the shirts of mail that were worn in the middle ages, that laughed at the edge of the sword and defied the point of the spear; up to a monitor clad in complete steel.

And I say orthodox not only in the matter of religion, but in everything. Whoever has quit growing, he is orthodox (applause) whether in art, politics, religion, philosophy —no matter what. Whoever thinks he has found it all out, he is orthodox.

Orthodox is that which rots, and heresy is that which grows forever. Orthodoxy is the night of the past, full of the darkness of superstition, and heresy is the eternal coming day, the light of which strikes the grand foreheads of the intellectual pioneers of the world. (Applause.) I saw their implements of agriculture, from the plow made of a crooked stick, attached to the horn of an ox by some twisted straw, with which our ancestors scraped the earth, and from that to the agricultural implements of this generation, that make it possible for a man to cultivate soil without being an ignoramus.

In the old time there was but one crop; and when the rain did not come in answer to the prayer of hypocrites, a famine came and people fell upon their knees. At that time they were full of superstition. They were frightened all the time for fear that some god would be enraged at his poor, hapless, feeble and starving children. But now, instead of depending upon one crop they have several, and if there is not rain enough for one there may be enough for another. And if the frosts kill all, we have railroads and steamships enough to bring what we need from some other part of the world. Since man has found out something about agriculture, the gods have retired from the business of producing famines.

I saw at the same time their musical instruments, from the tom-tom—that is, a hoop with a couple of strings of raw-hide drawn across it—from that tom-tom, up to the instruments we have to-day, that make the common air blossom with melody, and I said to myself there is a regular advancement.

I saw at the same time a row of human skulls, from the lowest skull that has been found—the Neanderthal skull—skulls from central Africa, skulls from the bushmen of Australia—skulls from the farthest isles of the Pacific sea—up to the best skulls of the last generation—and I noticed that there was the same difference between those skulls that there was between the products of those skulls, and I said to myself: "After all it is a simple question of intellectual development." There was the same difference between those skulls, the lowest and highest skulls, that there was between the dug-out and the man-of-war and the steamship, between the club and the Krupp gun, between the yellow daub and the landscapes, between the tom-tom and an opera by Verdi.

The first and lowest skull in this row was the den in which crawled the base and meaner instincts of mankind, and the last was a temple in which dwelt joy, liberty and love.

And I said to myself it is all a question of intellectual development. Man has advanced just as he has mingled his thought with his labor. As he has grown he has taken advantage of the forces of nature; first of the moving wind, then of falling water, and finally of steam. From one step to another he has obtained better houses, better clothes and better books, and he has done it by holding out every incentive to the ingenious to produce them. The world has said, give us better clubs and guns and cannons with which to kill our fellow Christians. (Laughter.) And whoever will give us better weapons and better music, and better houses to live in, we will robe him in wealth, crown him in honor, and render his name deathless. Every incentive was held out to every human being to improve these things, and that is the reason we have advanced in all mechanical arts. But that gentleman in the dug-out not only had his ideas about politics, mechanics and agriculture; he had ideas also about religion. His idea about politics was "right makes might." It will be thousands of years, maybe, before mankind will believe in the saying that "right makes might." He had his religion. That low skull was a devil factory. He believed in hell, and the belief was a consolation to him. He could see the waves of God's wrath dashing against the rocks of dark damnation. He could see tossing in the white-caps the faces of women, and stretching above the crests the dimpled hands of children; and he regarded these things as the justice and mercy of God. And all to-day who believe in this eternal punishment are the barbarians of the nineteenth century. That man believed in a devil, too, that had a long tail terminating with a fiery dart; that had wings like a bat —a devil that had a cheerful habit of breathing brimstone, that had a cloven foot, such as some orthodox clergymen seem to think I have. (Laughter.) And there has not been a patentable improvement made upon that devil in all the years since. (Laughter.) The moment you drive the devil out of theology, there is nothing left worth speaking of. (Laughter.) The moment they drop the devil away goes atonement. The moment they kill the devil, their whole scheme of salvation has lost all of its interest for mankind. You must keep the devil and you must keep hell. You must keep the devil, because with no devil no

priest is necessary. Now, all I ask, is this same privilege, to improve upon his religion as upon his dug-out, and that is what I am going to do, the best I can. No matter what church you belong to, or what church belongs to us. Let us be honor bright and fair.

I want to ask you: Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one at that time, had told these gentlemen in the dug-out: "That dug-out is the best boat that can ever be built by man; the pattern of that came from on high, from the great God of storm and flood, and any man who says that he can improve it by putting a stick in the middle of it and a rag on the stick, is an infidel, and, shall be burned at the stake;" what in your judgment—honor bright—would have been the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe?

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one—and I presume there was a priest, because it was a very ignorant age—suppose this king and priest had said: "That tom-tom is the most beautiful instrument of music of which any man can conceive; that is the kind of music they have in heaven; an angel sitting upon the edge of a glorified cloud, golden in the setting sun, playing upon that tom-tom, became so enraptured, so entranced with her own music, that in a kind of ecstasy she dropped it—that is how we obtained it and any man who says it can be improved by putting a back and front to it, and four strings, and a bridge, and getting a bow of hair with rosin, is a blaspheming wretch, and shall die the death."—I ask you, what effect that would have had upon music? If that course had been pursued, would the human ears, in your judgment ever have been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven?

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, had said: "That crooked stick is the best plow that can be invented; the pattern of that plow was given to a pious farmer in an exceedingly holy dream, and that twisted straw is the *ne plus ultra* of all twisted things, and any man who says he can make an improvement upon that plow is an atheist;" what, in your judgment would have been the effect upon the science of agriculture?

Now, all I ask is the same privilege to improve upon his religion as upon his mechanical arts. Why don't we go back to that period to get the telegraph? Because they were barbarians. And shall we go to barbarians to get our religion? What is religion? Religion simply embraces the duty of man to man. Religion is simply the science of human duty and the duty of man to man—that is what it is. It is the highest science of all. And all other sciences are as nothing, except as they contribute to the happiness of man. The science of religion is the highest of all, embracing all others. And shall we go to the barbarians to learn the science of sciences? The nineteenth century knows more about religion than all the centuries dead. There is more real charity in the world to-day than ever before; there is more thought to-day than ever before. Woman is glorified to-day as she never was before in the history of the world. (Applause.) There are more happy families now than ever before; more children treated as though they were tender blossoms than as though they were brutes than in any other time or nation. Religion is simply a duty a man owes to man; and when you fall upon your knees and pray for something you know not of you neither benefit the one you pray for nor yourself. One ounce of restitution is worth a million of repentance anywhere, and a man will get along faster by helping himself a minute than by praying ten years for somebody to help him. Suppose you were coming along the street, and found a party of men and women on their knees praying to a bank, and you asked them, "Have any of you borrowed money of this bank?" "No, but our fathers, they, too, prayed to this bank." "Did they ever get any?" "No, not that we ever heard of." I would tell them to get up. It is easier to earn it, and it is far more manly.

Now, in the old times of which I have spoken, they say, "We can make all men think alike." All the mechanical ingenuity of this earth cannot make two clocks run alike, and how are you going to make millions of people of different quantities and qualities and amount of brain, clad in this living robe of passionate flesh, how are you going to make millions of them think alike? If the infinite God, if there is one, who made us, wished us to think alike why did he give a spoonful of brains to one man and a bushel to another? Why is it that we have all degrees of humanity, from the idiot to the genius, if it was intended that all should think alike? I say our fathers concluded they would do this by force; and I used to read in books how they persecuted mankind, and, do you know, I never appreciated it. I did not. I read it, but it did not burn itself, as it were, in to my very soul. What infamies had been committed in the name of religion, and I never fully appreciated it until, a little while ago, I saw the iron arguments our fathers used

to use. I tell you the reason we are through that is because we have better brains than our fathers had. Since that day we have become intellectually developed, and there is more real brain and real good sense in the world to-day than in any other period of its history. And that is the reason we have more liberty; that is the reason we have more kindness. But I say I saw these from arguments our fathers used to use. I saw there the thumbscrew—two innocent looking pieces of iron, armed on the inner surface with protuberances to prevent their slipping—and when some men denied the efficacy of baptism, or maybe said, "I do not believe that the whale ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning," then they put these little pieces of iron upon his thumbs, and there was a screw at each end, and then in the name of love and forgiveness, they began screwing these pieces of iron together. A great many men, when they commenced, would say, "I recant." I expect I would have been one of them. (Laughter.) I would have said, "Now you just stop that; I will admit anything on earth that you want. (Laughter.) I will admit there is one God or a million, one hell or a billion; suit yourselves, but stop that." (Laughter.) But I want to say, the thumbscrew having got out of the way, I am going to have my say.

There was now and then some man who wouldn't turn Judas Iscariot to his own soul; there was now and then a man willing to die for his conviction, and if it were not for such men we would be savages to-night. Had it not been for a few brave and heroic souls in every age we would have been naked savages this moment, with pictures of wild beasts tatooed upon our naked breasts, dancing around a dried snake fetich. And I to-night thank every good and noble man who stood up in the face of opposition and hatred and death for what he believed to be right. And then they screwed this thumbscrew down as far as they could and threw him into some dungeon, where, in throbbing misery and the darkness of night, he dreams of the damned. And that was done in the name of universal love! I saw there at the same time, what they called the "collar of torture." Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside of that more than a hundred points as sharp as needles. This being fastened upon the throat, the sufferer could not sit down, he could not walk, he could not stir without being punctured by these needles, and in a little while the throat would begin to swell, and finally suffocation would end the agonies of that man, when maybe the only crime he had committed was to say, with tears upon his sublime cheeks, "I do not believe that God, the father of us all, will damn to eternal punishment any of the children of man." (Applause.) Think of it! And I saw there, at the same time, another instrument, called the "scavenger's daughter," of which you have all read.

I saw at the same time the rack. This was a box like the bed of a wagon, with a windlass at each end and ratchets to prevent slipping. Over each windlass went chains and when some man had, for instance, denied the doctrine of the trinity—a doctrine it is necessary to believe before you get to heaven, but, thank the Lord, you don't have to understand it. (Applause.) This man merely denied that three times one was one, or maybe he denied that there was ever any son in the world exactly as old as his father, or that there ever was a boy eternally older than his mother—then they put that man on the rack. Nobody has ever been persecuted for calling God bad—it has always been for calling him good. When I stand here to say that if there is a hell, God is a fiend, they say that is very bad. They say I am trying to tear down the institutions of public virtue. But let me tell you one thing. There is no reformation in fear. You can scare a man so that he won't do it sometimes, but I will swear you can't scare him so bad that he won't want to do it. (Laughter.) Then they put this man on the rack, and priests began turning these levers, and kept turning until the ankles, the hips, the shoulders, the elbows, the wrists and all the joints of the victim were dislocated, and he was wet with agony, and standing by was a physician to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes. In mercy? No. But in order that they might have the pleasure of racking him once more. And this was the Christian spirit. This was done in the name of civilization, in the name of religion, and all the wretches who did it died in peace. There is not an orthodox preacher in the city that has not a respect for every one of them. As, for instance, for John Calvin, who was a murderer and nothing but a murderer—(applause)—who would have disgraced an ordinary gallows by being hanged upon it. These men when they came to die were not frightened. God did not send any devils into their death-rooms to make mouths at them. He reserved them for Voltaire, who brought religious liberty to France. He reserved them for Thomas Paine (tremendous applause at the name of Paine)—who did more for liberty than all the churches. (Applause.)

But all the inquisitors died with the white hands of peace folded over the breast of piety. And when they died the room was filled with the rustle of the wings of angels waiting to bear the wretches to heaven.

For two hundred years the Christians of the United States deliberately turned the cross of Christ into a whipping-post. Christians bred hounds to catch other Christians. Let me show you what the Bible has done for mankind. "Servants, be obedient to your masters." The only word coming from the sweet heaven was, "Servants, obey your masters." Frederick Douglass told me he had lectured upon the subject of freedom twenty years before he was permitted to set his foot in a church. (Applause.) I tell you the world has not been fit to live in for twenty-five years. Then all the people used to cringe and crawl to preachers. Mr. Buckle, in his history of civilization, shows that men were even struck dead for speaking impolitely to a priest. (Laughter.) God would not stand it. See how they used to crawl before cardinals, bishops and popes. It is not so now. Before wealth they bowed to the very earth, and in the presence of titles they became abject. All this is slowly but surely changing. We no longer bow to men simply because they are rich. Our fathers worshiped the golden calf. The worst you can say of an American now is, he worships the gold of the calf. Even the calf is beginning to see this distinction. The time will come when, no matter how much money a man has, he will not be respected unless he is using it for the benefit of his fellow men. It will soon be here. It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the Emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head. He wanted some evidence that he had something of value within his head. So he wrote Julius Caesar, that he might become a member of the French Academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their fellows. Compare, for instance, King William and Helmholtz. The king is one of the appointed of the Most High, as they say—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Helmholtz, who towers an intellectual Colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the looms of her own genius.

And so it is the world over. The time is coming when a man will be rated at his real worth, and that by his brain and heart. We care nothing now about an officer unless he fills his place. No matter if he is president; if he rattles in the place nobody cares anything about him. I might give you instances in point—(laughter)—but I won't. The world is getting better and grander and nobler every day.

I believe in marriage. If there is any heaven upon earth it is in the family by the fireside, and the family is a unit of government. Without the family relation tender, pure and true civilization is impossible. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons to-night are but the souvenirs of your mother's bondage. The chains around your necks, and the bracelets clasped upon your white arms by the thrilled hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold.

Nearly every civilization in this world accounts for the devilment in it by the crimes of woman. They say woman brought all the trouble into the world. I don't care if she did. I would rather live in a world full of trouble with the woman I love, than to live in heaven with nobody but men. I read a book, an account of the creation of the world. That book I have taken pains to say was not written by any God. And why do I say so? Because I can write a far better book myself. Because it is full of barbarisms. Several ministers in this city have undertaken to answer me—notably those who don't believe the Bible themselves. I want to ask these men one thing. I want them to be fair. Every minister in the city of Chicago that answers me, and those who have answered me, had better answer me again—I want them to say, and without any sort of evasion—without resorting to any pious tricks—I want them to say whether they believe that the Eternal God of this universe ever upheld the crime of polygamy. Say it square and fair. Don't begin to talk about that being a peculiar time, and that God was easy on the prejudices of those old fellows. I want them to answer that question, and to answer it squarely, which they haven't done. Did this God, which you pretend to worship, ever sanction the institution of human slavery? Now, answer fair. Don't slide around it. Don't begin and answer what a bad man I am, nor what a good man Moses was. (Laughter.) Stick to the text. Do you believe in a God that allowed a man to be sold from his children? Do you worship such an infinite monster? (Applause.) And if you do, tell your congregation whether you are not ashamed to admit it. Let every minister

who answers me again tell whether he believes God commanded his general to kill the little dimpled babe in the cradle. Let him answer it. Don't say those were very bad times. Tell whether he did it or not, and then your people will know whether to hate that God or not. Be honest. Tell them whether that God in war captured young maidens and turned them over to the soldiers; and then ask the wives and sweet girls of your congregation to get down on their knees and worship the infinite fiend that did that thing. (Applause.) Answer! It is your God I am talking about, and if that is what God did please tell your congregation what, under the circumstances, the devil would have done. (Applause.) Don't tell your people that is a poem. Don't tell your people that is pictorial. That won't do. Tell your people whether it is true or false. That is what I want you to do.

In this book I have read about God's making the world and one man. That is all he intended to make. The making of woman was a second thought, though I am willing to admit that, as a rule, second thoughts are best. This God made a man and put him in a public park. (Laughter.) In a little while he noticed that the man got lonesome; then He found He had made a mistake, and that He would have to make somebody to keep him company. But having used up all the nothing He originally used in making the world and one man, He had to take part of a man to start a woman with. So He causes sleep to fall on this man—now, understand me, I do not say this story is true. After the sleep had fallen on this man the Supreme Being took a rib, or, as the French would call it, a cutlet, out of him, and from that He made a woman; and I am willing to swear, taking into account the amount and quality of the raw material used, this was the most magnificent job ever accomplished in this world. (Uproarious laughter and applause.) Well, after he got the woman done, she was brought to the man, not to see how she liked him but to see how he liked her. He liked her, and they started housekeeping; and they were told of certain things they might do, and one thing they could not do—and of course they did it. I would have done it in fifteen minutes, and I know it. There wouldn't have been an apple on that tree half an hour from date, and the limbs could have been full of clubs. And then they were turned out of the park and extra policemen were put on to keep them from getting back. And then trouble commenced, and we have been at it ever since. Nearly all of the religions of this world account for the existence of evil by such a story as that! Well, I read in another book what appeared to be an account of the same transaction. It was written about four thousand years before the other. All commentators agree that the one that was written last was the original, and that the one that was written first was copied from the one that was written last. (Laughter.) But I would advise you all not to allow your creed to be disturbed by a little matter of four or five thousand years. It is a great deal better to be mistaken in dates than go to the devil.

In this other account the Supreme Brahma made up his mind to make the world and a man and a woman. He made the world, and he made the man and then the woman, and put them on the island of Ceylon. According to the account, it was the most beautiful island of which man can conceive. Such birds, such songs, such flowers and such verdure! And the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through from every tree was a thousand Æolian harps. Brahma, when he put them there, said: "Let them have a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage." When I read that, it was so much more beautiful and lofty than the other, that I said to myself: "If either one of these stories ever turns out to be true, I hope it will be this one." Then they had their courtship, with the nightingale singing and the stars shining and flowers blooming; and they fell in love. Imagine that courtship! No prospective fathers or mothers-in-law; no prying and gossiping neighbors; nobody to say, "Young man, how do you expect to support her?" Nothing of that kind—nothing but the nightingale singing its song of joy and pain, as though the thorn already touched its heart. They were married by the Supreme Brahma, and he said to them: "Remain here; you must never leave this island." Well, after a little while the man—and his name was Adami, and the woman's name was Heva—said to Heva: "I believe I'll look about a little." He wanted to go west. He went to the western extremity of the island, where there was a narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland; and the devil, who is always playing pranks with us, produced a mirage, and when Adami looked over to the mainland, such hills and vales, such dells and dales, such mountains crowned with snow, such cataracts clad in bows of glory did he see there, that he

went back and told Heva: "The country over there is a thousand times better than this; let us migrate." She, like every other woman that ever lived, said: "Let well enough alone; we have all we want; let us stay here." But he said: "No, let us go." So she followed him; and when they came to this narrow neck of land he took her on his back like a gentleman and carried her over. But the moment they got over they heard a crash, and looking back they discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea. The mirage had disappeared and there was naught but rocks and sand; and then the Supreme Brahma cursed them both to the lowest hell. Then it was that the man spoke—and I have liked him ever since for it: "Curse me, but curse not her; it was not her fault, it was mine." That's the kind of a man to start a world with. (Applause.) The Supreme Brahma said: "I will save her, but not thee." And then spoke out of her fullness of love, out of a heart in which there was love enough to make all her daughters rich in holy affection, and said: "If thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to live without him; I love him." Then the Supreme Brahma said—and I have liked him ever since I read it: "I will spare you both, and watch over you and your children forever." Honor bright, is that not the better and grander story? And in that same book I find this: "Man is strength; woman is love. When one man loves the one woman, and the woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing with joy." In the same book this: "Blessed is that man and beloved of all the gods who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid." Magnificent character! A missionary certainly ought to talk to that man. And I find this: "Never will I accept private individual salvation, but rather will I stay and work and strive and suffer until every soul from every star has been brought home to God." Compare that with the Christian that expects to go to heaven while the world is rolling over Niagara to an eternal and unending hell. So I say that religion lays all the crime and troubles of this world at the beautiful feet of woman. And then the church has the impudence to say that it has exalted woman. I believe that marriage is a perfect partnership; that woman has every right that man has—and one more—the right to be protected. Above all men in the world, I hate a stingy man—a man that will make his wife beg for money. "What did you do with the dollar I gave you last week?" (Laughter.) "And what are you going to do with this?" It is vile. No gentleman will ever be satisfied with the love of a beggar and a slave—no gentleman will ever be satisfied except with the love of an equal. (Applause.) What kind of children does a man expect to have with a beggar for their mother? A man cannot be so poor but that he cannot be generous; and if you have only one dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a lord—spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests—spend it as though you had a wilderness of your own. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it has to go let it go. And this is my advice to the poor. For you can never be so poor that what you do you can't do in a grand and manly way. I hate a cross man. What right has a man to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light—so that it will, even in the night, burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. Some men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be alderman from the fifth ward; they have been thinking about politics, great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at five cents or six, and want to sell it at seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon that man; and when he gets home everybody in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two, she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this gentleman—the head of the family—the boss. I was reading the other day of an apparatus invented for the ejectment of gentlemen who subsist upon free lunches. It is so arranged that when the fellow gets both hands into the victuals a large hand descends upon him, jams his hat over his eyes—he is seized, turned towards the door, and just in the nick of time an immense boot comes from the other side, kicks him in italics, sends him out over the sidewalk and lands him rolling in the gutter. I never hear of such a man—a boss—that I don't feel as though that machine ought to be brought into requisition for his benefit.

Love is the only thing that will pay 10 per cent of interest on the outlay. Love is the only thing in which the height of extravagance is the last degree of economy. (Applause.) It is the only thing, I tell you. Joy is wealth. Love is the legal tender of the soul—(laughter)—and you need not be rich to be happy. We have all been raised on success in this country. Always been talked with about being successful, and have never thought ourselves very rich unless we were the possessors of some magnificent mansion and unless our names have been between the putrid lips of rumor we could not be happy. Every boy is striving to be this and that. I tell you, the happy man is the successful man. The man that has been the emperor of one good heart, and that heart embraces all his, has been a success. (Applause.) If another has been the emperor of the round world and has never loved and been loved, his life is a failure.

It won't do. Let us teach our children the other way, that the happy man is the successful man, and he who is a happy man is the one who always tries to make some one else happy. (Applause.)

It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. It is only necessary to be in love. (Laughter and applause.) Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have an education, and that certificate is in Latin, and they stop studying, and in two years, to save their lives, they couldn't read the certificate they got. (Laughter.)

It is mostly so in marrying. They stop courting when they get married. They think we have won her, and that is enough. Ah! the difference before and after! How well they looked! How bright their eyes! How light their steps and how full they were of generosity and laughter! I tell you a man should consider himself in good luck if a woman loves him when he is doing his level best. (Applause.) Good luck! Good luck! And then, do you know, I like to think that love is eternal; that if you really love the woman for her sake you will love her no matter what she may do; that if she really loves you for your sake, the same; that love does not look at alterations; through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really loved her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And I like to think of it. If a man loves a woman she does not ever grow old to him, and the woman who loves a man does not see that he grows old. He is not decrepit to her; he is not tremulous; he is not old; he is not bowed. She always sees the same gallant fellow that won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way, and, as Shakespeare says: "Let time reach with his sickle as far as ever he can, although he can reach ruddy cheeks and ripe lips and flashing eyes, he cannot quite reach love." I like to think of it. We will go down the hill of life together and enter the shadow one with the other, and as we go down we may hear the ripple of the laughter of our grandchildren, and the birds, and spring, and will sing once more upon the leafless branches of the tree of age. I love to think of it in that way—absolute equals, happy, happy and free, all our own. (Applause.)

When your child confesses to you that it has committed a fault, take that child in your arms, and let it feel your heart beat against its heart; and raise your children in the sunlight of love, and they will be sunbeams to you along the pathway of life. (Applause.) Abolish the club and the whip from the house, because if the civilized use a whip, the ignorant and brutal will use a club, and they will use it because you use a whip. (Applause.) When I was a boy there was one day in each week too good for a child to be happy in. (Laughter.) In those good old times Sunday commenced when the sun went down on Saturday night and closed when the sun went down on the Sunday night. We commenced Saturday to get a good ready. (Laughter.) And when the sun went down Saturday night there was a gloom deeper than midnight that fell upon the house. You could not crack hickory nuts then. (Laughter.) And if you were caught chewing gum it was only another evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. (Laughter.) Well, after a while we got to bed, sadly and sorrowfully, after having heard heaven thanked that we were not all in hell. (Laughter.) And I sometimes used to wonder how the mercy of God lasted as long as it did—(laughter)—because I recollected that on several occasions I had not been at school when I was supposed to be there. (Laughter.) Why I was not burned to a crisp was a mystery to me. The next morning we got up and we got ready for church—all solemn. (Laughter.) And when we got there the minister was up in the pulpit about twenty feet high—(laughter)—and he commenced at Genesis about the fall of man; and he went on to about twenty-thirdly; then he struck the second application. (Laughter.) And when he struck the application I knew

he was about half way through. And then he went on to show the scheme how the Lord was satisfied with punishing the wrong man. (Laughter.) Nobody but a God would have thought of that ingenious way. (Laughter.) Well, when he got through that, then came the catechism—the chief end of man. (Laughter.) Then my turn came, and we sat along on a little bench where our feet did not come within fifteen inches of the floor, and the dear old minister used to ask us: "Boys, do you know you all ought to be in hell?" (Laughter.) And we answered up as cheerfully as we could under the circumstances: "Yes, sir." (Laughter.) "Well, boys, do you know that you would go to hell if you died in your sins?" And we said: "Yes, sir."

And then came the great test. "Boys"—I can't get the tone, you know. (Laughter.) And do you know that is how the preachers get the bronchitis. You never heard of an auctioneer getting the bronchitis, nor the second mate on a steamboat—never. What gives it to the ministers is talking solemnly when they don't feel that way; and it has the same influence upon the organs of speech that it would have upon the cords of the calves of your legs to walk on your tiptoes—(laughter)—and so I call bronchitis "parsonitis." And if the ministers would all tell exactly what they think they would all get well, but keeping back a part of the truth is what gives them bronchitis. Well, the old man—the dear old minister—used to try and show us how long we would be in hell if we should locate there. But to finish the other. The grand test was:

"Boys, if it was God's will that you should go to hell, would you be willing to go?"

And every little liar said: "Yes, sir." Then, in order to tell how long we would stay there, he used to say: "Suppose once in a billion ages a bird should come from a far-distant clime and carry off in its bill one little grain of sand, the time would finally come when the last grain of sand would be carried away. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." "Boys, by that time it would not sun-up in hell." (Laughter.) Where did that doctrine of hell come from? I will tell you—from that fellow in the dug-out. Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the wild beasts. Yes, I tell you he got it from the wild beasts, from the glittering eye of the serpent, from the coiling, twisting snakes, with their fang-mouths; and it came from the bark, growl and howl of wild beasts; it was born of a laugh of the hyena and got from the depraved chatter of malicious apes. And I despise it with every drop of my blood and defy it. (Applause.) If there is any God in this universe who will damn his children for an expression of an honest thought I wish to go to hell. (Applause.) I would rather go there than to go to heaven and keep the company of a God that would thus damn his children. (Applause.) Oh, is it not an infamous doctrine to teach to little children, to put a shadow in the heart of a child, to fill the insane asylums with that miserable, infamous lie? I see now and then a little girl—a dear little darling, with a face like the light, and eyes of joy, a human blossom, and I think: "Is it possible that that little girl will ever grow up to be a Presbyterian?" (Loud laughter.) Is is possible, my goodness, that that flower will finally believe in the five points of Calvinism or in the eternal damnation of man? Is it possible that that little fairy will finally believe that she could be happy in heaven with her baby in hell? Think of it! Think of it! And that is the Christian religion. (Applause.)

We cry out against the Indian mother that throws the child into the Ganges to be devoured by the alligator or crocodile, but that is joy in comparison with the Christian mother's hope that she may be in salvation while her brave boy is in hell. (Applause.) I tell you, I want to kick the doctrine about hell—I want to kick it—every time I go by it. (Laughter.) I want to get Americans in this country placed so they will be ashamed to preach it. I want to get the congregations so that they won't listen to it. (Applause.) We cannot divide the world off into saints and sinners in that way. There is a little girl, as fair as a flower, and she grows up until she is 12, 13 or 14 years old. Are you going to damn her in the 15th, 16th or 17th, when the arrow from Cupid's bow touches her heart and she is glorified—are you going to damn her now? She marries and loves, and holds in her arms a beautiful child. Are you going to damn her now? When are you going to damn her? Because she has listened to some Methodist minister, and after all that flood of light failed to believe? Are you going to damn her then? I tell you, God cannot afford to damn such a woman. (Applause.) A woman in the State of Indiana, forty or fifty years ago, who carded the wool and made rolls and spun them, and made the cloth and cut out the clothes for the children, and nursed them, and sat up with

them nights, and gave them medicine, and held them in her arms and wept over them—cried for joy and wept for fear, and finally raised ten or eleven good men and women, with the ruddy glow of health upon their cheeks, and she would have died for any one of them any moment of her life, and finally she, bowed with age, and bent with care and labor, dies, and at the moment the magical touch of death is upon her face, she looks as if she never had a care, and her children burying her, cover her face with tears. (Applause.) Do you tell me God can afford to damn that kind of a woman? (Applause.) If there is any God, sitting above him, in infinite serenity, we have the figure of justice. Even a God must do justice; and any form of superstition that destroys justice is infamous. (Applause.) Just think of teaching that doctrine to little children! A little child would go into the garden, and there would be a little tree laden with blossoms, and the little fellow would lean against it, and there would be a bird on one of the boughs, singing and swinging, and thinking about four little speckled eggs warmed by the breast of its mate—singing and swinging, and the music in happy waves rippling out of the tiny throat, and the flowers blossoming, the air filled with perfume, and the great white clouds floating in the sky, and the little boy would lean up against that tree and think about hell and the worm that never dies. Oh! the idea there can be any day too good for a child to be happy!

Well, after we got over the catechism (laughter), then came the sermon in the afternoon, and it was exactly like the one in the forenoon, except the other end to. (Laughter.) Then we started for home—a solemn march, "not a soldier discharged his farewell shot"—(laughter)—and when we got home, if we had been real good boys, we used to be taken up to the cemetery to cheer us up (laughter), and it always did cheer me (renewed laughter) those sunken graves, those leaning stones, those gloomy epitaphs covered with the moss of years always cheered me (laughter.) When I looked at them I said: "Well, this kind of thing can't last always." (Laughter.) Then we came back home, and we had books to read which were very eloquent and amusing. We had "Josephus," and the "History of the Waldenses," and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and "Jenkyn on the Atonement." I used to read Jenkyn with a good deal of pleasure (laughter), and I often thought that the atonement would have to be very broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man that would write such a book for the boys. (Laughter.) Then I would look to see how the sun was getting on, and sometimes I thought it had stuck from pure cussedness. (Applause and laughter.) Then I would go back and try Jenkyn again. (Laughter.) Well, but it had to go down, and when the last rim of light sank below the horizon, off would go our hats, and we would give three cheers for liberty once again.

I tell you don't make slaves of your children on Sunday. The idea that there is any God that hates to hear a child laugh! Let your children play games on Sunday. Here is a poor man that hasn't money enough to go to a big church, and he has too much independence to go to a little church that the big church built for charity. He don't want to slide into heaven that way. (Laughter.) I tell you don't come to church, but go to the woods and take your family and a lunch with you, and sit down upon the old log and let the children gather flowers and hear the leaves whispering poems like the memories of long ago, and when the sun is about going down kissing the summits of far hills, go home, with your hearts filled with throbs of joy. There is more recreation and joy in that than going to a dry goods box with a steeple on top of it (laughter), and hearing a man tell you that your chances are about ninety-nine to one for being eternally damned. (Laughter and applause.) Let us make this Sunday a day of splendid pleasure, not to excess but to everything that makes a man purer and grander and nobler. I would like to see now something like this: Instead of so many churches, a vast cathedral that would hold twenty or thirty thousands of people, and I would like to see an opera produced in it that would make the souls of men have higher, and grander and nobler aims. (Applause.) I would like to see the walls covered with pictures and the niches rich with statuary; I would like to see something put there that you could see in this world now, and I do not believe in sacrificing the present to the future; I do not believe in drinking skimmed milk here with the promise of butter beyond the clouds. (Laughter and applause.) Space or time cannot be holy any more than a vacuum can be pious. (Laughter.) Not a bit, not a bit; and no day can be so holy but what the laugh of a child will make it holier still. (Applause.)

Strike with hands of fire, oh, weird musician, thy harp, strung with Apollo's

golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy! O, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O, Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief. (Applause.)

Don't plant your children in long, straight rows like posts. (Laughter.) Let them have light and air, and let them grow beautiful as palms. When I was a little boy, children went to bed when they were not sleepy and always got up when they were. (Laughter and applause.) I would like to see that changed; but they say we are too poor, some of us, to do it. Well, all right. It is as easy to wake a child with a kiss as with a blow; with kindness as with a curse. And, another thing; let the children eat what they want to. Let them commence at whichever end of the dinner they desire. That is my doctrine. They know what they want much better than you do. Nature is a great deal smarter than you ever were. All the advance that has been made in the science of medicine has been made by the recklessness of patients. (Laughter and applause.) I can recollect when they wouldn't give a man water in a fever—not a drop. Now and then some fellow would get so thirsty he would say: "Well, I'll die anyway, so I'll drink it"—(laughter)—and thereupon he would drink a gallon of water, and thereupon he would burst into a generous perspiration and get well—(laughter)—and the next morning when the doctor would come to see him they would tell him about the man drinking the water, and he would say: "How much?" "Well, he swallowed two pitchers full." "Is he alive?" (Laughter.) "Yes." So they would go into the room and the doctor would feel his pulse and ask him: "Did you drink two pitchers of water?" "Yes." "My God! what a constitution you have got." (Laughter and applause.)

I tell you there is something splendid in a man that will not always mind. Why, if we had done as the kings told us five hundred years ago we would all have been slaves. If we had done as the priests told us we would all have been idiots. If we had done as the doctors told us we would have been dead. We have been saved by disobedience. We are saved by that splendid thing called independence, and I want to see more of it day after day, and I want to see children raised so they will have it. That is my doctrine. Give the children a chance. Be perfectly honor bright with them and they will be your friends when you are old. Don't try to teach them something they can never learn. Don't insist upon their pursuing some calling they have no sort of faculty for. Don't make that poor girl play ten years on a piano when she has no ear for music, and when she has practiced until she can play "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps," and you can't tell after she has played it whether he ever got across or not. (Loud and prolonged laughter and applause.) Men are oaks; women are vines; children are flowers, and if there is any heaven in this world it is in the family. It is where the wife loves the husband and the husband loves the wife, and where the dimpled arms of children are about the necks of both. That is heaven, if there is any; and I do not want any better heaven in another world than that; and if in another world I cannot live with the ones I loved here, then I would rather not be there. I would rather resign. (Laughter and applause.)

Well, my friends, I have some excuses to make for the race to which I belong. In the first place, this world is not so very well adapted to raising good men and women. It is three times better adapted to the cultivation of fish than of people. There is one little, narrow belt running zigzag around the world in which men and women of genius can be raised, and that is all. It is with man as it is with vegetation. In the valley you find the oak and the elm tossing their branches defiantly to the storm, and as you advance up the mountain side the hemlock, the pine, the birch, the spruce, the fir, and finally you come to little dwarfed trees, that look like other trees seen through a telescope reversed, every limb twisted as though through pain—getting a scanty subsistence from the miserly crevices of the rocks. You go on and on, until at last the highest crag is freckled with a kind of moss, and vegetation ends. You might as well try to raise oaks and elms where the mosses grow as to raise great men and women where their surroundings are unfavorable. You must have the proper climate and soil.

There never has been a man or woman of genius from the southern hemisphere, because the Lord didn't allow the right climate to fall upon the land. It falls upon the water. There never was much civilization except where there has been snow, and an ordinarily decent winter. You can't have civilization without it. Where man needs no bedclothes but clouds, revolution is the normal condition of such a people. It is the winter that gives us the home; it is the winter that gives us the fireside, and the family relation, and all the beautiful flowers of love that adorn that relation. Civilization, liberty, justice, charity and intellectual advancement are all flowers that bloom in the drifted snow. You can't have them anywhere else, and that is the reason we of the north are civilized, and that is the reason that civilization has always been with winter. That is the reason that philosophy has been here, and, in spite of all our superstitions, we have advanced beyond some of the other races, because we have had this assistance of nature, that drove us into the family relation; that made us prudent; that made us lay up at one time for another season of the year. So there is one excuse for my race. I have got another. I think we came up from the lower animals. I am not dead sure of it, but I think so. When I first read about it, I didn't like it. My heart was filled with sympathy for those people who leave nothing to be proud of except ancestors. I thought how terrible this will be upon the nobility of the old world. Think of their being forced to trace their ancestry back to the Duke Orang Outong or to the Princess Chimpanzee. After thinking it all over I came to the conclusion that I liked that doctrine. I became convinced in spite of myself. I read about rudimentary bones and muscles. I was told that everybody had rudimentary muscles extending from the ear into the cheek. I asked: "What are they?" I was told: "They are the remains of muscles—that they become rudimentary from the lack of use." They went into bankruptcy. They are the muscles with which our ancestors used to flap their ears. (Laughter.) Well, at first, I was greatly astonished, and afterward I was more astonished to find they had become rudimentary. How do you account for John Calvin unless we came up from the lower animals? How can you account for a man that would use the extremes of torture unless you admit that there is in man the elements of a snake, of a vulture, a hyena, and a jackal? How can you account for the religious creeds of today? How can you account for that infamous doctrine of hell except with an animal origin! How can you account for your conception of a God that would sell women and babes into slavery.

Well, I thought that thing over and I began to like it after a while, and I said: "It is not so much difference who my father was as who his son is." And I finally said I would rather belong to a race that commenced with the skulless vertebrates in the dim Laurentian seas, that wriggled without knowing why they wriggled; swimming without knowing where they were going; that come along up by degrees through millions of ages; through all that crawls, and swims, and floats, and runs, and growls, and barks, and howls, until it struck this fellow in the dug-out. And then that fellow in the dug-out getting a little grander, and each one below calling every one above him a heretic; calling every one who had made a little advance an infidel or an atheist, and finally the heads getting a little higher and coming up a little grander and more splendidly, and finally produced Shakespeare, who harvested all the fields of dramatic thought and from whose day until now there have been none but gleaners of chaff and straw. Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of human thought, within which were all the tides and currents and pulses upon which lay all the lights and shadows, and over which brooded all the calms and swept all the storms and tempests of which the human soul is capable. I would rather belong to that race that commenced with that skulless vertebrate; that produced Shakespeare—a race that has before it an infinite future, with the angel of progress leaning from the far horizon, beckoning men forward and upward forever. I would rather belong to that race than to have descended from a perfect pair upon which the Lord has lost money every moment from that day to this.

Now, my crime has been this: I have insisted that the Bible is not the word of God. I have insisted that we should not whip our children. I have insisted that we should treat our wives as loving equals. I have denied that God—if there is any God—ever upheld polygamy and slavery. I have denied that God ever told his generals to kill innocent babes and tear and rip open women with the sword of war. I have denied that, and for that I have been assailed by the clergy of the United States. They tell me I have misquoted; and I owe it to you, and maybe I owe it to myself, to read one or two words to you

upon this subject. (Applause.) In order to do that I shall have to put on my glasses; and that brings me back to where I started—that man has advanced just in proportion as his thought has mingled with his labor. If man's eyes hadn't failed he would never have made spectacles, he would never have had the telescope, and he would never have been able to read the leaves of heaven.

Now, they tell me—and there are several gentlemen who have spoken on this subject—the Rev. Mr. Collyer, a gentleman standing as high as anybody, and I have nothing to say against him, because I denounce a God who upheld murder, and slavery, and polygamy, he says what I said was slang. I would like to have it compared with any sermon that was ever issued from the lips of that gentleman. (Loud applause.) And before he gets through he admits that the Old Testament is a rotten tree that will soon fall into the earth and act as fertilizer for his doctrine. (Applause and laughter.) Is it honest for a man to assail my motive? Let him answer my argument! Is it honest and fair in him to say I am doing a certain thing because it is popular? Has it got to this, that, in this Christian country, where they have preached every day hundreds and thousands of sermons—has it got to this that infidelity is popular in the United States? (Applause.) If it has, I take courage. And I not only see the dawn of a brighter day, but the day is here. Think of it! A minister tells me in this year of grace, 1879, that a man is an infidel simply that he may be popular. I am glad of it. Simply that he may make money. Is it possible that we can make more money tearing up churches than in building them up? Is it possible that we can make more money denouncing the God of slavery than we can praising the God that took liberty from man. If so, I am glad. I call publicly upon Robert Collyer—a man for whom I have great respect—I call publicly upon Robert Collyer to state to the people of this city whether he believes the Old Testament was inspired. I call upon him to state whether he believes that God ever upheld these institutions; whether he believes that God was a polygamist; whether he believes that God commanded Moses or Joshua or anyone else to slay little children in the cradle. Do you believe that Robert Collyer would obey such an order? Do you believe that he would rush to the cradle and drive the knife of theological hatred to the tender heart of a dimpled child? And when I denounce a God that will give such a hellish order, he says that it is slang. I want him to answer; and when he answers he will say he does not believe the Bible is inspired. That is what he will say; and he holds these old worthies in the same contempt that I do. Suppose he should act like Abraham. Suppose he should send some woman out into the wilderness with his child in her arms to starve, would he think that mankind ought to hold his name up forever for reverence?

Robert Collyer says that we should read and scan every word of the Old Testament with reverence; that we should take this book up with reverential hands. I deny it. We should read it as we do every other book, and everything good in it keep it, and everything that shocks the brain and shocks the heart throw it away. Let us be honest. Professor Swing has made a few remarks on this subject, and I say the spirit he has exhibited has been as gentle and as sweet as the perfume of the flower. Professor Swing was too good a man to stay in the Presbyterian Church. He was a rose among thistles; he was a dove among vultures—and they hunted him out, and I am glad he came out. I tell all the churches to drive such men out, and when he comes I want him to state just what he thinks. I want him to tell the people of Chicago whether he believes the Bible is inspired in any sense except that in which Shakespeare was inspired. Honor bright, I tell you that all the sweet and beautiful things in the Bible would not make one play of Shakespeare; all the philosophy in the Bible would not make one scene in "Hamlet"; all the beauties of the Bible would not make one scene in "Midsummer Night's Dream"; all the beautiful things about women in the Bible would not begin to create such a character as Perdita or Imogene or Miranda. Not one. I want him to tell whether he believes the Bible was inspired in any other way than Shakespeare was inspired. I want him to pick out something as beautiful and tender as Burns' poem, "To Mary in heaven." I want him to tell whether he believes the story about the bears eating up children; whether that is inspired. I want him to tell whether he considers that a poem or not. I want to know if the same God made those bears that devoured the children because they laughed at an old man out of hair. I want him to answer it, and answer it fairly. That is all I ask. I want just the fair thing. Now, sometimes Mr. Swing talks as though he believed the Bible, and then he talks to me as though he didn't believe the Bible. The day he made this sermon I think

he did, just a little, believe it. He is like the man that passed a ten-dollar counterfeit bill. He was arrested, and his father went to see him and said: "John, how could you commit such a crime? How could you bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave?" "Well," he says, "father, I'll tell you. I got this bill, and some days I thought it was bad, and some days I thought it was good—and one day when I thought it was good I passed it."

I want it distinctly understood that I have the greatest respect for Prof. Swing, but I want him to tell whether the 109th psalm is inspired. I want him to tell whether the passages I shall afterward read in this book are inspired. That is what I want. Then there is another gentleman here. His name is Herford. He says it is not fair to apply the test of truth to the Bible. I don't think it is myself. He says that although Moses upheld slavery, that he improved it. They were not quite as bad as they were before; and he even justified slavery at that time. Do you believe that God ever turned the arms of children into chains of slavery? Do you believe that God ever said to a man: "You can't have your wife unless you will be a slave! You cannot have your children unless you will lose your liberty, and unless you are willing to throw them from your heart forever you cannot be free." I want Mr. Herford to just state whether he loves such a God. Be honor bright about it. Don't begin to talk about civilization, or what the church has done or will do. Just walk right up to the rack and say whether you love and worship a God that established slavery. Honest! And love and worship a God that would allow a little babe to be torn from the breast of its mother and sold into slavery. Now, tell it fair, Mr. Herford. I want you to tell the ladies in your congregation that you believe in a God that allowed women to be given to the soldiers. Tell them that, and then if you say it was not the God of Moses, then don't praise Moses any more. Don't do it. Answer these questions. Then there is another gentleman, Mr. Ryder, the Reverend Mr. Ryder; and he says that Calvinism is rejected by a majority of Christendom. He is mistaken. There is what they call an Evangelical Alliance. They met in this country in 1875 or 1876, and there were present representatives of all the evangelical churches in the world, and they adopted a creed, and that creed is that man is totally depraved. That creed is that there is an eternal, universal hell, and that every man that does not believe in a certain way is bound to be damned forever, and that there is only one way to be saved, and that is by faith, and by faith alone; and they would not allow any one to be represented there that did not believe that, and they would not allow a Unitarian there, and would not have allowed Dr. Ryder there, because he takes away from the Christian world the consolation naturally arising from the belief in hell. Dr. Ryder is mistaken. All the orthodox religion of the day is Calvinism. It believes in the fall of man. It believes in the atonement. It believes in the eternity of hell, and it believes in salvation by faith; that is to say, by credulity.

That is what they believe, and he is mistaken; and I want to tell Dr. Ryder to-day, if there is a God and he wrote the Old Testament, there is a hell. The God that wrote the Old Testament will have a hell. And I want to tell Dr. Ryder another thing, that the Bible teaches an eternity of punishment. I want to tell him that the Bible upholds the doctrine of hell. I want to tell him that if there is no hell, somebody ought to have said so, and Jesus Christ himself should not have said: "I will at the last day say: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.'" And if you, Dr. Ryder, are depending for salvation on the God that wrote the Old Testament, you will inevitably be eternally damned. Then there is another gentleman, and he a rabbi a Rabbi, Bien or Bean, or whatever his name is—and he comes to the defense of the great law-giver. I will not answer him, and I will tell you why. He has taken himself outside of all the limits of a gentleman; he has taken it upon himself. Isn't it strange? They are like in language the beastliest I ever read, and any man who says that the American women are not just as good women as any God can make, and pick his mud to-day—is an unappreciative barbarian. I want to remind him that in this country the Jews were first admitted to the privileges of citizens; that in this country they were first given all their rights, and I am as much in favor of their having their rights as I am in favor of having my own. But when a rabbi so far forgets himself as to traduce the women and men of this country, I pronounce him a vulgar falsifier, and let him alone. (Applause, cries of "Good! Good!")

Strange, that nearly every man that thought himself called on to defend the Bible was one who did not believe in it himself. Isn't it strange? They are like some suspected people, always anxious to show their marriage certificate. They want,

at least, to convince the world that they are not as bad as I am.

Now, I want to read you just one or two things, and then I am going to let you go. I want to see if I have said such awful things and whether I have got any Scripture to stand by me. I will only read two or three verses. Does the Bible teach man to enslave his brother? If it does, it is not the word of God, unless God is a slaveholder. (He here read from Scripture.) Upon the limbs of unborn babes this fiendish God put the chains of slavery. I hate him. (Applause.)

Here is the story of Jephthah. He went off and he asked the Lord to let him whip some people, and he told the Lord if he would let him whip them he would sacrifice to the Lord the first thing that met him on his return; and the first thing that met him was his own beautiful daughter, and he sacrificed her. Is there a sadder story in all the history of the world than that? What do you think of a man that would sacrifice his own daughter? What do you think of a God that would receive that sacrifice? Now, then, they come to women in this blessed Gospel, and let us see what the Gospel says about women. Then you ought all go to church, girls, next Sunday and hear it. "Let the women all learn in silence with all subjection; suffer not women to think nor usurp authority over man, for Adam was formed first, not Eve." Don't you see? "Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding all this she shall be saved in childbearing if she continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." That is Mr. Timothy.

I despise this wretched doctrine. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn in favor of right I am a rebel. I suppose Alexander, Czar of Russia, was put there by the order of God, was he? I am sorry he was not removed by the Nihilist who shot at him the other day. I tell you in a country like that, where there are hundreds of girls not yet 16 years of age prisoners in Siberia simply for giving their ideas about liberty, and we telegraphed to that country congratulating that wretch that he wasn't killed! My heart goes into the prison, my heart goes with the poor girl working as a miner in the mines, crawling on her hands and knees getting the precious ore out of the mines, and my sympathies go with her, and my sympathies cluster around the point of the dagger.

I said that the Bible upheld tyranny. Let me read you a little. "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers—the powers that be are ordained by God." George the Third was king by the grace of God, and when our fathers rose in rebellion, according to this doctrine, they rose against the power of God; and if they did they were successful, And so it goes on telling of all the cities that were destroyed, and of all the great-hearted men that they dashed their brains out, and all the little babes and all the sweet women that they killed and plundered—all in the name of a most merciful God. Well, think of it! The Old Testament is filled with anathemas, and with curses, and with words of revenge, and jealousy, and hatred and meanness and brutality. Have I read enough to show that what I said is so? I think I have. I wish I had time to read to you further of what the dear old fathers of the church said about women. (Cries of "Go on; go on.) Colonel Ingersoll then read several passages illustrative of his subject and proceeded: I tell you women are more prudent than men, are more truthful than men, are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as man.

And these men thought women not fit to be held as pure in the sight of God as man. I never saw a man that pretended that he didn't love a woman; that pretended that he loved God better than he did a woman, that he didn't look hateful to me, hateful and unclean. I am a believer in absolute equality. I am a believer in absolute liberty between man and wife. I believe in liberty, and I say, "Oh, Liberty, float not forever in the far horizon; remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, the philanthropist and poet, but come and make thy home among the children of men!"

Ghosts

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In the first place, allow me to tender my sincere thanks to the clergy of this city. I feel that I am greatly indebted to them for this magnificent audience. It has been said, and I believe it myself, that there is a vast amount of intolerance in the church of to-day, but when twenty-four clergymen, three of whom, I believe, are bishops, act as my advance agents, without expecting any remuneration, or reward in this world, I must admit that perhaps I was mistaken on the question of intolerance. And I will say, further, that against those men I have not the slightest feeling in the world; every man is the product of his own surroundings; he is the product of every circumstance that has ever touched him; he is the product to a certain degree, of the religion and creed of his day, and when men show the slightest intolerance I blame the creed, I blame the religion, I blame the superstition that forced them to do so. I do not blame those men.

Allow me to say, further, that this world is not, in my judgment, yet perfect. I am doing, in a very feeble way, to be sure, but I am still endeavoring, according to my idea, to make this world just a little better; to give a little more liberty to men, a little more liberty to women. I believe in the government of kindness; I believe in truth, in investigation, in free thought. I do not believe that the hand of want will be eternally extended in the world; I do not believe that the prison will forever scar the ground; I do not believe that the shadow of the gallows will forever curse the earth; I do not believe that it will always be true that the men who do the most work will have the least to wear and the least to eat. I do believe that the time will come when liberty and morality and justice, like the rings of Saturn, will surround the world; that the world will be better, and every true man and every free man will do what he can to hasten the coming of the religion of human advancement.

I understand that for the thousands and thousands of years that have gone by, all questions have been settled by religion. I understand that during all this time the people have gotten their information from the sacerdotal class—from priests. I know that when India was supreme they worshiped Brahma and Vishnu, and that when Rome held in its hand the red sword of war they worshiped Jove, and I know now that our religion has swept to the top. Any man living in India a few hundred or thousand years ago would have said, this is the only true religion. Why? Because here is the only true civilization. A man afterward living in Egypt would have said, this is the only true religion, because we have the best civilization; a Greek in Athens would have said this is the only true religion, and a Roman would have said, we have the true religion, and now those religions all having died, although they were all true religions; we say ours is the only religion, because we are the greatest commercial nation in the world. There will come other nations; there will come other religions. Man has made every religion in this world, in my judgment, and the religion has been good or bad according as the men who made it were good or bad. If they were savages and barbarians, they made a God like the Jehovah of the Jews; if they were civilized, if they were kind and tender, they filled the heavens with kindness and love. Every man makes his own God. Show me the God a man worships, and I will tell you what kind of a man he is. Every one makes his own God, every one worships his own God; and if you are a civilized man you will have a civilized God, and we have been civilizing ours for hundreds and hundreds of years. He is getting better every day.

I am going to tell you to-night just exactly what I think. The other lecture I delivered here was my conservative lecture; this is my radical one! We even hear it suggested that our religion, our Bible, has given us all we have of prosperity and greatness and grandeur. I deny it! We have become civilized in spite of it, and I will show you to-night that the obstruction that every science has had is what we have been pleased to call our religion—or superstition. I had a conversation with a gentleman once—and these gentlemen are always mistaking something that goes along with a thing for the cause of the thing—and he stated to me that this particular re-

ligion was the cause of all advancement. I said to him: "No, sir; the causes of all advancement, in my judgment, are plug hats and suspenders." And I said to him: "You go to Turkey, where they are semi-barbarians, and you won't find a pair of suspenders or a plug hat in all that country; you go to Russia, and you will find now and then a pair of suspenders at Moscow or St. Petersburg; and you go on down till you strike Austria, and black hats begin; then you go on to Paris, Berlin and New York, and you will find everybody wears suspenders and everybody wears black hats. Wherever you find education and music there you will find black hats and suspenders." He said that any man who said to him that plug hats and suspenders had done more for mankind than the Bible and religion he would not talk to.

As a matter of fact, we are controlled today by men who do not exist. We are controlled to-day by phenomena that never did exist. We are controlled by ghosts and dead men, and in the grasp of death is a scepter that controls the living present. I propose that we shall govern ourselves! I propose that we shall let the past go, and let the dead past bury the dead past. I believe the American people have brains enough, and nerve enough, and courage enough, to control and govern themselves, without any assistance from dust or ghosts. That is my doctrine, and I am going to do what I can while I live to increase that feeling of independence and manhood in the American people. We can control ourselves. I believe in the Gospel of this world; I believe in happiness right here; I do not believe in drinking skim milk all my life with the expectation of butter beyond the clouds. I believe in the Gospel, I say, in this world. This is a mighty good world. There are plenty of good people in this world. There is lots of happiness in this world, and, I say, let us, in every way we can, increase it. I envy every man who is content with his lot, whether he is poor or whether he is rich. I tell you, the man that tries to make somebody else happy, and who owns his own soul, nobody having a mortgage or deed of trust upon his manhood or liberty—this world is a pretty good world for such a man. I do not care: I am going to say my say, whether I make money or grow poor; no matter whether I get high office or walk along the dusty highway of the common. I am going to say my say, and I had rather be a farmer and live on forty acres of land—live in a log cabin that I built myself, and have a little grassy path going down to the spring, so that I can go there and hear the waters gurgling, and know that it is coming out from the lips of the earth, like a poem, whispering to the white pebbles—I would rather live there, and have some hollyhocks at the corner of the house, and the larks singing and swinging in the trees, and some lattice over the window, so that the sunlight can fall checkered on the babe in the cradle—I had rather live there, and have the freedom of my own brain; I had rather do that than live in a palace of gold, and crawl, a slimy hypocrite, through this world. Superstition has done enough harm already; every religion, nearly, suspects everything that is pleasant, everything that is joyous, and they always have a notion that God feels best when we feel worst. They have changed the Andromeda of joy to the cold rock of ignorance and fear, there to be devoured by the dragon of superstition. Church and State are two vultures that have fed upon the heart of chained Prometheus. I say, let the human race have a chance; let every man think for himself and express that thought. There is no wrath in the serene heavens; there is no scowl in the blue of the sky. Upon the throne of the universe tyranny does not sit as a king.

The speaker here took from his pocket a pair of spectacles, and adjusted them, saying: I am sorry to admit it; I have got to come to it. I hate to put on a pair of spectacles, but the other day, as I was putting them on, a thought struck me. I see progress in this. To progress is to overcome the obstacles of nature, and in order to overcome this obstacle of the loss of sight man invented spectacles. Spectacles led men to the telescope, with which he reads all the starry heavens; and had it not been for the failure of sight we wouldn't have seen a millionth part that we have. In the first place, we owe nothing but truth to the dead. I am going to tell the truth about them. There are three theories by which men account for all phenomena—for everything that happens: First, the supernatural. In the olden time, everything that happened some deity produced, some spirit, some devil, some hobgoblin, some dryad, some fairy, some spook, something except nature. First, then, the supernatural; and a barbarian, looking at the wide, mysterious sea, wandering through the depths of the forest, encountering the wild beasts, troubled by strange dreams, accounted for everything by the action of spirits, good and bad. Second, the supernatural and natural. There is where the religious world is to-day —a mingling of the supernatural and nat-

ural, the idea being that God created the world and imposed upon men certain laws, and then let them run, and if they ever got into any trouble then he would do a miracle and accomplish any good that he desired to do. Third—and that is the grand theory —the natural. Between these theories there has been from the dawn of civilization a conflict. In this great war nearly all the soldiers have been in the ranks of the supernatural. The believers in the supernatural insist that matter is controlled and directed entirely by powers from without. The naturalists maintain that nature acts from within; that nature is not acted upon; that the universe is all there is; that nature, with infinite arms, embraces everything that exists, and that the supposed powers beyond the limits of the materially real are simply ghosts.

You say, ah! this is materialism! this is the doctrine of matter? What is matter? I take a handful of earth in my hands, and into that dust I put seeds, and arrows from the eternal quiver of the sun smite it, and the seeds grow and bud and blossom, and fill the air with perfume in my sight. Do you understand that? Do you understand how this dust and these seeds and that light and this moisture produced that bud and that flower and that perfume? Do you understand that any better than you do the production of thought? Do you understand that any better than you do a dream? Do you understand that any better than you do the thoughts of love that you see in the eyes of the one you adore? Can you explain it? Can you tell what matter is? Have you the slightest conception? Yet you talk about matter as though you were acquainted with its origin; as though you had compelled, with clenched hands, the very rocks to give up the secret of existence? Do you know what force is? Can you account for molecular action? Are you familiar with chemistry? Can you account for the loves and the hatreds of the atoms? Is there not something in matter that forever eludes you? Can you tell what matter really is? Before you cry materialism, you had better find what matter is. Can you tell of anything without a material basis? Is it possible to imagine the annihilation of a single atom? Is it possible for you to conceive of the creation of a single atom? Can you have a thought that is not suggested to you by what you call matter? Did any man or woman or child ever have a solitary thought, dream or conception that was not suggested to them by something they had seen in nature? Can you conceive of anything the different parts of which have been suggested to you by nature? You can conceive of an animal with the hoofs of a bison, with the pouch of a kangaroo, with the head of a buffalo, with the tail of a lion, with the scales of a fish, with the wings of a bird, and yet every part of this impossible monster has been suggested to you by nature. You say time, therefore you can think eternity. You say pain, therefore you can think hell. You say strength, therefore you can think omnipotence. You say wisdom, therefore you can think infinite wisdom. Everything you see, everything you can dream of or think of has been suggested to you by your surroundings, by nature. Man cannot rise above nature; below nature man cannot fall.

Imagine, if you please, the creation of a single atom. Can any one here imagine the creation out of nothing of one atom? Can any one here imagine the destruction of one atom? Can you imagine an atom being changed to nothing? Can you imagine nothing being changed to an atom? There is not a single person here with an imagination strong enough to think either of the creation of an atom, or of the annihilation of an atom.

Matter and the universe are the same yesterday, to-day and forever. There is just as much matter in the universe to-day as there ever was, and as there ever will be; there is just as much force and just as much energy as there ever was or ever will be; but it is continually taking different shapes and forms; one day it is a man, another day it is animal, another day it is earth, another day it is metal, another day it is gas, it gains nothing and it loses nothing. Our fathers denounced materialism and accounted for all phenomena how? By the caprice of gods and devils. For thousands of years it was believed that ghosts, good ghosts, bad ghosts, benevolent and malevolent, in some mysterious way produced all phenomena; that disease and health, happiness and misery, fortune and misfortune, peace and war, life and death, success and failure, were but arrows shot by those ghosts or shadowy phantoms, to reward or punish mankind; that they were displeased or pleased by our actions, that they blessed the earth with harvest or cursed it with famine; that they fed or starved the children of men; that they crowned or uncrowned kings; that they controlled war; that they gave prosperous voyages, allowing the brave mariner to meet his wife and children inside the harbor bar, or strewed the sad shore with wrecks of ships and the bodies of men. Formerly these ghosts were believed to be almost innumerable. Earth, air and water were filled with the phantoms, but in mod-

ern times they have greatly decreased in number, because the second proposition that I stated, the supernatural and the natural, has generally been adopted, but the remaining ghosts are supposed to perform the same functions as of yore.

Let me say right here that the object of every religion ever made by man has been to get on the good side of supposed powers; has been to petition the Gods to stop the earthquakes, to stop famine, to stop pestilence. It has always been something that man should do to prevent being punished by the powers of the air or to get from them some favors. It has always been believed that these ghosts could in some way be appeased; that they could be bettered by sacrifices, by prayer, by fasting, by the building of temples and cathedrals, by shedding the blood of men and beasts, by forms, by ceremonies, by kneelings, by prostrations and flagellations, by living alone in the wild desert, by the practice of celibacy, by inventing instruments of torture, by destroying men, women and children, by covering the earth with dungeons, by burning unbelievers and by putting chains upon the thoughts and manacles upon the lips of men, by believing things without evidence, by believing things against evidence, by disbelieving and denying demonstrations, by despising facts, by hating reason, by discouraging investigation, by making an idiot of yourself—all these have been done to appease the winged monsters of the air.

In the history of our poor world no horror has been omitted, no infamy has been left undone by believers in ghosts, and all the shadows were born of cowardice and malignity; they were painted by the pencil of fear upon the canvas of ignorance by that artist called Superstition. From these ghosts our fathers received their information. These ghosts were the schoolmasters of our ancestors. They were the scientists, the philosophers, the geologists, the legislators, the astronomers, the physicians, the metaphysicians and historians of the past.

Let me give you my definition of metaphysics, that is to say the science of the unknown, the science of guessing. Metaphysics is where two fools get together, and both say, "Hence we infer." That is the science of metaphysics. For this these ghosts were supposed to have the only experience and real knowledge; they inspired men to write books, and the books were sacred. If facts were found to be inconsistent with these books, so much the worse for the facts, and especially for the discoverers of these facts. It was then and still is believed that these sacred books are the basis of the idea of immortality, and to give up the idea that these books were inspired is to renounce the idea of immortal life. I deny it! Men existed before books; and all the books that were ever written were written, in my judgment, by men; and the idea of immortality was not born of a book, but was born of the man who wrote the book. The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating its countless waves of hope and joy against the shores of time, and was not born of any book, nor of any human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the clouds and mists of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. It is the rainbow of hope shining upon the tears of grief. We love, therefore we wish to live, and the foundation of the idea of immortality is human affection and human love, and I have a thousand times more confidence in the affections of the human heart, in the deep and splendid feelings of the human soul than I have in any book that ever was or ever can be written by mortal man.

From the books written by those ghosts we have at least ascertained that they knew nothing whatever of the world in which we live. Did they know anything about any other? Upon every point where contradiction is possible, the ghosts have been contradicted. By these ghosts, by these citizens of the air, by this aristocracy of the clouds the affairs of government were administered; all authority to govern came from them. The emperors, kings and potentates, every one of them, had the divine petroleum poured upon his head, the kerosene of authority.

The emperors, kings and potentates had communications from the phantoms. Man was not considered as the source of power; to rebel against the king was to rebel against the ghosts, and nothing less than the blood of the offenders could appease the invisible phantoms; and by the authority of the ghosts man was crushed and slayed and plundered. Many toiled wearily in the sun and storm that a few favorites of the ghosts might live in idleness, and many lived in huts and caves and dens that the few might dwell in palaces, and many clothed themselves with rags that a few might robe themselves in purple and gold, and many crept and cringed and crawled that a few might tread upon their necks with feet of iron. From the ghosts men received not only authority but information. They told us the form of the earth; they informed us that eclipses were caused by the sins of man, especially the failure to pay tithes; that the universe was made in

six days; that gazing at the sky with a telescope was dangerous; that trying to be wise beyond what they had written was born of a rebellious and irreverent spirit; they told us there was no virtue like belief; no crime like doubt, that investigation was simply impudence, and the punishment therefore violent torment; they not only told us all about this world but about two others, and if their statements about the other two are as true as they were about this, no one can estimate the value of their information.

For countless ages the world was governed by ghosts, and they spared no pains to change the eagle of the human intellect into a bat of darkness. To accomplish this infamous purpose, to drive the love of truth from the human heart; to prevent the advancement of mankind; to shut out from the world every ray of intellectual light; to pollute every mind with superstition, the power of kings, the sinning and cruelty of priests, and the wealth of nations were used.

In order to show you the information we got from the ghosts, and the condition of the world when the ghosts were the kings, let me call your attention to this: During these years of persecution, ignorance, superstition and slavery, nearly all the people, the kings, lawyers and doctors, learned and unlearned, believed in that frightful production of ignorance, of fear and faith, called witchcraft. Witchcraft to-day is religion carried out. They believed that man was the sport and prey of devils; that the very air was thick with these enemies of man, and, with few exceptions, this hideous progress was almost impossible. Fear paralyzed the brain.

Progress is born of courage. Fear believes, courage doubts. Fear falls upon the earth and prays; courage stands erect and thinks. Fear retreats; courage advances. Fear is barbarism; courage is civilization. Fear believes in witchcraft; courage in science and in eternal law. The facts upon which this terrible belief rested were proved over and over again in nearly every court in Europe. Thousands confessed themselves guilty; admitted they had sold themselves to the devil. They gave the particulars of the sale; told what they said and what the devil replied. They confessed themselves guilty when they knew that confession was death; knew that their property would be confiscated and their children left to beg their bread. This is one of the miracles of history, one of the strangest contradictions of the human mind. Without doubt they really believed themselves guilty.

In the first place, they believed in witchcraft as a fact, and when charged with it, they became insane. They had read the account of the witch of Endor calling up the dead body of Samuel. He is an old man; he has his mantle on. They had read the account of Saul stooping to the earth and conversing with the spirit that had been called from the region of space by a witch. They had read a command from the Almighty, "Thou shall not suffer a witch to live," and they believed the world was full of witches, or else the Almighty would not have made a law against them. They believed in witchcraft, and when they were charged with it, they probably became insane, and in their insanity they confessed their guilt. They found themselves abhorred and deserted, charged with a crime they could not disprove. Like a man in quicksand, every effort only sank them deeper. Caught in this frightful web, at the mercy of the devotees of superstition, hope fled and nothing remained but the insanity of confession.

The whole world appeared insane. In the time of James I. a man was burned for causing a storm at sea, with the intention of drowning one of the royal family; but I do not think it would have been much of a crime if he had been really guilty. How could he disprove it? How could he show that he did not cause a storm at sea? All storms were at that time supposed to be inspired by the devil; the people believed that all storms were caused by him, or by persons whom he assisted. I implore you to remember that the men who believed these things wrote our creeds and our confessions of faith, and it is by their dust that I am asked to kneel and pay implicit homage, instead of investigating; and I implore you to recollect that they wrote our creeds.

A woman was tried and convicted before Sir Matthew Hale, one of the greatest judges and lawyers of England, for having caused children to vomit crooked pins. Think of that! The learned judge charged the intelligent jury that there was no doubt as to the existence of witches; that it was established by all history and expressly taught by the Bible. The woman was hung and her body was burned. Sir Thomas More declared that to give up witchcraft was to throw away the sacred Scriptures. John Wesley, too, was a firm believer in ghosts and, insisted upon their existence after all laws upon the subject had been repealed in England, and I beg of you to remember that John Wesley was the founder of the Methodist Church. In New England a woman was charged with being

a witch and with having changed herself into a fox; while in that condition she was attacked and bitten by some dogs, and a committee of three men was ordered by the Court to examine this woman. They removed her clothing, and searched for what they were pleased to call witch-spots—that is to say, spots into which a needle could be thrust without giving pain; they reported to the Court that such spots were found. She denied that she had ever changed herself into a fox. On the report of the committee she was found guilty, and she was actually executed by our Puritan fathers, the gentlemen who braved the danger of the deep for the sake of worshiping God and persecuting their fellow men. I belong to their blood, and the best thing I can say about them, and what rises like a white shaft to their eternal honor, is that they were in favor of education.

A man was attacked by a wolf; he defended himself and succeeded in cutting off one of the animal's paws, and the wolf ran away; he put it in his pocket and carried it home; there he found his wife with one of her hands gone, and he took that paw from his pocket and put it upon her arm, and it assumed the appearance of a human hand, and he charged his wife with being a witch. She was tried, she confessed her guilt, and she was hung and her body was burned! My! is it possible? Did not somebody say something against such an infamous proceeding? Yes, they did! There was a Young Men's Association who invited a man to come and give his ideas upon the subject.

He denounced it. He said it was outrageous, that it was nonsensical, that it was infamous; and the moment he went away the young men met and passed a resolution that he had deceived them; and the clergy at that time protested and said, of course, let the man think, if you call that kind of stuff thinking.

But there was one man belonging to this Association who had the courage to stand by the truth.

Whether he believed in what the speaker said or not, he had that manliness; and I take this opportunity to thank from the bottom of my heart *a man*. I have no idea he agrees with me except in this: Whatever you do, do it like a man and be honest about it.

People were burned for causing frost in summer; for destroying crops with hail; for causing storms; for making cows go dry; for souring beer; for putting the devil in emptyings so that they would not rise. The life of no one was secure. To be charged was to be convicted. Every man was at the mercy of every other. This infamous belief was so firmly seated in the minds of the people, that, to express a doubt as to its existence was to be suspected yourself. They believed that animals were often taken possession of by devils, and they believed that the killing of the animal would destroy the devil. They absolutely tried, convicted and executed dumb beasts.

At Vail, in 1470, a rooster was tried upon the charge of having laid an egg, and the clergy said they had no doubt of it. Rooster eggs were used only in making witch-ointment. This everybody knew. The rooster was convicted, and with all due solemnity, he was burned in the public square.

So a hog and six pigs were tried for having killed and partially eaten a child. The hog was convicted, but the pigs, on account of their extreme youth were acquitted.

As late as 1740, a cow, charged with being possessed of a devil, was tried and convicted. They used to exorcise rats, snakes and varmin; they used to go through the alleys and streets and field and warn them to leave within a certain number of days, and if they did not leave, they threatened them with certain pains and penalties which they proceeded to recount.

But let us be careful how we laugh about those things; let us not pride ourselves too much on the progress of our age. We must not forget that some of our people are yet in the same intelligent business. Only a little while ago the Government of Minnesota appointed a day of fasting and prayer to see if the Lord could not be induced to kill the grasshoppers—or send them into some other state.

About the close of the fifteenth century was the excitement in regard to witchcraft, and Pope Innocent the Eighth issued a bull directing the inquisitors to be vigilant in searching out and punishnig all guilty of this crime. Forms for the crime were regularly issued. For two hundred and fifty years the church was busy in punishing the impossible crime of witchcraft by burning, hanging, and torturing men, women and little children.

Protestants were as active as Catholics; and in Geneva five hundred witches were burned at the stake in three months, and one thousand were executed in one year in the diocese of Couro; at least one hundred thousand victims suffered in Germany, the last execution being in Galesburgh, and taking place in 1794, and the last in Switzerland, 1780. In England statutes passed from Henry VI. to James I., defining the crime and punishment, and the last act

passed in the British Parliament was when Lord Bacon was a member of the house.

In 1716 Mrs. Hicks and daughter, nine years of age, were hung for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm at sea by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. In England it has been estimated that at least 30,000 were hung or burned. The last victim executed in Scotland was 1722. She was an innocent old woman who had so little idea of her condition, that she rejoiced at the sight of the fire destined to consume her to ashes. She had a daughter, lame in her hands, a circumstance accounted for from the fact that the witch had been used to transfer her daughter into a pony and get her shod by the devil! Intelligent ancestors!

In 1692 nineteen persons were executed in Salem, Massachusetts, for the crime of witchcraft. It was thought in those days that men and women made contracts with the devil, and those contracts were confirmed at a meeting of witches and ghosts, over which the devil presided; these contracts in some cases were for a few years, others for life. General assemblages of witches were held once a year. To these they rode from great distances on brooms and dogs, and there they did homage to the prince of hell and offered him sacrifices.

In 1836 the populace of Holland plunged into the sea a woman reputed to be a sorceress, and as the miserable woman persisted in rising to the surface, she was pronounced guilty, and was beaten to death. It was believed that the devil could transform people into any shape he pleased, and whoever denounced this idea was denounced as an Infidel; that the believers in witchcraft appealed to the devil; that with the devil were associated innumerable spirits, who ranged over the world endeavoring to torment mankind; that these spirits possessed a power and wisdom transcending the limits of human faculties. They believed the devil could carry persons hundreds of miles in a few seconds; they believed this because they knew that Christ had been carried by the devil, in the same manner, into a high mountain, and placed upon a pinnacle. According to their account, the prince of the air had absolutely taken the God of this infinite Universe, the Creator of all its shining, wheeling stars—he had been absolutely taken by the devil to a pinnacle of the temple, and there had been tempted by the devil to cast himself to the earth!

Take from the church itself the threat and fear of hell and it becomes an extinct volcano. With the doctrine of hell taken from the Church, that is the end of the fall of man, that is the end of the scheme of atonement. Take from them the idea of an eternal place of torment, and the Church is thrown back simply upon facts.

And Dean Stanley, the leading ecclesiastic of Great Britain, only the other day in Winchester Abbey, said, science will be the only theology of the future. Morality is the only religion of the years to come. Notwithstanding all the infamous things laid to the charge of the Church, we are told that the civilization of today is the child of what we are pleased to call superstition. Let me call your attention to what they received from their fears of these ghosts. Let me give you an outline of the sciences as taught by those philosophers. There is one thing that a man is interested in, if he is in anything, and that is in the science of medicine. A doctor is, so to speak, in partnership with Nature. He is a preserver if he is worthy of the name. And now I want to show what they have gotten from these ghosts upon the science of medicine.

According to them, all of the diseases were produced as a punishment by the good ghosts, or out of pure malignity by the bad ones. There were, properly speaking, no diseases; the sick were simply possessed by ghosts. The science of medicine consisted in knowing how to persuade these ghosts to vacate the premises; and for thousands of years all diseases were treated with incantations, hideous noises, with the beating of drums and gongs; everything was done to make the position of a ghost as unpleasant as possible; and they generally succeeded in making things so disagreeable that if the ghost did not leave, the patient died. These ghosts were supposed to be different in rank, power and dignity. Now, then, a man pretended to have won the favor of some powerful ghost who gave him power over the little ones. Such a man became a very great physician. It was found that a certain kind of smoke was exceedingly offensive to the nostrils of your ordinary ghost. With this smoke the sick room would be filled until the ghost vanished or the patient died. It was also believed that certain words, when properly pronounced, were the most effective weapons, for it was for a long time supposed that Latin words were the best, I suppose because Latin was a dead language. For thousands of years medicine consisted in driving the devils out of men. In some instances bargains and promises were made with the ghosts. One case is given where a multitude of devils traded a man off for a herd of swine. In this transaction the devils were the losers, the swine having immediately drowned them-

selves in the sea. This idea of disease appears to have been almost universal and is not yet extinct. The contortions of the epileptic, the strange twitching of those afflicted with cholera, were all seized as proof that the bodies of men were filled with vile and malignant spirits. Whoever endeavored to account for these things by natural causes; whoever endeavored to cure disease by natural means was denounced as an Infidel. To explain anything was a crime. It was to the interest of the sacerdotal class that all things should be accounted for by the will and power of God and the devil. The moment it is admitted that all phenomena are within the domain of the natural, and that all the prayers in the world cannot change one solitary fact, the necessity for the priest disappears. Religion breathes the idea of miracles. Take from the minds of men the idea of the supernatural, and superstition ceases to exist; for this reason the Church has always despised the man who explains the wonderful. The moment that it began to be apparent that prayer could do nothing for the body, the priest shifted his ground and began praying for the soul.

After the devil had substantially abandoned in the practice of medicine, and when it was admitted that God had nothing to do with ordinary coughs and colds, it was still believed that all the diseases were sent by Him as punishment for the people; it was thought to be a kind of blasphemy to even stay the ravages of pestilence. Formerly, when a pestilence fell upon a people, the arguments of the priest were boundless. He told the people that they had refused to pay their tithes, and they had doubted some of the doctrines of the church, that in their hearts they had contempt for some of the priests of the Lord, and God was now taking his revenge, and the people, for the most part, believed this issue of falsehood, and hastened to fall upon their knees and to pour out their wealth upon the altars of hypocrisy.

The church never wanted disease to be absolutely under the control of man. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, preached a sermon against vaccination. His idea was that if God had decreed that through all eternity certain men should die of smallpox, it was a frightful sin to endeavor to prevent it; that plagues and pestilence were instruments in the hands of God with which to gain the love and worship of mankind; to find the cure for the disease was to take the punishment from the church. No one tries to cure the ague with prayer, because quinine has been found to be altogether more reliable. Just as soon as a specific is found for a disease, that disease is left out of the list of prayer. The number of diseases with which God from time to time afflicts mankind is continually decreasing, because the number of diseases that man can cure is continually increasing. In a few years all diseases will be under the control of man. The science of medicine has but one enemy—superstition. Man was afraid to save his body for fear he would lose his soul. Is it any wonder that the people in those days believed in and taught the infamous doctrine of eternal punishment, that makes God a heartless monster and man a slimy hypocrite and slave?

The ghosts were also historians, and wrote the grossest absurdities. They wrote as though they had been eye witnesses of every occurence. They told all the past, they predicted all the future, with an impudence that amounted to sublimity. They said that the Tartars originally came from hell, and that they were called Tartars because that was one of the names of hell. These gentlemen accounted for the red on the breasts of robins from the fact that those birds used to carry water to the unhappy infants in hell. Other eminent historians say that Nero was in the habit of vomiting frogs. When I read that, I said some of the croakers of the present day would be better for such a vomit. Others say that the walls of a city fell down in answer to prayer. They tell us that King Arthur was not born like other mortals; that he had great luck in killing giants; that one of the giants that he killed wore clothes woven from the beards of kings that he had slain, and, to cap the climax, the authors of this history were rewarded for having written the only reliable history of their country. These are the men from whom we get our creeds and our confessions of faith.

In all the histories of those days there is hardly a truth. Facts were not considered of any importance. They wrote, and the people believed that the tracks of Pharaoh's chariot were still visible upon the sands of the Red Sea, and that they had been miraculously preserved as perpetual witnesses of the miracles that had been performed, and they said to any man who denied it: "Go there and you will find the tracks still upon the sand. They accounted for everything as the work of good and evil spirits; with cause and effect they had nothing to do. Facts were in no way related to each other. God, governed by infinite caprice, filled the world with miracles and disconnected events, and from his quiver came the arrows of pestilence and

death. The moment the idea is abandoned that everything in this universe is natural—that all phenomena are the necessary links in the endless chain of being—the conception of history becomes impossible that the ghost of the present is not the child of the past; the present is not the mother of the future. In the domain of superstition all is accident and caprice; and do not, I pray you, forget that the writers of our creeds and confessions of faith believed this to be a world of chance. Nothing happens by accident; nothing happens by chance. In the wide universe everything is necessarily produced, every effect has behind it a cause, every effect is in its turn a cause, and there is in the wide domain of the infinite not room enough for a miracle.

When I say this, I mean this is my idea. I may be wrong, but that is my idea. It was believed by our intelligent ancestors that all law derived its greatness and force from the fact that it had been communicated to man by ghosts. Of course, it is not pretended that the ghosts told everybody the law, but they told it to a few, and the few told it to the people, and the people, as a rule, paid them exceedingly well for the trouble. It was a long time before the people commenced making laws for themselves, and, strange as it may appear, most of their laws are vastly superior to the ghost article. Through the web and woof of human legislation gradually began to run and shine and glitter the golden thread of justice.

During these years of darkness it was believed that, rather than see an act of injustice done, rather than see the guilty triumph, some ghost would interfere; and I do wish, from the bottom of my heart, that that was the truth. There never was forced upon my heart a more frightful conviction than this—the right does not always prevail; there never was forced upon my mind a more cruel conclusion than this—innocence is not always a sufficient shield. I wish it was. I wish, too, that man suffered nothing but that which he brings upon himself; and yet I find that in nine districts in India, between the 1st day of last January and the 1st day of June, 2,800,000 people starved to death, and that little children, with their lips upon the breasts of famine, died, wasted away. And why, simply because a little while before the wind did not veer the one-hundredth part of a degree, and send clouds over the country, freighted with rain, freighted with love and joy. But if that wind had just turned that way there would have been happy men, women and children, all clad in the garments of health. I wish that I could know in my heart that there was some power that would see to it that men and women got exact justice somewhere. I do wish that I knew the right would prevail—that innocence was an infinite shield.

During these years it was believed that rather than see an act of injustice done, some ghost would interfere. This belief, as a rule, gave great satisfaction to the victorious party, and, as the other man was dead, no complaint was ever made by him. This doctrine was a sanctification of brute force and chance. Prisoners were made to grasp hot irons, and if it burned them their guilt was established. Others were tied hands and feet and cast into the sea, and if they sank, the verdict of guilt was unanimous; if the did not sink, then they said water is such a pure element that it refuses to take a guilty person, and consequently he is a witch or wizard. Why, in England, persons accused of crime could appeal to the cross, and to a piece of sacramental bread. If he could swallow this without choking he was acquitted. And this practice was continued until the time of King Edward, who was choked to death; after which it was discontinued.

Ghosts and their followers always took delight in torturing with unusual pain any infraction of their laws, and generally death was the penalty. Sometimes, when a man committed only murder, he was permitted to flee to a place of refuge—murder being only a crime against man—but for saying certain words, or denying certain doctrines, or for worshiping wrong ghosts, or failing to pray to the right one, or for laughing at a priest, or for saying that wine was not blood, or bread was not flesh, or for failing to regard rams' horns as artillery, or for saying that a raven as a rule, was a poor landlord, death, produced by all the ways that ingenuity or hatred could devise, was the penalty suffered by these men. I tell you to-night law is a growth; law is a science. Right and wrong exist in the nature of things. Things are not right because they are commanded; they are not wrong because they are prohibited. They are prohibited because we believe them wrong; they are commended because we believe them right. There are real crimes enough without creating artificial ones. All progress in legislation for a thousand years has consisted in repealing the laws of the ghosts. The idea of right and wrong is born in man's capacity to enjoy and suffer. If man could not suffer, if he could not inflict injury upon his brother, if he could neither feel nor inflict punishment, the idea of law, the idea of right, the idea of wrong, never could have entered into his brain.

If man could not suffer, if he could not inflict suffering, the word conscience never would have passed the lips of men. There is one good—happiness. There is one sin—selfishness. All laws should be for the preservation of the one and the destruction of the other. Under the regime of the ghosts the laws were not understood to exist in the nature of things; they were supposed to be irresponsible commands, and these commands were not supposed to rest upon reason; they were simply the product of arbitrary will. These penalties for the violation of those laws were as cruel as the penalties were absurd. There were over two hundred offences for which man was punished with death. Think of it! And these laws are said to have come from a most merciful God. And yet we have become civilized to that degree in this country that in the State of New York there is only one crime punishable with death. Think of it! Did I not tell you that we were now civilizing our gods? The tendency of those frightful penalties, was to blot the idea of justice from the human soul. Now, I want to show you how perfectly every department of human knowledge, or rather ignorance, was saturated with superstition. I will for a moment refer to the science of language.

It was thought by our fathers that Hebrew was the original language; that it was taught to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden by the Almighty Himself. Every fact inconsistent with the idea was thrown away. According to the ghosts, the trouble at the Tower of Babel accounted for the fact that all the people did not speak the Hebrew language. The Babel question settled all questions in the science of language. After a time so many facts were found to be so inconsistent with the Hebrew idea that it began to fall into disrepute, and other languages began to be used. Andrew Kent published a work on the science of language, in which he stated that God spoke to Adam, and Adam answered, in Hebrew, and that the serpent probably spoke to Eve in French. In 1580 another celebrated work was published at Antwerp, in which the whole matter was put at rest, showing beyond a doubt that the language spoken in Paradise was neither more or less than plain Holland Dutch. Another celebrated writer, a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton, discouraged the idea that all languages could be traced to one; he maintained that language was of natural growth; that we speak as naturally as we grow; we talk as naturally as sings a bird, or as blooms and blossoms a flower. Experience teaches us that this may be so; words are continually dying and continually being born; words are the garments of thought. Through the lapse of time some were as rude as the skins of wild beasts, and others pleasing and cultured like silk and gold. Words have been born of hatred and revenge, of love and self-sacrifice and fear, of agony and joy; the stars have fashioned them, and in them mingled the darkness and the dawn.

Every word that we get from the past is, so to speak, a mummy robed in the linen of the grave. They are the crystallizations of human history, of all that man enjoyed, of all that man has suffered, his victories and defeats, all that he has lost and won. Words are the shadows of all that has been; they are the mirrors of all that is. The ghosts also enlightened our fathers in astronomy and geology. According to them the world was made out of nothing, and a little more nothing having been taken than was used in the construction of the world, the stars were made out of the scraps that were left over. Cosmos, in the sixth century, taught that the stars were impelled by angels, who carried them upon their shoulders, rolled them in front of them, or drew them after. He also taught that each angel who pushed a star took great pains to observe what the other angels were doing, so that the relative distances between the stars might always remain the same.

He stated that this world was a vast body of water with a strip of land on the outside; that Adam and Eve lived on the outer strip; that their descendants were drowned on the outer strip, all except Noah and his family; he accounted for night and day by saying that on the outer strip of land was a mountain, around which the sun revolved, producing darkness when it was hidden from sight, and daylight when it emerged; he declared the earth to be flat. This he proved by many passages from the Bible; among other reasons for believing the earth to be flat he referred to a passage in the New Testament, which says, that "Christ shall come again in glory and power, and every eye shall see him," and said, now, if the world is round how are the people on the other side going to see Christ when he comes? That settled the question, and the church not only indorsed this book but declared that whoever believed either less or more was a heretic and would be dealt with as such.

In those blessed days ignorance was a king and science was an outcast. The church knew that the moment the earth ceased to be the center of the Universe, and became a mere speck in the starry

sphere of existence, every religion would become a thing of the past. In the name and by the authority of the ghosts, men enslaved their fellowmen; they trampled upon the rights of women and children. In the name and by the authority of ghosts, they bought and sold each other. They filled heaven with tyrants and the earth with slaves. They filled the present with intolerance and the future with horror. In the name and by the authority of the ghosts, they declared superstition to be the real religion. In the name and by the authority of the ghosts, they imprisoned the human mind; they polluted the conscience; they subverted justice, and they sainted hypocrisy. I have endeavored in some degree to show you what has been and always will be when men are governed by superstition.

When they destroy the sublime standard or reason; when they take the words of others and do not investigate them themselves, even the great men of those days appear nearly as weak as the most ignorant. One of the greatest men of the world, an astronomer second to none, discoverer of the three great laws that explain the solar system, was an astrologer and believed that he could predict the career of a man by finding what star was in the ascendant at his birth. He believed in what is called the music of the spheres, and he ascribed the qualities of the music—alto, bass, tenor and treble—to certain of the planets. Another man kept an idiot, whose words he put down and then put them together in such a manner as to make promises, and waited patiently to see that they were fulfilled. Luther believed he had actually seen the devil and discussed points of theology with him. The human mind was enchained. Every idea, almost, was a mystery. Facts were looked upon as worthless; only the wonderful was worth preserving. Devils were thought to be the most industrious beings in the Universe, and with these imps every occurrence of an unusual character was connected. There was no order, certainty; everything depended upon ghosts and phantoms, and man, for the most part, considered himself at the mercy of malevolent spirits. He protected himself as best he could with holy water, and with tapers, and wafers, and cathedrals. He made noises to frighten the ghosts and music to charm them; he fasted when he was hungry and he feasted when he was not; he believed everything unreasonable; he humbled himself; he crawled in the dust; he shut the doors and windows; and excluded every ray of light from his soul; and he delayed not a day to repair the walls of his own prison; and from the garden of the human heart they plucked and trampled into the bloody dust the flowers and blossoms; they denounced man as totally depraved; they made reason blasphemy; they made pity a crime; nothing so delighted them as painting the torments and tortures of the damned. Over the worm that never dies they grew poetic. According to them, the cries ascending from hell were the perfume of heaven.

They divided the world into saints and sinners, and all the saints were going to heaven, and all the sinners yonder. Now, then, you stand in the presence of a great disaster. A house is on fire, and there is seen at a window the frightened face of a woman with a babe in her arms, appealing for help, humanity cries out: "Will some one go to the rescue?" They do not ask for a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Catholic; they ask for a man; all at once there starts from the crowd one that nobody ever suspected of being a saint, one maybe, with a bad reputation; but he goes up the ladder and is lost in the smoke and flame; and a moment after he emerges, and the great circles of flame hiss around him; in a moment more he has reached the window; in another moment with the woman and child in his arms, he reaches the ground and gives his fainting burden to the bystanders, and the people all stand hushed for a moment, as they always do at such times, and then the air is rent with acclamations. Tell me that that man is going to be sent to hell, to eternal flames, who is willing to risk his life rather than a woman and child should suffer from the fire one moment! I despise that doctrine of hell! Any man that believes in eternal hell is afflicted with at least two diseases—petrifaction of the heart and petrifaction of the brain.

I have seen upon the field of battle a boy sixteen years of age struck by a fragment of a shell; I have seen him fall; I have seen him die with a curse upon his lips and the face of his mother in his heart. Tell me that his soul will be hurled from the field of battle where he lost his life that his country might live—where he lost his life for the liberties of man—tell me that he will be hurled from that field to eternal torment! I pronounce it an infamous lie. And yet according to these gentlemen that is to be the fate of nearly all the splendid fellows in this world.

I had in my possession a little while ago a piece of fresco that used to adorn a church at Stratford-upon-Avon, the place where Shakespeare lived, and there was a picture representing the morning of the

resurrection and people were getting out of their graves and devils were grabbing them by their heels. And there was an immense monster, with jaws open so wide that a man could walk down its throat, and the flames were issuing therefrom, and there were devils driving people in droves down the throat of this monster, and there was an immense kettle in which they had put these men, and the fire was being stirred under it, and hot pitch was being poured on top, and little devils were setting it on fire; and then on the walls there were hundreds hung up by their tongues to hooks and nails; and then the saved—there were some five or six saved—upon the horizon, and they had a most self-satisfied grin of "I told you so."

At the risk of being tiresome, I have said that I have to show the direction of the human mind in slavery, the effects of widespread ignorance, and the result of fear. I want to convince you that every form of slavery, physical or mental, is a viper that will finally fill with poison the breast of any man alive. I want to show you that there should be republicanism in the domain of thoughts as well as in civil government. The first step toward progress is for man to cease to be the slaves of the creatures of his creation. Men found at last that the event is more valuable than the prophecy, especially if it never comes to pass. They found that diseases were not produced by spirits; that they could not be cured by frightening them away. They found that death was as natural as life. They began to study the anatomy and chemistry of the human body, and they found that all was natural, and the conjuror and the sorcerer were dismissed, and the physician and surgeon were employed. They learned that being born under a star or planet had nothing to do with their luck; the astrologer was discharged and the astronomer took his place. They found that the world had swept through the constellation for millions of ages. They found that diseases were produced as easily as grass, and were not sent as punishment on men for failing to believe a creed. They found that man through intelligence, could take advantage of the affairs of nature; that he could make the waves, the winds, the flames, and the lightnings slaves at his bidding to administer to his wants; they found the ghosts knew nothing of benefit to man; that they were entirely ignorant of history; that they were bad doctors and worse surgeons; that they knew nothing of the law and less of justice; that they were poor politicians; that they were tyrants, and that they were without brains and utterly destitute of hearts.

The condition of this world during the dark ages shows exactly the result of enslaving the souls of men. In those days there was no liberty. Liberty was despised, and the laborer was considered but little above the beast. Ignorance, like a vast cowl covered the brain of the world; superstition ran riot, and credulity sat upon the throne of the soul. Murded and hypocrisy were the companions of man, and industry was a slave. Every country maintained that it was no robbery to take the property of Mohammedans by force, and no murder to kill the owner. Lord Bacon was the first man who maintained that a Christian country was bound to keep its plighted faith with a Mohammedan nation. Every man who could read or write was suspected of being a heretic in those days. Only one person in 40,000 could read or write. All thought was discouraged. The whole earth was ruled by the mitre and sceptre, by the altar and throne, by fear and force, by ignorance and faith, by ghouls and ghosts. In the 15th century the following law was in force in England: "Whosoever reads the Scripture in the mother tongue shall forfeit land, cattle, life and goods, for themselves and their heirs forever, and should be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and traitors to the land."

During the priod this law was in force thirty-nine were hanged and their bodies burned. In the 16th century men were burned because they failed to kneel to a procession of monks. Even the Reformers, so called, had no idea of liberty only when in the minority; the moment they were clothed with power they began to exterminate with fire and sword. Castillo—and I want you to recollect it—was the first minister in the world that declared in favor of universal toleration. Castillo was pursued by John Calvin like a wild beast. Calvin said that by such a monstrous doctrine he crucified Christ afresh, and they pursued that man until he died; recollect it! They can't do that nowadays! You don't know how splendid I feel about the liberty I have. The horizon is filled with glory and the air is filled with wings. If there are any in this world who think they had better not tell what they really think because it will take bread from their little children, because it will take clothing from their families, don't do it! Don't make martyrs of yourselves! I don't believe in martyrdom! Go right along with them; go to church and say amen as near the right place as you can. I will do your talking for you. They can't

take the bread away from me. I will talk. Bodemus, a lawyer of France, wrote a few words in favor of freedom of conscience. Montaigne was the first to raise his voice against torture in France; but what was the voice of one man against the terrible cry of ignorant, infatuated, malevolent millions! I intend to do what little I can, and I am going to do it kindly. I am going to appeal to reason and to charity, to justice, to science, and to the future. For my part, I glory in the fact that in the New World, in the United States, liberty of conscience was first granted to man, and that the Constitution of the United States was the first great decree entered in the high court of human equity forever divorcing Church and State. It is the grandest step ever taken by the human race; and the Declaration of Independence was the first document that retired ghosts from politics. It is the first document that said authority does not come from the clouds, authority does not come from the phantoms of the air; authority is not from that direction; it comes from the people themselves. The Declaration of Independence enthroned man and dethroned the phantoms. You will ask what has caused this change in three hundred years. I answer, the inventions and discoveries of the few; the brave thoughts and heroic utterances of the few; the acquisition of a few facts; getting acquainted with our mother, Nature. Besides this, you must remember that every wrong in some way, tends to abolish itself. It is hard to make a lie last always. A lie will not fit the truth; it will only fit another lie told on purpose to fit it. Nothing but truth lives.

The nobles and the kings quarreled; the priests began to dispute, and the millions began to get their rights. In 1441 printing was discovered. At that time the past was a vast cemetery without an epitaph. The ideas of men had mostly perished in the brains that had produced them. Printing gives an opening for thought; it preserves ideas; it made it possible for a man to bequeath to the world the wealth of his thoughts. About the same time, or a little before, the Moors had gone into Europe, and it can be truthfully said that science was thrust into the brain of Europe upon the point of a Moorish lance. They gave us paper, and what is printing without paper?—a bird without wings. I tell you, paper has been a splendid thing.

The discovery of America, whose shores were trod by the restless feet of adventure and the people of every nation—out of this strange mingling of facts and fancies came the great Republic. Every fact has pushed a superstition from the brain and a ghost from the cloud. Every mechanical art is an educator; every loom, every reaper, every mower, every steamboat, every locomotive, every engine, every press, every telegraph is a missionary of science and an apostle of progress; every mill, every furnace with its wheels and levers, in which something is made for the convenience, for the use and the comfort and the well-being of man, is my kind of church, and every schoolhouse is a temple. Education is the most radical thing in this world. To teach the alphabet is to inaugurate a revolution; to build a schoolhouse is to construct a fort; every library is an arsenal filled with the weapons and ammunition of progress; every fact is a monitor with sides of iron and a turret of steel. I thank the inventors and discoverers. I thank Columbus and Magellan. I thank Locke and Hume, Bacon and Shakespeare. I thank Fulton and Watts, Franklin and Morse, who made lightning the messenger of man. I thank Luther for protesting against the abuses of the Church, but denounce him because he was an enemy of liberty. I thank Calvin for writing a book in favor of religious freedom, but I abhor him because he burned Servetus. I thank the Puritans for saying that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, and yet I am compelled to admit that they were tyrants themselves. I thank Thomas Paine because he was a believer in liberty. I thank Voltaire, that great man who for half a century was the intellectual monarch of Europe, and who, from his throne at the foot of the Alps pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Christendom. I thank the inventors, I thank the discoverers, the thinkers and the scientists, and I thank the honest millions who have toiled. I thank the brave men with brave thoughts. They are the Atlases upon whose broad and mighty shoulders rest the grand fabric of civilization; they are the men who have broken, and are still breaking, the chains of superstition.

We are beginning to learn that to swap off a superstition for a fact, to ascertain the real, is to progress. All that gives us better bodies and minds and clothes and food and pictures, grander music, better heads, better hearts, and that makes us better husbands and wives and better citizens, all these things combined produce what we call the progress of the human race. Man advances only as he overcomes the obstacles of nature. It is done by labor and thought. Labor is the foundation. Without great labor on the part of those who conduct all great industries of life, of those who battle with the obstacles of the sea, on the part of the inventors, the discoverers, and the brave

heroic thinkers, no surplus is produced; and from the surplus produced by labor spring the school and universities, the painters, the sculptors, the poets, the hopes, the loves and the aspirations of the world.

The surplus has given us the books. It has given us all there is of beauty and eloquence. I am aware there is a vast difference of opinion as to what progress is, and that many denounce my ideas. I know there are many worshipers of the past. They see no beauty in anything from which they do not blow the dust of ages with the breath of praise. They see nothing like the ancients; no orators, poets or statesmen like those which have been dust for thousands of years.

In a sermon on a certain evening, some time ago, the Rev. Dr. Magee of Albany, N. Y., stated that Colonel Ingersoll, referring to Jesus Christ, called him "a dirty little Jew." I denounce that as a dirty little lie.

I have as much reverence for any man who ever did what he believed was right, and died in order to benefit mankind, as any man in this world. Do they treat an opponent with fairness? Are they investigating? Do they pull forward or do they hold back? Is science indebted to the Church for a single fact? Let us know what it is. What church has been the asylum for a persecuted truth? What reform has been inaugurated by the Church? Did the Church abolish slavery? No. Who commenced it? Such men as Garrison and Pillsbury and Wendell Phillips. They were the Titans that attacked the monster, and not a solitary one of them even belonged to a church. Has the church raised its voice against war? No. Are men restrained by superstition? Are men restrained by what you call religion? I used to think they were not; now I admit they are. No man has ever been restrained from the commission of a real crime, but from an artificial one he has. There was a man who committed murder. They got the evidence, but he confessed that he did it. "What did you do it for?" "Money." "Did you get any money?" "Yes." "How much?" "Fifteen cents." "What kind of a man was he?" "A laboring man I killed." "What did you do with the money?" "I bought liquor with it." "Did he have anything else?" "I think he had some meat and bread." "What did you do with that?" "I ate the bread and threw away the meat; it was Friday." So you see it will restrain in some things.

Just to the extent that man has freed himself from the dominion of ghosts he has advanced; to that extent he has freed himself from the tyrant's poison. Man has found that he must give liberty to others in order to have it himself. He has found that a master is a slave; that a tryant is also a slave. He has found that governments should be administered by men for men; that the rights of all are to be protected; that woman is at least the equal of man; that men existed before books; that all creeds were made by men; that the few have a right to contradict what the pulpit asserts; that man is responsible to himself and to others. True religion must be free; without liberty the brain is a dungeon and the mind the convict. The slave may bow and cringe and crawl, but he cannot worship, he cannot adore. True religion is the perfume of the free and grateful air. True religion is the subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is not a creed; it is a life. The theory that is afraid of investigation is not deserving of a place in the human mind.

I do not pretend to tell what all the truth is. I do not pretend to have fathomed the abyss, nor to have floated on outstretched wings level with the heights of thought. I simply plead for freedom. I denounce the cruelties and horrors of slavery. I ask for light and air for the souls of men. I say, take off those chains—break those manacles—free those limbs—release that brain. I plead for the right to think—to reason—to investigate. I ask that the future may be enriched with the honest thoughts of men. I implore every human being to be a soldier in the army of progress, I will not invade the rights of others. You have no right to erect your toll-gates upon the highways of thought. You have no right to leap from the hedges of superstition and strike down the pioneers of the human race. You have no right to sacrifice the liberties of man upon the altars of ghosts. Believe what you may; preach what you desire; have all the forms and ceremonies you please. Exercise your liberties in your own way, and extend to all others the same right.

I attack the monsters, the phantoms of imagination, that have ruled the world. I attack slavery. I ask for room—room for the human mind.

Why should we sacrifice a real world that we have for one we know not of? Why should we enslave ourselves? Why should we forge fetters for our own hands? Why should we be slaves of phantoms—phantoms that we create ourselves? The darkness of barbarism was the womb of these shadows. In the light of science they cannot cloud the sky forever. They have reddened the hands of man with innocent blood. They made the cradle a curse and the grave a place of torment.

They blinded the eyes and stopped the ears of the human race. They subverted all the ideas of justice by promising infinite punishment for finite offenses.

I plead for light, for air, for opportunity. I plead for individual independence. I plead for the rights of labor and of thought I plead for a chainless future. Let the ghosts go—justice remains. Let them disappear—men, women and children are left. Let the monster fade away—the world remains, with all its hills and seas and plains, with its seasons of smiles and frowns, its springs of leaf and bud, its summer of shade and flower, its autumn with the laden boughs, when

The withered banners of the corn are still,
And gathered fields are growing strangely wan,
While Death, poetic Death, with hands that color
Whate'er they touch, weaves in the autumn wood
Her tapestries of gold and brown.

The world remains with its winters and homes and firesides, where grow and bloom the virtues of our race. All these are left; and music, with its sad and thrilling voice, and all there is of art and song and hope, and love and aspiration high. All these remain. Let the ghosts go—we will worship them no more.

Man is greater than these phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the great sea, and these creeds and books and religions are but the waves of a day. Humanity is the sky, and, these religions and dogmas and theories are but the mists and clouds changing continually, destined finally to melt away.

Let the ghosts go. We will worship them no more. Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands and fade forever from the imaginations of men.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you a thousand times.

Hell

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The idea of a hell was born of revenge and brutality on the one side, and cowardice on the other. In my judgment the American people are too brave, too charitable, too generous, too magnanimous to believe in the infamous dogma of an eternal hell. (Applause.) I have no respect for any human being who believes in it. (Applause.) I have no respect for any man who preaches it. (Applause.) I have no respect for the man who will pollute the imagination of childhood with that infamous lie. I have no respect for the man who will add to the sorrows of this world with the frightful dogma. I have no respect for any man who endeavors to put that infinite cloud, that infinite shadow, over the heart of humanity. I want to be frank with you. I dislike this doctrine, I hate it, I despise it, I defy this doctrine. (Applause.) For a good many years the learned intellects of christendom have been examining into the religions of other countries in the world, the religions of the thousands that have passed away. They examined into the religion of Egypt, the religion of Greece, the religion of Rome and of the Scandinavian countries. In the presence of the ruins of those religions the learned men of christendom insisted that those religions were baseless, that they are fraudulent. But they have all passed away. While this was being done the Christianity of our day applauded, and when the learned men got through with the religions of other countries they turned their attention to our religion. By the same mode of reasoning, by the same methods, by the same arguments that they used with the old religions, they were overturning the religion of our day. Why? Every religion in this world is the work of man. Every one! Every book has been written by man. Men existed before the books. If books had existed before man, I might admit there was such a thing as a sacred volume. (Applause.)

In my judgment man has made every religion and made every book. There is another thing to which I wish to call your attention. Man never had an idea; man will never have an idea, except those supplied to him by his surroundings. Every idea in the world that man has, came to him by nature. Man cannot conceive of anything, the hint of which you have not received from your surroundings. You can imagine an animal with the hoof of a bison, with the pouch of the kangaroo, with the wings of an eagle, with the beak of a bird, and with the tail of the lion; and yet every point of this monster you borrowed from nature. Everything you can think of—everything you can dream of, is borrowed from your surroundings—everything. And there is nothing on this earth coming from any other sphere whatever. Man has produced every religion in the world. And why? Because each generation bodes forth the knowledge and the belief of the people at the time it was made, and in no book is there any knowledge found except that of the people who wrote it. In no book is there found any knowledge except that of the time in which it was written. Barbarians have produced and always will produce barbarian religions. Barbarians have produced and always will produce ideas in harmony, with their surroundings, and all the religions of the past were produced by barbarians—every one of them. We are making religions to-day. We are making religions to-night. That is to say, we are changing them, and the religion of to-day is not the religion of one year ago. What changed it? Science has done it; education and the growing heart of man has done it. We are making these religions every day, and just to the extent that we become civilized ourselves will we improve the religion of our fathers. If the religion of one hundred years ago, compared with the religion of to-day is so low, what will it be in one thousand years?

If we continue making the inroads upon orthodoxy which we have been making during the last twenty-five years, what will it be fifty years from to-night? It will have to be remonetized by that time, or else it will not be legal tender. (Laughter.) That proves to me that they all tell the truth—about others. (Laughter.) Why? suppose Mr. Smith should tell Mr. Brown that he—Smith—saw a corpse get out of the grave, and that when he first saw it, it was covered with the worms of death, and that in his presence it was re-clothed in healthy, beautiful flesh. And then, suppose Mr. Brown should tell Mr. Smith, "I saw the same thing myself. I was in a graveyard once, and I saw a dead man rise." Suppose then that Smith should say to Brown, "You're a liar," and Brown should reply to Smith, "And you're a liar," what would you think? It would simply be because Smith, never having seen it himself, didn't believe Brown had. Now, if Smith had really seen it, and Brown told him he had seen it too, then Smith would regard it as a corroboration of his story, and he would regard Brown as one of his principal witnesses. But, on the contrary, he says, "You never saw it." So, when a man says, "I was upon Mount Sinai, and there I met God, and he told me, 'Stand aside and let me drown these people;'" and another man says to him, "I was up upon a mountain, and there I met the Supreme Brahma," and Moses says, "That's not true," and contends that the other man never did see Brahma, and he contends that Moses never did see God, that is in my judgment proof that they both speak truly.

Every religion, then, has charged every other religion with having been an unmitigated fraud; and yet, if any man had ever seen the miracle himself, his mind would be prepared to believe that another man had seen the same thing. Whenever a man appeals to a miracle he tells what is not true. Truth relies upon reason, and the undeviating course of all the laws of nature. (Applause.)

Now, we have religion—that is, some people have. I do not pretend to have religion myself. I believe in living for this world—that's my doctrine—in living here now, to-day, to-night—that's my doctrine, to make everybody happy that you can. Now, let the future take care of itself, and if I ever touch the shores of another world, I will be just as ready and anxious to get into some remunerative employment as anybody else. (Laughter and applause.) Now, we have got in this country a religion which men have preached for about eighteen hundred years, and just in proportion as their belief in that religion has grown great, men have grown mean and wicked; just in proportion as they have ceased to believe it, men have become just and charitable. And if they believed it to-night as they once believed it, I wouldn't be allowed to speak in the city of New York. (Applause.) It is from the coldness and infidelity of the churches that I get my right to preach; and I say it to their credit. (Laughter.) Now we have a religion. What is it? They say in the first place that all this vast universe was created by a deity. I don't know whether it was or not. They say, too, that had it not been for the first sin of Adam there would never have been any devil in

this world, and if there had been no devil there would have been no sin, and if there had been no sin there never would have been any death. For my part I am glad there was death in this world, because that gave me a chance. (Laughter.) Somebody had to die to give me room, and when my turn comes I'll be willing to let somebody else take my place. But whether there is another life or not, if there is any Being who gave me this, I shall thank Him from the bottom of my heart, because, upon the whole, my life has been a joy. Now they say, because of this first sin all man was consigned to eternal hell. And this because Adam was our representative. Well I always had an idea that my representative ought to live somewhere about the same time I do. I always had an idea that I should have some voice in choosing my representative. And if I had a voice I never should have voted for the old gentleman called Adam. (Laughter.) Now in order to regain man from the frightful hell of eternity, Christ Himself came to this world and took upon Himself flesh, and in order that we might know the road to eternal salvation He gave us a book, and that book is called the Bible, and wherever that Bible has been read men have immediately commenced cutting each other's throats. Wherever that Bible has been circulated, they have invented inquisitions and instruments of torture, and they commenced hating each other with all their hearts. But I am told now, we are all told that this Bible is the foundation of civilization, but I say that this Bible is the foundation of hell, and we never shall get rid of the dogma of hell until we get rid of the idea that it is an inspired book. Now, what does the Bible teach? I am not going to talk about what this minister or that minister says it teaches; the question is "ought a man to be sent to eternal hell for not believing this Bible to be the work of a Merciful Father?" and the only way to find out is to read it; and as very few people do read it now, I will read a few passages. (Laughter.) This is the book to be read in the schools, in order to make our children charitable and good; this is the book that we must read in order that our children may have ideas of mercy, charity and justice. Does the Bible teach mercy? Now be honest. I read: "I will make mine arrows drunk with blood; and my sword shall devour flesh." (Deut. xxxii, 42.) Pretty good start for a merciful God! (Laughter.) "That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." (Ps. lxviii, 23.) Again: "And the Lord thy God will put out those nations before thee by little and little; thou mayst not consume them at once, lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee." (Deut. vii, 23.)

"But the Lord thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, until they be destroyed.

And he shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven; there shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have destroyed them." (Deut. vii. 23, 24.)

"So Joshua came, and all the people of war with him, against them by the waters of Merom suddenly; and they fell upon them.

And the Lord delivered them into the hand of Israel, who smote them, and chased them into great Zidon, and unto Misrephothmaim, and unto the valley of Mizpeth eastward; and they smote them, until they left them none remaining.

And Joshua did unto them as the Lord bade him; he houghed their horses, and burnt their chariots with fire.

And Joshua at that time turned back, and took Hazor, and smote the king thereof with the sword; for Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms.

And they smote all the souls that were therein with the edge of the sword, utterly destroying them: there was not any left to breathe: and he burnt Hazor with fire.

And all the cities of those kings, and all the kings of them, did Joshua take, and smote them with the edge of the sword, and he utterly destroyed them, as Moses the servant of the Lord commanded.

But as for the cities that stood still in their strength, Israel burnt none of them, save Hazor only; that did Joshua burn.

And all the spoil of these cities and the cattle, the children of Israel took for a prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword, (Brave!) until they had destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe. (As the moral God had commanded them.)

As the Lord commanded Moses his servant, so did Moses command Joshua, and so did Joshua; he left nothing undone of all that the Lord commanded Moses.

So Joshua took all that land, the hills, and all the south country, and all the land of Goshen, and the valley, and the plain and the mountain of Israel, and the valley of the same;

Even from the mount Halak, that goeth up to Seir, even unto Baal-gad in the valley of Lebanon under mount Hermon; and all their kings he took, and smote them, and slew them.

Joshua made war a long time with all those kings.

There was not a city that made peace with the children of Israel, save the Hivites the inhabitants of Gideon; all the others they took in battle.

For it was of the Lord to harden their hearts, that they should come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy them utterly, and that they might have no favor, but that he might destroy them, as the Lord commanded Moses.

And at that time came Joshua, and cut off the Anakim from the mountains, from Hebron, from Debir, from Anab, and from all the mountains of Judah, and from all the mountains of Israel; Joshua destroyed them utterly with their cities.

There was none of the Anakim left in the land of the children of Israel; only in Gaza, in Gath, and in Ashdod there remained.

So Joshua took the whole land, according to all that the Lord said unto Moses; and Joshua gave it for an inheritance unto Israel according to their divisions by their tribes. And the land rested from war." (Josh. xi., 7 to 23.)

"When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it.

And it shall be, if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee.

And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shall besiege it;

And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it into thine hands, thou shall smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword.

But the women, and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself; and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations.

But of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth:

But thou shalt utterly destroy them.

Neither the old men nor the women, nor the maidens, nor the sweet-dimpled babe, smiling upon the lap of his mother.

And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel (a merciful God indeed). 'Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor.'" (Exod. xxxii. 29.)

Now recollect, these instructions were given to an army of invasion, and the people who were slain were guilty of the crime of fighting for their homes. Oh, merciful God! The Old Testament is full of curses, vengeance, jealousy and hatred, and of barbarity and brutality. Now, do you not for one moment believe that these words were written by the most merciful God. Don't pluck from the heart the sweet flower of piety and crush them by superstition. Do not believe that God ever ordered the murder of innocent women and helpless babes. Do not let this supposition turn your hearts into stone. When anything is said to have been written by the most merciful God, and the thing is not merciful, then I deny it, and say he never wrote it. I will live by the standard of reason, and if thinking in accordance with reason takes me to perdition, then I will go to hell with my reason rather than to heaven without it. (Applause.)

Now does this Bible teach political freedom, or does it teach political tyranny? Does it teach a man to resist oppression? Does it teach a man to tear from the throne of tyranny the crowned thing and robber called a king? Let us see. (Reading.)

"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers: For there is no power but of God, the powers that be are ordained of God." (Rom. xiii. 1.)

All the kings, and princes, and governors, and thieves, and robbers that happened to be in authority were placed there by the infinite father of all!

"Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God."

And when George Washington resisted the power of George the Third he resisted the power of God. And when our fathers said "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," they falsified the Bible itself. (Applause.)

For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, revenger to *execute* wrath upon him that doeth evil.

Wherefore *ye* must needs be subject not only for wrath, but also for conscience's sake. (Rom. xiii. 4, 5.)

I deny this wretched doctrine. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn to protect the rights of man, I am a rebel. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn to give man liberty, to clothe him in all his just

rights, I am on the side of that rebellion. I deny that rulers are crowned by the Most High; the rulers are the people, and the presidents and others are but the servants of the people. (Applause.) All authority comes from the people, and not from the aristocracy of the air. Upon these texts of Scripture which I have just read rest the thrones of Europe, and these are the voices that are repeated from age to age by brainless kings and heartless queens.

Does the Bible give woman her rights? Is this Bible humane? Does it treat woman as she ought to be treated, or is it barbarian? Let us see.

"Let women learn in silence with all subjection." (1 Tim. ii. 11.)

If a woman would know anything let her ask her husband. Imagine the ignorance of a lady who had only that source of information. (Laughter.)

"But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. (Why, magnificent reason.)

And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression. (Splendid.)

But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God." That is to say, there is as much difference between the woman and man as there is between Christ and man. There is the liberty of woman.

"For the man is not of the woman, but the woman is of the man." It was the man's cutlet till that was taken, not the woman's. "Neither was the man created for the woman." Well, what was he created for? "But the woman was created for the man. Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord." (There's liberty!)

"For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the savior of the body.

Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything."

Good again! Even the Savior didn't put man and woman upon any equality. The man could divorce the wife, but the wife could not divorce the husband, and according to the Old Testament, the mother had to ask forgiveness for being the mother of babes. Splendid!

Here is something from the Old Testament:

"When thou goest fórth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive,

And seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldst have her to wife,

Then thou shalt bring her home to thine house; and she shall shave her head, and pare her nails." (Deut. xxi., 10, 11, 12.)

That is in self-defense, I suppose! (Cheers and laughter.)

This sacred book, this foundation of human liberty, or morality, does it teach concubinage and polygamy? Read the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, read the twenty-first chapter of Deuteronomy, read the blessed lives of Abraham, of David or of Solomon, and then tell me that the sacred Scripture does not teach polygamy and concubinage? All the language of the world is not sufficient to express the infamy of polygamy; it makes man a beast and woman a stone. It destroys the fireside and makes virtue an outcast. And yet it is the doctrine of the Bible. The doctrine defended by Luther and Melanthon! It takes from our language those sweetest words father, husband, wife, and mother, and takes us back to barbarism and fills our hearts with the crawling, slimy serpents of loathsome lust.

Does the Bible teach the existence of devils? Of course it does. Yes, it teaches not only the existence of a good Being but a bad being. This good Being had to have a home; that home was heaven. This bad being had to have a home; and that home was hell. This hell is supposed to be nearer to earth than I would care to have it, and to be peopled with spirits, spooks, hobgoblins, and all the fiery shapes with which the imagination of ignorance and fear could people that horrible place; and the Bible teaches the existence of hell and this big devil and all these little devils. The Bible teaches the doctrine of witchcraft and makes us believe that there are sorcerers and witches, and that the dead could be raised by the power of sorcery. Does anybody believe it now?

"Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor.

And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him and they came to the woman by night; and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me him up, whom I shall name unto thee. (That was a pretty good spiritual seance.)

And the woman said unto him, Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he had cut off those that have familiar spirits,

and the wizards, out of the land; wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life to cause me to die?

And Saul swore to her by the Lord saying, as the Lord liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing.

Then said the woman, whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, bring me up Samuel.

And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice; and the woman spake to Saul, saying, why hast thou deceived me, for thou art Saul.

And the king said unto her, be not afraid; for what sawest thou. And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.

And he said unto her, what form is he of? And he said, an old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself." (Saml. xxviii. 8.)

In another place he declared that witchcraft is an abomination unto the Lord. He wanted no rivals in this business. (Laughter.) Now what does the New Testament teach?

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards a-hungered.

And when the tempter came to him, he said, if thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

But he answered and said, it is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

And saith unto him, if thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Jesus said unto him, it is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God." (Mat. iv. 1-7.)

Is it possible that anyone can believe that the devil absolutely took God Almighty, and put Him on the pinnacle of the temple, and endeavored to persuade Him to jump down? (Great laughter.) Is it possible?

"Again the devil taketh him onto an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." (Mat. iv. 8-11.)

Now, the devil must have known at that time that he was God, and God at that time must have known that the other was the devil. How could the latter be conceived to have the impudence to promise God a world in which he did not have a tax-title to an inch of land.

Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him." (Mat. iv. 8-11.)

"And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gardarenes.

And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tomb a man with an unclean spirit.

Who had his dwelling among the tombs, and no man could bind him, no, not with chains.

Because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces; neither could any man tame him.

And always, night and day, he was in the mountains and tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones.

But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshiped him.

And cried with a loud voice and said: What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the Most High God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.

(For he said unto him, Come out of the man thou unclean spirit.)

And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many.

And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country.

Now there was there nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding.

And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine that we may enter into them.

And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine; and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (there were about two thousand), and were choked in the sea." (Mark. v. 1-13.)

Now I will ask a question: Should reasonable men, in the nineteenth century in the United States of America, believe that that is an actual occurrence? If my salvation depends upon believing that, I am lost. I have never experienced the signs by which it is said a believer may be known. I deny all the witch stories in this world.

These fables of devils have covered the world with blood; they have filled the world with fear, and I am going to do what I can to free the world of these insatiate monsters. Small and great, they have filled the world with monsters; they have made the world a synonym of fear and ferocity. And it is this book that ought to be read in all the schools—this book that teaches man to enslave his brother. If it is larceny to steal the result of labor, how much more is it larceny to steal the laborer himself?

"Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do so sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession.

And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever; but over your brethren the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigor." (Lev. xv. 45, 36.)

Why? Because they are not as good as you will buy of the heathen roundabout.

Now these are the judgments which thou shalt set before them.

If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve; and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing.

If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him.

If his master have given him a wife, and she have born him sons and daughters: the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself.

And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free.

Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever." (Exod. xxi. 1.)

This is the doctrine which has ever lent itself to the chains of slavery, and makes a man imprison himself rather than desert his wife and children. I hate it. (Applause.)

Now, listen to the New Testament, the tidings of great joy for all people!

"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ.

Not with eye-service, as men pleasers; but as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." (Eph. vi. 5.)

Splendid doctrine.

"Servants, be subject to your master with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward.

For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully." (I. Peter ii. 18, 19.)

"Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh."

He was afraid they might not work all the time, so he adds:

"Not with the eye-service, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart fearing God."

Read the twenty-first chapter of Exodus (7 to 11).

"And if a man sell his daughter to be a maid-servant, she shall not go out as the men-servants do.

If she please not her master, who hath betrothed her to himself, then shall he let her be redeemed; to sell her unto a strange nation he shall have no power, seeing he hath dealt deceitfully with her. And if he have betrothed her unto his son, he shall deal with her after the manner of daughters.

If he take him another wife, her food, her raiment and her duty of marriage shall be not diminished.

And if he do not these three unto her, then shall she go out free without money."

"Servants, be obedient to your masters," is the salutation of the most merciful God to one who works for nothing and who receives upon his naked back the lash, as legal tender for service performed.

"Servants, be obedient to your masters," is the salutation of a most merciful God to the slave-mother bending over her infant's grave.

"Servants, be obedient to your masters," is the salutation to a man endeavoring to escape pursuit, followed by savage bloodhounds and with his eye fixed upon the northern star. (Applause.) This book ought to be read in the schools, so that our children will love liberty. (Laughter.)

What does this same book say of the rights of little children? Let us see how they are treated by the "most merciful God."

"If a man hath a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and *that* when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them,

Then shall his father and his mother lay hold of him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place.

And they shall say unto the elders of his city: This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice, *he* is a glutton, and a drunkard.

And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die; so shalt thou

put evil away from among you; and all Israel shall hear and fear. (Deut. xxi. 18.)

Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac as a sacrifice, and he intended to obey. The boy was not consulted. (Laughter and applause.)

Did you ever hear the story of Jephthah's daughter? Returning home Jephthtah said:

"And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, if thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands,

Then it shall be, that whosoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering.

So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands.

And he smote them from Aroer, even till thou cometh to Minnith, *even* twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyard with a very great slaughter. Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel.

And Jephthah came to Mispah unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and dances; and she *was his* only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter.

And it came to pass when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.

And she said unto him, My father, *if* thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, *even* of the children of Ammon.

And she said unto her father, Let this thing be done for me; let me alone two months that I may go up and down upon the mountains, and bewail my virginity, I and my fellows.

And he said, Go. And he sent her away for two months; and she went with her companions, and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains.

And it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned to her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed."

Is there in the history of the world a sadder story than this? Can a God who would accept such a sacrifice be worthy of the worship of civilized men? I believe in the rights of children, I plead for the republic of home, for the democracy of the fireside, and for this I am called a heathen and a devil by those who believe in the cheerful and comforting doctrine of eternal damnation.

Read the book of Job; read that! God met the devil and asked him where he had been, and he said: "Walking up and down the country," and the Lord said to him: "Have you noticed my man Job over here, how good he is?" And the devil said: "Of course he's good, you give him everything he wants. Just take away his property and he'll curse you. You just try it." And he did try it, and took away his goods, but Job still remained good. The devil laughed and said that he had not been tried enough. Then the Lord touched his flesh, but he was still true. Then he took away his children, but he remained faithful, and in the end, to show how much Job made by this fidelity, his property was all doubled and he had more children than ever. If you have a child, and you love it, would you be satisfied with a God who would destroy it, and endeavor to make it up by giving you another that was better looking? No, you want that one; you want no other, and yet this is the idea of the love of children taught in the Bible. (Applause.)

Does the Bible teach you freedom of religion? To-day we say that every man has a right to worship God or not, to worship Him as he pleases. Is it the doctrine of the Bible? Let us see:

"If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or thy wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers;

Namely, of the gods of the people which are round about you, nigh unto thee, or far off from thee, from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth;

Thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shalt thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him:

But thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people.

And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die; because he has sought to thrust thee away from the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. (Deut. xii. 6.)

And do you know, according to that, if your wife—your wife that you love as your own soul—if you had lived in Palestine, and your wife had said to you, "Let us worship a sun whose golden beams clothe the world in glory! let us worship the sun,

let us bow to that great luminary; I love the sun because it gave me your face; because it gave me the features of my babe; let us worship the sun, it was then your duty to lay hands upon her, your eyes must not pity her, but it was your duty to cast the first stone against that tender and loving breast! I hate such a doctrine! I hate such books! I hate gods that will write such books! (Applause.) I tell you that it is infamous. (Applause.)

"If there be found among you, within any of thy gates which the Lord thy God giveth thee, man or woman, that hath wrought wickedness in the sight of the Lord thy God, in transgressing his covenant,

And hath gone and served other gods, and worshiped them, either the sun, moon, or any of the host of heaven, which I have not commanded;

And it be told thee, and thou hast heard of it, and inquired diligently, and behold, it be true, and the thing certain, that such abomination is wrought in Israel;

Then shalt thou bring forth that man or that woman, which have committed that wicked thing, unto thy gates even that man or that woman, and shalt stone them with stones, till they die." (Deut. xvii., 2-5.)

That is the religious liberty of the Bible —that's it. And this God taught that doctrine to the Jews, and said to them, "Any one that teaches a different religion, kill him!" Now, let me ask, and I want to do it reverently (laughter):

If, as is contended, God gave these frightful laws to the Jews, and afterwards this same God took upon Himself flesh, and came among the Jews, and taught a different religion, and these Jews, in accordance with the laws which this same God gave them, crucified Him, did he not reap what he had sown? (Applause.) The mercy of all this comes in what is called "the plan of salvation." What is that plan? According to this great plan, the innocent suffer for the guilty to satisfy a law.

What sort of a law must it be that would be satisfied with the suffering of innocence? According to this plan, the salvation of the whole world depends upon the bigotry of the Jews and the treachery of Judas. According to the same plan, we all would have gone to eternal hell. According to the same plan, there would have been no death in the world if there had been no sin, and if there had been no death you and I would not have been called into existence, and if we did not exist we could not have been saved, so we owe our salvation to the bigotry of the Jews and the treachery of Judas, and we are indebted to the devil for our existence. (Laughter.) I speak this reverently. (Renewed laughter.) It strikes me that what they call the atonement is a kind of moral bankruptcy. Under its merciful provisions man is allowed the privilege of sinning credit, and whenever he is guilty of a mean action he says, "Charge it." (Laughter.) In my judgment, this kind of bookkeeping breeds extravagance in sin. (Applause.) Suppose we had a law in New York that every merchant should give credit to every man who asked for it, under pain and penitentiary, and that every man should take the benefit of the bankruptcy statute any Saturday night? Doesn't the credit system in morals breed extravagance in sin? That's the question. Who's afraid of punishment which is so far away? Whom does the doctrine of hell stop? The great, the rich, the powerful? No; the poor, the weak, the despised, the mean. Did you ever hear of a man going to hell who died in New York worth a million of dollars, or with an income of twenty-five thousand a year? Did you? Did you ever hear of a man going to hell who rode in a carriage? Never. They are the gentlemen who talk about their assets, and who say, "Hell is not for me; it is for the poor. I have all the luxuries I want, give that to the poor." (Laughter and cheers.) Who goes to hell? Tramps! (Laughter.)

Let me tell you a story. There was once a frightful rain, and all the animals held a convention, to see whose fault it was, and the fox nominated the lion for chairman. The wolf seconded the motion, and the hyena said that suits. When the convention was called to order the fox was called upon to confess his sins. He stated, however, that it would be much more appropriate for the lion to commence first. Thereupon the lion said: "I am not conscious of having committed evil. It is true I have devoured a few men, but for what other purpose were men made?" And they all cheered, and were satisfied. The fox gave his views upon the goose question, and the wolf admitted that he had devoured sheep, and occasionally had killed a shepherd, but all acquainted with this history of my family will bear me out when I say that shepherds have been the enemies of my family from the beginning of the world. Then way in the rear there arose a simple donkey, with a kind of Abrahamic countenance. He said, "I expect it's me; I had eaten nothing for three days except three thistles. I was passing a monastery; the monks were at mass. The gates were open leading to a yard full of sweet clover. I knew it was wrong but I did slip in and I took a mouthful, but my conscience smote

me and I went out," and all the animals shouted, "He's the fellow!" and in two minutes they had his hide on the fence. That's the kind of people that go to hell. (Loud laughter.)

Now, this doctrine of hell that has been such a comfort to my race, which so many ministers are pleading for, has been defended for ages by the fathers of the church. Your preacher says that the sovereignty of God implies that He has an absolute, unlimited and independent right to dispose of His creatures as He will, because He made them. Has He? Suppose I take this book and change it immediately into a servient human being. Would I have a right to torture it because I made it? No; on the contrary, I would say, having brought you into existence, it is my duty to do the best for you I can. (Applause.) They say God has a right to damn me because He made me. I deny it. Another one says God is not obliged to save even those who believe in Christ, and that he can either bestow salvation upon his children or retain it without any diminution of his glory. Another one says, God may save any sinner whatsoever, consistently with his justice. Let a natural person—and I claim to be one—moral or immoral, wise or unwise, let him be as just as he can, no matter what his prayers may be, what pains he may have taken to be saved, or whatever circumstances he may be in, God, according to this writer, can deny him salvation, without the least disparagement of His glory. His glories will not be in the least obscured—there is no natural man, be his character what it may, but God may cast down to hell without being charged with unfair dealing in any respect with regard to that man. Theologians tell us that God's design in the creation was simply to glorify Himself. Magnificent object!

"The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." (Rev. 1-10.)

Do you know nobody would have had an idea of hell in this world if it hadn't been for volcanoes? They were looked upon as the chimneys of hell. The idea of eternal fire never would have polluted the imagination of man but for them. An eminent theologian, describing hell, says, "There is no recounting up the million of ages the damned shall suffer. All arithmetic ends here"—and all sense, too! (Laughter.) "They shall have nothing to do in passing away this eternity but to conflict with torments. God shall have no other use or employment for them." These words were said by gentlemen who died Christians, and who are now in the harp business in the world to come. Another declares there is nothing to keep any man or Christian out of hell except the mere pleasure of God, and their pains never grow any easier by their becoming accustomed to them. It is also declared that the devil goes about like a lion, ready to doom the wicked. Did it never occur to you what a contradiction it is to say that the devil will persecute his own friends? He wants all the recruits he can get; why then should he persecute his friends? In my judgment he should give them the best hell affords. (Laughter.)

It is in the very nature of things that torments inflicted, have no tendency to bring a wicked man to repentance. Then why torment him if it will not do him good? It is simply unadulterated revenge. All the punishment in the world will not reform a man, unless he knows that he who inflicts it upon him does it for the sake of reformation, and really and truly loves him, and has his good at heart. Punishment inflicted for gratifying the appetite makes man afraid, but debases him.

Various reasons are given for punishing the wicked; first, that God will vindicate His injured majesty. Well, I am glad of that! Second, He will glorify His justice—think of that. Third, He will show and glorify His grace. Every time the saved shall look upon the damned in hell it will cause in them a lively and admiring sense of the grace of God. Every look upon the damned will double the ardor and the joy of the saints in heaven. Can the believing husband in heaven look down upon the torments of the unbelieving wife in hell and then feel a thrill of joy? That's the old doctrine—not of our days; we are too civilized for that. O! but it is the old doctrine that if you saw your wife in hell—the wife you love, who, in your last sickness, nursed you, that, perhaps supported you by her needle when you were ill; the wife who watched by your couch night and day, and held your corpse in her loving arms when you were dead—the sight would give you great joy. That doctrine is not preached to-day. They do not preach that the sight would give you joy; but they do preach that it will not diminish your happiness. That is the doctrine of every orthodox minister in New York, and I repeat that I have no respect for men who preach such doctrines. The sight of the torments of the damned in hell will increase the ecstasy of the saints forever! On this principle a man never enjoys a good din-

ner so much as when a fellow creature is dying of famine before his eyes or he never enjoys the cheerful warmth of his own fireside so greatly as when a poor and abandoned wretch is dying on his doorstep. The saints enjoy the ecstasy, and the groans of the tormented are music to them. I say here to-night that you cannot commit a sin against an Infinite Being, I can sin against my brother or my neighbor, because I can injure them. There can be no sin where there is no injury. Neither can a finite being commit infinite sin.

An old saint believed that hell was in the interior of the earth, and that the rotation of the earth was caused by the souls trying to get away from the fire. The old church at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's home, is adorned with pictures of hell and the like. One of the pictures represents resurrection morning. People are getting out of their graves, and devils are catching hold of their heels. In one place there is a huge brass monster, and devils are driving scores of lost souls into his mouth. Over hot fires hang caldrons with fifty or sixty people in each, and devils are poking the fires. People are hung up on hooks by their tongues, and devils are lashing them. Up in the right-hand corner are some of the saved, with grins on their faces stretching from ear to ear. They seem to say: "Aha, what did I tell you?"

Some of the old saints—gentlemen who died in the odor of sanctity, and are now in the harp business—insisted that heaven and hell would be plainly in view of each other. Only a few years ago, Rev. J. Furness (an appropriate name), published a little pamphlet called "A Sight in Hell." I remember when I first read that. My little child, seven years old, was ill and in bed. I thought she would not hear me, and I read some of it aloud. She arose and asked, "Who says that?" I answered, "That's what they preach in some of the churches." "I never will enter a church as long as I live!" she said, and she never has.

The doctrine of orthodox Christianity is that the damned shall suffer torment forever and forever. And if you were a wanderer, footsore, weary, with parched tongue, dying for a drop of water, and you met one who divided his poor portion with you, and died as he saw you reviving—if he was an unbeliever and you a believer, and you died and went to heaven, and he called to you from hell for a draught of water, it would be your duty to laugh at him.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon says that everywhere in hell will be written the words "for ever." They will be branded on every wave of flame, they will be forged in every link of every chain, they will be seen in every lurid flash of brimstone—everywhere will be those words "for ever." Everybody will be yelling and screaming them. Just think of that picture of the mercy and justice of the eternal Father of us all. If these words are necessary why are they not written now everywhere in the world, on every tree, and every field, and on every blade of grass? I say I am entitled to have it so. I say that it is God's duty to furnish me with the evidence. Here is another good book read in every Sunday school—a splendid book—Pollock's "Course of Time." Every copy in the world of such books as that ought to be burned. Well, the author pretends to have gone to hell, and I think that he ought to have stopped there.

The lecturer read the passages from the work descriptive of the torments of the damned, and proceeded: And that book is put into the hands of children in order that they may love and worship the most merciful God. In olden times they had to find a place for hell and they found a hundred places for it. One says that it was under Lake Avernus, but the Christians thought differently. One divine tells us that it must be below the earth because Christ descended into hell. Another gives it as his opinion that hell is in the sun, and he tells us that nobody, without an express revelation from God, can prove that it is not there. Most likely. Well, he had the idea at all events of utilizing the damned as fuel to warm the earth. But I will quote from another poet—if it is lawful to call him a poet. I mean Tupper.

Col. Ingersoll quoted from that orthodox author, and continued: Another divine preached a sermon no further back than 1876, in which he said that the damned will grow worse, and the same divine says that the devil was the first Universalist. Then I am on the side of the devil.

The fact is, that you have got not merely to believe the Bible; but you must also believe in a certain interpretation of it, and mind you, you must also believe in the doctrine of the Trinity. I want to explain what that is, so that you may never have an excuse for not knowing it.

I quote, he said, from the best theologian that ever wrote, and then he went on to give in substance the Athanasian definition of the Trinity, winding up with a long string of adjectives, culminating the description "entirely incomprehensible." If, he continued, you don't understand it after that, it is your own fault. Now, you must believe in that doctrine. If you do not, all

the orthodox churches agree in condemning you to ever-lasting flames. We have got to burn through all our lives simply with the view of making them happy. We are taught to love our enemies, to pray for those that persecute us, to forgive. Should not the merciful God practice what he preaches. I say that reverently. Why should he say "Forgive your enemies" if he will not himself forgive? Why should He say "Pray for those that despise and persecute you, but if they refuse to believe my doctrine I will burn them forever?" I cannot believe it. Here is a little child, residing in the purlieus of the city—some little boy who is taught that it is his duty to steal by his mother, who applauds his success and pats him on the head and calls him a good boy—would it be just to condemn him to an eternity of torture? Suppose there is a God; let us bring to this question some common sense.

I care nothing about the doctrines or religion or creeds of the past. Let us come to the bar of the nineteenth century and judge matter by what we know, by what we think, by what we love. But they say to us, "If you throw away the Bible what are we to depend on then?" But no two persons in the world agreed as to what the Bible is, what they are to believe, or what they are not to believe. It is like a guidepost that has been thrown down in some time of disaster and has been put up the wrong way. Nobody can accept its guidance, for nobody knows where it would direct him. I say, "Tear down the useless guidepost," but they answer, "Oh, do not do that, or we will have nothing to go by." I would say, "Old Church, you take that road and I will take this." Another minister has said that the Bible is the great town clock, at which we all may set our watches. But I have said to a friend of that minister: "Suppose we all should set our watches by that town clock, there would be many persons to tell you that in old times the long hand was the hour hand, and besides, the clock hasn't been wound up for a long time." I say let us wait till the sun rises and set our watches by nature. For my part, I am willing to give up heaven to get rid of hell. I had rather there should be no heaven than that any solitary soul should be condemned to suffer forever and ever. But they tell me that the Bible is the good book. Now, in the Old Testament there is not in my judgment a single reference to another life. Is there a burial service mentioned in it in which a word of hope is spoken at the grave of the dead? The idea of eternal life was not born of any book. That wave of hope and joy ebbs and flows, and will continue to ebb and flow as long as love kisses the lips of death.

Let me tell you a tale of the Persian religion—of a man who, having done good for long years of his life, presented himself at the gates of Paradise, but the gates remained closed against him. He went back and followed up his good works for seven years longer, and the gates of Paradise still remaining shut against him, he toiled in works of charity until at last they were opened unto him. Think of that, pursued the lecturer, and send out your missionaries among those people. There is no religion but goodness, but justice, but charity. Religion is not theory; it is life. It is not intellectual conviction; it is divine humanity, and nothing else. Col. Ingersoll here told another tale from the Hindoo, of a man who refused to enter Paradise without a faithful dog, urging that ingratitude was the blackest of all sins. "And the god," she said, "admitted him, dog and all." Compare that religion with the orthodox tenets of the City of New York.

There is a prayer which every Brahman prays, in which he declares that he will never enter into a final state of bliss alone, but that everywhere he will strive for universal salvation. Compare that with the orthodox idea, and send out your missionaries to the benighted Hindoos.

The doctrine of hell is infamous beyond all power to express. I wish there were words that mean enough to express my feelings of loathing on this subject. What harm has it not done? What waste places has it not made? It has planted misery and wretchedness in this world; peoples the future with selfish joys and lurid abysses of eternal flame. But we are getting more sense every day. We begin to despise those monstrous doctrines. If you want to better men and women, change their conditions here. Don't promise them something somewhere else. One biscuit will do more good than all the tracts that were ever peddled in the world. Give them more whitewash, more light, more air. You have to change men physically before you change them intellectually. I believe the time will come when every criminal will be treated as we now treat the diseased and sick, when every penitentiary will become a reformatory; and that if criminals go to them with hatred in their bosoms, they will leave them without feelings of revenge. Let me tell you the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Eurydice had been carried away by the god of hell, and

Orpheus, her lover, went in quest of her. He took with him his lyre, and played such exquisite music that all hell was amazed. Ixon forgot his labors at the wheel, the daughters of Danaus ceased from their hopeless task, Tantalus forgot his thirst, even Pluto smiled, and, for the first time in the history of hell, the eyes of the Furies were wet with tears. As it was with the lyre of Orpheus, so it is to-day with the great harmonies of Science, which are rescuing from the prisons of superstition the torn and bleeding heart of man.

E. C. Ingersoll's Funeral

A very affecting scene was witnessed at the funeral of Ebon C. Ingersoll in Washington, June 2, 1879. His brother Robert, had prepared an address to be read on the occasion, but when the large company of friends had gathered, and the time came, the feelings of the man overcame him. He began to read his eloquent characterization of the dead man, but his eyes at once filled with tears. He tried to hide them behind his eye-glasses, but he could not do it, and finally he bowed his head upon the man's coffin in uncontrollable grief. It was only after some delay, and the greatest efforts at self-mastery, that Robert was able to finish reading his address, which was as follows:

My Friends: I am going to do that which the dead often promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for the moment he laid down by the wayside, and, using a burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar, a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its very hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, to its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death. This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was love and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls that climbed the heights and left all superstitions here below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshiper of liberty and a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words: "For justice, all place a temple and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshiper, humanity the only religion and love the priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of a wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred trust. Speech cannot contain our love. There was—there is—no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

Liberty of Man, Woman and Child

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In my judgment slavery is the child of ignorance. Liberty is born of intelligence. Only a few years ago there was a great awakening in the human mind. Men began to inquire, by what right does a crowned robber make me work for him? The man who asked this question was called a traitor. Others said, by what right does a robed priest rob me? That man was called an Infidel. And whenever he asked a question of that kind, the clergy protested. When they found that the earth was round, the clergy protested; when they found that the stars were not made out of the scraps that were left over on the sixth day of creation, but were really great, shining, wheeling worlds, the clergy protested and said: "When is the spirit of investigation to stop?" They said then, and they say now, that it is dangerous for the mind of man to be free. I deny it. Out on the intellectual sea there is room enough for every sail. In the intellectual air there is space enough for every wing. And the man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and does not do his duty to his fellowmen. For one, I expect to do my own thinking. And I will take my own oath this minute that I will express what thoughts I have, honestly and sincerely. I am the slave of no man and of no organization. I stand under the blue sky and the stars, under the infinite flag of nature, the peer of every human being. Standing as I do in the presence of the Unknown, I have the same right to guess as though I had been through five theological seminaries. I have as much interest in the great absorbing question of origin and destiny as though I had D. D., LL. D. at the end of my name.

All I claim, all I plead for, is simple liberty of thought. That is all. I do not pretend to tell what is true and all the truth. I do not claim that I have floated level with the heights of thought, or that I have descended to the depths of things; I simply claim that what idea I have I have a right to express, and any man that denies it to me is an intellectual thief and robber. That is all. I say, take those chains off from the human soul; I say, break those orthodox fetters, and if there are wings to the spirit let them be spread. That is all I say. And I ask you if I have not the same right to think that any other human being has? If I have no right to think, why have I such a thing as a thinker? (Laughter.) Why have I a brain? And if I have no right to think, who has? If I have lost my right, Mr. Smith, where did you find yours? (Laughter.) If I have no right, have three or four men or 300 or 400, who get together and sign a card and build a house and put a steeple on it with a bell in it—have they any more right to think than they had before? That is the question. And I am sick of the whip and lash in the region of mind and intellect. And I say to these men, "Let us alone. Do your own thinking; express your own thoughts." And I want to say to-night that I claim no right that I am not willing to give to every other human being beneath the stars—none whatever. And I will fight to-night for the right of those who disagree with me to express their thoughts just as soon as I will fight for my own right to express mine.

In the good old times, our fathers had an idea that they could make people believe to suit them. Our ancestors in the ages that are gone really believed that by force you could convince a man. You cannot change the conclusion of the brain by force, but I will tell you what you can do by force, and what you have done by force. You can make hypocrites by the million. You can make a man say that he has changed his mind, but he remains of the same opinion still. Put fetters all over him, crush his feet in iron boots, lash him to the stock, burn him if you please, but his ashes are of the same opinion still. I say our fathers, in the good old times—and the best thing I can say about them is, they are dead; they had an idea they could force men to think their way, and do you know that idea is still prevalent even in this country? Do you know they think they can make a man think their way if they

say, "We will not trade with that man; we won't vote for that man; we won't hire him, if he is a lawyer; we will die before we take his medicine, if he is a doctor, we won't invite him: we will socially ostracise him; he must come to our church; he must think our way or he is not a gentleman?" There is much of that even in this blessed country—not excepting the city of Albany itself. (Great and long continued applause and laughter.)

Now in the old times of which I have spoken, they said, "We can make all men think alike." All the mechanical ingenuity of this earth cannot make two clocks run alike, and how are you going to make millions of people of different quantities and qualities and amount of brain, clad in this living robe of passionate flesh, how are you going to make millions of them think alike? If the Infinite God, if there is one, who made us, wished us to think alike, why did he give a spoonful of brains to one man, and a bushel to another? Why is it that we have all degrees of humanity, from the idiot to the genius, if it was intended that all should think alike; I say our fathers concluded they would do this by force, and I used to read in books how they persecuted mankind, and do you know I never appreciated it, I did not. I read it, but it did not burn itself, as it were, into my very soul what infamies had been committed in the name of religion, and I never fully appreciated it, until a little while ago I saw the iron arguments our fathers used to use. I tell you the reason we are through that, is, because we have better brains than our fathers had. Since that day we have become intellectually developed, and there is more real brain and real good sense in the world to-day than in any other period of its history, and that is the reason we have more liberty, that is the reason we have more kindness. But I say I saw these iron arguments our fathers used to use. I saw there the thumb-screw—two little innocent looking pieces of iron, armed on the inner surfaces with protuberances to prevent their slipping—and when some man denied the efficacy of baptism, or may be said, "I do not believe that the whale ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning," then they put these pieces of iron upon his thumb, and there was a screw at each end, and then in the name of love and forgiveness they began screwing these pieces of iron together. A great many men, when they commenced, would say, "I recant." I expect I would have been one of them. (Laughter.) I would have said, "Now you just stop that; I will admit anything on earth that you want." (Laughter.) I will admit there is one God or a million, one hell or a billlion, suit yourselves, but stop that." (Laughter.) But I want to say, the thumb-screw having got out of the way, I am going to have my say.

There was now and then some man who wouldn't turn Judas Iscariot to his own soul; there was now and then a man willing to die for his conviction, and if it were not for such men we would be savages to-night. Had it not been for a few brave and heroic souls in every age, we would have been naked savages this moment, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed upon our naked breasts, dancing around a dried snake fetish; and I to-night thank every good and noble man who stood up in the face of opposition, and hatred and death for what he believed to be right. And then they screwed this thumb-screw down as far as they could and threw him into some dungeon, where, in throbbing misery and the darkness of night he dreams of the damned; but that was done in the name of universal love. I saw there at the same time what they called the "collar of torture." Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside of that more than a hundred points as sharp as needles—this being fastened upon the throat, the sufferer could not sit down, he could not walk, he could not stir without being punctured by these needles, and in a little while the throat would begin to swell, and finally suffocation would end the agonies of that man, when maybe the only crime he had committed was to say with tears upon his sublime cheeks, "I do not believe that God, the father of us all, will damn to eternal punishment any of the children of men. (Applause.) Think of it! And I saw there at the same time another instrument, called the "scavenger's daughter," which resembles a pair of shears, with handles where handles ought to be, but at the point as well. And just above the pivot that fastens the blade, a circle of iron through which the hands would be placed, into the lower circles the feet, and into the center circle the head would be pushed, and in that position he would be thrown prone upon the earth, and kept there until the strain upon the muscles produced such agony that insanity and death would end his pain. And that was done in the name of "Whosoever smiteth thee upon one cheek turn him the other also." Think of it! And I saw also the rack, with the windlass and chains, upon which the sufferer was laid. About his ankles were fastened chains, and about his wrists also, and then priests be-

gan turning this windlass, and they kept turning until the ankles, the shoulders and the wrists were all dislocated, and the sufferer was wet with the sweat of agony. And they had standing by a physician to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes. What for? In mercy? No. Simply that they might preserve his life, that they might rack him once again. And this was done, recollect it, it was done in the name of civilization, it was done in the name of law and order, it was done in the name of morality, it was done in the name of religion, it was done in the name of God. Sometimes when I get to reading about it, and when I get to thinking about it, it seems to me that I have suffered all these horrors myself, as though I had stood upon the shore of exile and gazed with tear-filled eye toward home and native land; as though my nails had been torn from my hands, and into my throat the sharp needles had been thrust; as though my feet had been crushed in iron boots; as though I had been chained in the cells of the inquisition, and had watched and waited in the interminable darkness to hear the words of release; as though I had been taken from my fireside, from my wife and children, and taken to the public square, chained, and fagots had been piled around me; as though the flames had played around my limbs and scorched the sights from my eyes; as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds by the hands of hatred; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and felt the glittering ax fall upon me. And while I see and feel all this, I swear that while I live, I will do what little I can to augment the liberty of man, woman and child. (Applause.) My friends, it is all a question of honesty. If there is a man in this house who is not willing to give to everybody else what he claims for himself, he is just so much nearer to the barbarian than I am. It is a simple question of honesty; and the man who is not willing to give to every other human being the same intellectual rights he claims himself is a rascal, and you know it. It is a simple question, I say, of intellectual development and of honesty. And I want to say it now, so you will see it. You show me the narrow, contracted man; you show me the man that claims everything for himself and leaves nothing for others, and that man has got a distorted and deformed brain. That is the matter with him. He has no sense; not a bit. Let me show you. A little while ago I saw models of everything man has made for his use and for his convenience. I saw all the models of all the water craft, from the dug-out in which floated a naked savage—one of our ancestors (laughter)—a naked savage with teeth two inches long, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his head; I say I saw the water craft of the world from that dug-out up to a man-of-war that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas; from that dug-out to the steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York through 3,000 miles of billows, with a compass like a conscience, that does not miss throb or beat of its mighty iron heart from one shore to the other. I saw at the same time the weapons that man has made, from a rude club, such as was grasped by that savage when he crawled from his den, from his hole in the ground, and hunted a snake for his dinner, from that club to the boomerang, to the sword, to the cross-bow, to the blunderbuss, to the flint-lock, to the cap-lock, to the needle gun up to cannon cast by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball of 2,000 pounds, through 18 inches of solid steel. I saw, too, the armor, from the turtle shell that our ancestor lashed upon his skin when he went out to fight for his country, to the skin of the porcupine with the quills all bristling which he pulled over his orthodox head to defend himself from his enemies—I mean, of course, the orthodox head of that day—up to the shirts of mail that were worn in the middle ages, capable of resisting the edge of the sword and the point of the spear; up to the iron-clad, to the monitor completely clad in steel capable only a few years ago of defying the navies of the globe. I saw at the same time the musical instruments, from the tom-tom, which is a hoop with a couple of strings of rawhide drawn across it, from that tom-tom up to the instruments we have to-day which make the common air blossom with melody. I saw, too, the paintings, from the daub of yellow mud up to the pieces which adorn the galleries of the world. And the sculpture, from the rude god with six legs and a half dozen arms, and the rows of ears, up to the sculpture of now, wherein the marble is clad with such loveliness that it seems almost a sacrilege to touch it; and in addition I saw their ideas of books, books written upon skins of wild beasts; books written upon shoulder-blades of sheep; books written upon leaves, upon bark, up to the splendid volumes that adorn the libraries of our time. When I think of libraries, I think of the remark of Plato, "The house that has a library in it has a soul." I saw there all these things, and also the implements of agriculture, from a crooked stick up to the plow which makes it possible for a man to cultivate the soil without being an ignoramus. I saw at the same time a row

of skulls, from the lowest skull that has ever been found, skulls from the bushmen of Australia, up to the best skulls of the last generation. And I notice that there was the same difference between those skulls that there is between the products of those skulls. And I said to myself: "It is all a question of intellectual development." It is a question of brain and sinew. (Applause.) I noticed that there was the same difference between those skulls that there was between that dug-out, and that man-of-war and that steamship. That skull was low. It had not a forehead a quarter of an inch high. But shortly after the skulls became doming and crowning, and getting higher and grander. That skull was a den in which crawled the base and meaner instincts of mankind and this skull was a temple in which dwelt joy, liberty and love. So I said: "This is all a question of brain, and anything that tends to develop intellectually mankind is the Gospel we want."

Now I want to be honest with you. Honor bright! Nothing like it in the world! No matter what I believe. Now, let us be honest. Suppose a king, if there was a king at the time this gentleman floated in the dug-out and charmed his ears with the music of the tom-tom; suppose the king at that time, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one, had said: "That dug-out is the best boat that ever can be built. The pattern of that came from on high, and any man who says he can improve it, by putting a log or a stick in the bottom of it with a rag on the end, is an Infidel." (Applause and laughter.) Honor bright, what in your judgment would have been the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe? That is the question. Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one—and I presume there was, because it was a very ignorant age (applause), suppose they had said: "That tom-tom is the most miraculous instrument of music that any man can conceive of; that is the kind of music they have in heaven. An angel sitting upon the golden edge of a fleecy cloud, playing upon that tom-tom, became so enraptured, so entranced with her own music, that she dropped it, and that is how we got it (laughter and applause)—and any man that says that it can be improved by putting a back and front to it, and four strings and a bridge on it, and getting some horse hair and rosin, is no better than one of the weak and unregenerate." I ask you what effect would that have had upon music? I ask you, honor bright, if that course had been pursued, would the human ears ever have been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven? That is the question. And suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest had said: "That crooked stick is the best plow we can ever have invented. The pattern of that plow was given to a pious farmer in a holy dream, and that twisted straw is the *ne plus ultra* of all twisted things; and any man who says he can make an improvement, we will twist him." (Applause.) Honor bright, what in your judgment would have been the effect upon the agricultural world?

Now, you see, the people said, "We want better weapons with which to kill our enemies"; the people said, "we want better plows"; the people said, "we want better music"; the people said, "we want better paintings," and they said, "whoever will give us better plows, and better arms, and better paintings, and better music, we will give him honor; we will crown him with glory; we will robe him in the garments of wealth"; and every incentive has been held out to every human being to improve something in every direction. And that is the reason the club is a cannon; that is the reason the dug-out is a steamship; that is the reason the daub is a painting, and that is the reason that that piece of stone has finally become a glorified statue. Now, then, this fellow in the dug-out had a religion. That fellow was orthodox. He had no doubt; he was settled in his mind. (Laughter.) He did not wish to be insulted. (Laughter.) He wanted the bark of his soul to lie at the wharf of orthodoxy, and rot in the sun. He wanted to hear the sails of old opinions flap against the mast of old creeds. He wanted to see the joints in the sides open and gape, as though thirsty for water, and he said, "Now don't disturb my opinions. You'll get my mind unsettled; I have got it all made up, and I don't want to hear any infidelity either." As far as I am concerned, I want to be out on the high sea; I want to take my chance with wind and wave and star; and I had rather go down in the glory and grandeur of the storm than to rot at any orthodox wharf. (Applause.) Of course, I mean by orthodoxy all that don't agree with my doxy. Do you understand? Now this man had a religion. That fellow believed in hell. Yes, sir, and he thought he would be happier in heaven if he could just lean over and see certain people that he disliked, broiled. (Laughter.) That fellow had had a great many intellectual descendants. (Applause.) It is an unhappy fact in nature that the ignorant multiply much faster than the intellectual. (Laughter.) This fellow believed in the devil, and his devil had a cloven hoof. Many people think I have the

same kind of footing. (Laughter.) He had a long tail, armed with a fiery dart, and he breathed brimstone. And do you know there has not been a patentable improvement made on that devil for 4,000 years? (Laughter and appllause.) That fellow believed that God was a tyrant. That fellow believed that the earth was flat. That fellow believed, as I told you, in a literal burning, seething lake of fire and brimstone. That is what he believed in. That fellow, too, had his idea of politics, and his idea was "Might makes right." And it will take thousands of years before the world will believingly say, "Right makes might." Now all I ask is the same privilege of improving on that gentleman's theology as upon his musical instrument; the same right to improve upon his politics as upon his dug-out. That is all. I ask for the human soul the same liberty in every direction. And that is all. That is the only crime that I have committed. That is all. I say, let us have a chance. Let us think, and let each one express his thoughts. Let us become investigators, not followers; not cringers and crawlers. If there is in heaven an Infinite Being, he never will be satisfied with the worship of cowards and hypocrites. (Applause.) Honest unbelief will be a perfume in heaven when hypocrisy, no matter however religious it may be outwardly, will be a stench. That is my doctrine. That is all there is to it; give every other human being all the chance you claim for yourself; to keep your mind open to the voices of nature, to new ideas, to new thoughts, and to improve upon your doctrine whenever you can. That is my doctrine.

Do you know we are improving all the time? Do you know that the most orthodox people in this town to-day, three hundred years ago would have been burned for heresy? Do you know some ministers who denounce me, would have been in the inquisition themselves two hundred years ago? Do you know where once burned and blazed the bivouac fires of the army of progress the altars of the church glow to-day? Do you know that the church to-day occupies about the same ground that unbelievers did one hundred years ago? Do you know that while they have followed this army of progress, protesting and denouncing, they have had to keep within protesting and denouncing distance, but they have followed it? They have been the men, let me say, in the valley, the men in the swamps shouting to and cursing the pioneers on the hills, the men upon whose forehead was the light of the coming dawn, the coming day, but they have advanced. In spite of themselves they have advanced. If they had not, I would not speak here to-night. If they had not, not a solitary one of you could have expressed his real and honest thought. But we are advancing, and we are beginning to hold all kinds of slavery in utter contempt; do you know that? And we are beginning to question wealth and power; we are questioning all the creeds and all dogmas; and we are not bowing down as we used to, to a man simply because he is in the robe of a clergyman, and we are not bowing down to a man now, simply because he is a king. No! We are not bowing down simply because he is rich. We used to worship the golden calves, but we do not now. The worst you can say of an American, is, he worships the gold of the calf, not the calf, (laughter and applause) and even the calves are beginning to see this distinction. It does no longer fill the ambition of a man to be emperor or king. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being Emperor of the French, he was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head; he wanted some evidence that he had something within his head, so he wrote the life of Julius Caesar, that he might become a member of the French academy. Compare for instance, in the German empire, King William and Bismarck. King William is the one anointed of the most high, as they claim—the one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. (Laughter.) Compare him with Bismarck, who towers, an intellectual Colossus, above this man. Go into England and compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria—Queen Victoria clothed in the garments given to her by blind fortune and by chance. George Eliot robed in garments of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. Which does the world pay respect to? I tell you we are advancing! The pulpit does not do all the thinking, the pews do it, or nearly all of it. The world is advancing, and we question the authority of those men who simply say it is so. Down upon your knees and admit it!

When I think of how much this world has suffered, I am amazed—when I think of how long our fathers were slaves, I am amazed. Why, just think of it! This world has only been fit for a gentleman to live in fifty years. (Laughter.) No, it has not. It was not until the year 1808 that Great Britain abolished the slave trade. Up to that time her judge sitting upon the bench in the name of justice, her priests occupying the pulpit in the name of universal love, owned stock in slave ships and luxuriated

in the profits of piracy and murder. It was not until the year 1808 that the United States abolished the slave trade between this and other countries, but preserved it as between the States. It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that Great Britain abolished human slavery in her colonies, and it was not until the 1st day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln wiped from our flag the stigma of disgrace. (Great applause.) Abraham Lincoln, in my judgment, the grandest man ever president of the United States (continued applause), and upon whose monument these words could truthfully be written: "Here lies the only man in the history of the world who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it except on the side of mercy." (Loud and prolonged applause.) Think, I say, how long we hung to the institution of human slavery; how long lashes upon the naked back were the legal tender for labor performed! Think of it. When the pulpit of this country deliberately and wilfully changed the cross of Christ into the whipping-post. Think of it! And tell me then if I am right when I say this world had only been fit for a gentleman to live in fifty years. (Laughter.) I hate with every drop of my blood every form of tyranny. I hate every form of slavery. I hate dictation—I want something like liberty; and what do I mean by that? The right to do anything that does not interfere with the happiness of another, physically. Liberty of thought includes the right to think right and the right to think wrong. Why? Because that is the means by which we arrive at truth; for if we knew the truth before, we needn't to think. (Applause.) Those men who mistake their ignorance for facts never do think. (Laughter.) You may say to me, how far is it across this room? I say 100 feet. Suppose it is 105, have I committed any crime? I made the best guess I could. (Laughter.) You ask me about anything; I examine it honestly, and when I get through, what should I tell you, what I think or what you think? (Laughter.) What should I do? There is a book put in my hands. They say that is the Koran, that was written by inspiration; read it. I read it; chapter seven entitled "The Cow"; chapter nine entitled "The Bee," and so on. I read it. When I get through with it, suppose I think in my heart and in my brain, "I don't believe a word of it"; and you ask me "what do you think of it?" Now, admitting that I live in Turkey and have a chance to get an office (laughter) what should I say? Now, honor bright (laughter), should I just make a clean breast of it and say upon my honor, "I don't believe it?" Then is it right for you to say that fellow will steal (laughter)—that fellow is a dangerous man,—he is a robber? Now, suppose I read the book called the Bible, and I read it, honor bright, and when I get through with it I make up my mind that book was written by men; and along comes the preacher of my church, and he says, "Did you read that book?" "I did." "Do you think it is divinely inspired?" I say to myself, "Now if I say it is not, they will never send me to congress from this district on earth." (Laughter.) Now, honor bright, what ought I to do? Ought I to say, "I have read it. I have been honest about it; don't believe it?" Now, ought I to say that, if that is a real transcript of my mind, or ought I to commence hemming and hawing and pretend that I do believe it, and go away with the respect of that man, hating myself for a cringing coward? Now which? For my part I would rather a man would tell me what he honestly thinks, and he will preserve his manhood. I had rather be a manly unbeliever than an unmanly believer. (Great applause.) I think I will stand higher at the judgment day, if there is one, and stand with as good a chance to get my case dismissed without costs (laughter) as a man who sneaks through life pretending he believes what he does not. (Laughter and prolonged applause.) I tell you one thing, there is going to be one free fellow in this world. I am going to say my say, I tell you, I am going to do it kindly. I am going to do it distinctly, but I am going to do it. (Laughter.) Now, if men have been slaves, what about women? Women have been the slaves of slaves;- and that's a pretty hard position to occupy for life. They have been the slaves of slaves; and in my judgment it took millions of ages for women to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the institution of marriage. Let me say right here, tonight, I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage. (Great applause and laughter). Let me say right here—and I have thought a good deal about it—let me say right here, the grandest ambition that any man can pos-

sibly have is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman (applause); and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. (Applause.) That is my idea, and there is no success in life without it. If you are the grand emperor of the world, you had better be the grand emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she the grand empress of yours. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies in the ditch a beggar, his life has been a success. (Applause.) I say it took millions of years to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the condition of marriage. Ladies, the ornaments you bear upon your persons to-night are but the souvenirs of your mothers' bondage. The chains around your necks and the bracelets clasped upon your wrists by the thrilling hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold; but nearly every religion has accounted for the devilment in this world by the crime of woman. What a gallant thing that is! And if it is true, I had rather live with the woman I love in a world full of trouble, than to live in heaven with nobody but men. (Laughter and applause.)

I say that nearly every religion has accounted for all the trouble in this world by the crime of woman. I read in a book—and I will say now that I cannot give the exact language, my memory does not retain the words, but I can give the substance. I read in a book that the Supreme Being concluded to make a world and one man; that he took some nothing and made a world and one man, and put this man in a garden; but he noticed that he got lonesome (laughter); he wandered around as if he was waiting for a train (laughter); there was nothing to interest him; no news; no papers; no politics; no policy; and as the devil had not yet made his appearance, there was no chance for reconciliation (hearty laughter and prolonged applause); not even for civil service reform. (Continued laughter.) Well, he would wander about this garden in this condition until finally the Supreme Being made up his mind to make him a companion; and having used up all the nothing he originally took in making the world and one man, (laughter) he had to take a part of the man to start a woman with (laughter), and so he caused a deep sleep to fall on this man—now, understand me, I didn't say this story is true (loud applause)—after the sleep fell upon this man he took a rib, or as the French would call it a cutlet, out of this man, and from that he made a woman; and considering the raw material, I look upon it as the most successful job ever performed. (Vociferous laughter and applause.) Well, after he got the woman done, she was brought to the man; not to see how she liked him, but to see how he liked her. (Laughter.) He liked her and they started housekeeping, and they were told of certain things they might do and one thing they could not do—and of course they did it. (Laughter.) I would have done it in fifteen minutes, and I know it. (Laughter.) There wouldn't have been an apple on that tree half an hour from date (laughter) and the limbs could have been full of clubs. (Laughter.) And then they were turned out of the park and an extra force was put on to keep them from getting back. (Laughter.) Then devilment commenced. The mumps, and the measles, and the whooping cough and the scarlet fever started in their race for man, (laughter) and they began to have the toothache, the roses began to have thorns, and snakes began to have poisoned teeth, and people began to divide about religion and politics; and the world has been full of trouble from that day to this. (Laughter.) Now, nearly all of the religions of this world account for the existence of evil by such a story as that!

I read in another book what appeared to be an account of the same transaction. It was written about 4,000 years before the other; but all commentators agree that the one that was written last was the original, and that the one that was written first was copied from the one that was written last (laughter and applause), but I would advise you all not to allow your creed to be disturbed by a little matter of four or five thousand years. (Laughter.) In this other story the Supreme Brahma made up his mind to make the world and man and woman; and he made the world, and he made the man and he made the woman, and he put them on the island of Ceylon; and according to the account it was the most beautiful island of which man can conceive. Such birds, such songs, such flowers and such verdure! And the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them every tree was a thousand æolian harps. The Supreme Brahma when he put them there said, "Let them have a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage." When I read that it was so much more beautiful and lofty than the other, then I said to myself: "If either

one of these stories ever turns out to be true, I hope it will be this one." Then they had their courtship, with the nightingales singing and the stars shining and the flowers blooming, and they fell in love. Imagine the courtship! No prospective fathers or mothers-in-law; no prying and gossiping neighbors, nobody to say, "young man, how do you expect to support her?" (Laughter.) Nothing of that kind. They were married by the Supreme Brahma, and he said to them: "Remain here; you must never leave this island." Well, after a little while the man—and his name was Amond, and the woman's name was Heva; and the man said to Heva: "I believe I'll look about a little," and he went to the northern extremity of the island where there was a little narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland, and the devil, who is always playing pranks with us, got up a mirage, and when he looked over to the mainland, such hills and dells, vales and dales, such mountains crowned with silver, such cataracts clad in robes of beauty did he see there, that he went back and told Heva: "The country over there is a thousand times better than this; let us migrate." She, like every other woman that ever lived, said: "Let well enough alone; we have all we want; let us stay here." But he said "no, let us go"; so she followed him, and when they came to this narrow neck of land he took her on his back like a gentleman and carried her over. But the moment they got over they heard a crash, and looking back discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea, with the exception of now and then a rock, and the mirage had disappeared, and there was naught but rocks and sand; and then a voice called out cursing them. Then it was that the man spoke up—and I have liked him ever since for it—"Curse me, but curse not her; it was not her fault, it was mine." That's the kind of man to start a world with. (Applause.) The Supreme Brahma said, "I will save her but not thee." She spoke up out of her feelings of love, out of a heart in which there was love enough to make all of her daughters rich in holy affection, and said, "if thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to live without him; I love him." Then the Supreme Brahma said—and I have liked him first rate ever since I read it—"I will spare you both and watch over you." Honor bright, isn't that the better story? (Applause.)

And from that same book I want to show you what ideas some of these miserable heathen had; the heathen we are trying to convert. We send missionaries over yonder to convert heathen there, and we send soldiers out on the plains to kill heathen there. If we can convert the heathen, why not convert those nearest home? Why not convert those we can get at? Why not convert those who have the immense advantage of the example of the average pioneer (laughter)? But to show you the men we are trying to convert, in this book it says: "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love. When the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy." They are the men we are converting. Think of it! I tell you when I read these things, I begin to say, "Love is not of any country; nobility does not belong exclusively here;" and through all the ages there have been a few great and tender souls lifted for above their fellows.

Now my friends, it seems to me that the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That's my doctrine. You are married to love and make the woman you love happy; try and make the man you love happy. Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake, but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake, and so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so, and you can't be happy cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road. (Laughter.)

If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of the family—the man who thinks he is "boss!" (Laughter.) That fellow in the dug-out used that word "boss" (laughter), that was one of his favorite expressions—that he was "boss." (Laughter.) Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn touched her heart—imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song and saying, "Now here, let's settle who's 'boss!'" (Laughter.) I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling—a man who is "boss," who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks let all the rest of them be still, some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth. Do you know I dislike this man unspeakable; and a cross man I hate above all things. What right has he to murder the sunshine of the day. What right has he

to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to feel the light there is in the house; if it is in the night it will burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. It is just as well to go home a ray of sunshine as an old, sour, cross curmudgeon, who thinks he is the head of the family. Wise men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be alderman from the fifth ward; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at eight cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon a man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them may be sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and taking care of them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two, she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this great gentleman—the head of the family. (Laughter.) I don't like him a bit!

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty millions of dollars or ten millions of dollars in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his greed twenty or thirty millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. (Applause.) I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber where hundreds and thousands of men were drowning in the sea. I should not think he could do it. Do you know I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor, but not with their pocketbook; not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar, or for two dollars, or for fifty cents! "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?" Think of having a wife that was afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh! I will tell you if you have but a dollar in the world and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king (laughter); spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it! I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. (Applause.) If it's got to go let it go. (Laughter.) Get the best you can for your family—try to look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you just put on the very best look you could. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love you always looking as bad as you can? Think of it! Any woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best. (Laughter.) Some people tell me, "your doctrine about loving and wives and all that is splendid for the rich, but it won't do for the poor." I tell you to-night there is on the average more love in the homes of the poor than in the palaces of the rich; and the meanest hut with love in it is fit for the gods, and a palace without love is a den only fit for wild beasts. That's my doctrine! You can't be so poor but that you can help somebody. Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world; and love is the only thing that will pay 100 per cent to borrower and lender both. (Applause.) Don't tell me that you have got to be rich! We have all a false standard of greatness in the United States. We think here that a man to be great, he must be notorious; he must be extremely wealthy or his name must be between the lips of rumor. It is all nonsense! It is not necessary to be rich to be great, or to be powerful to be happy; and the happy man is the successful man. Happiness is the legal tender of the soul. Joy is wealth.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb, fit for a dead deity almost, and gazed in the great circle at the bottom of it. In the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble at last rest the ashes of that restless man. I looked over the balustrade, and I thought about the career of Napoleon. I could see him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him a Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army of Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi. I saw him in Egypt fighting the battle of the pyramids. I saw him cross the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him in Austerliz. I saw him with his army scattered and dispersed before the blast. I saw him at Leipsic when his army was defeated and he was taken captive. I saw him escape. I saw him land again

upon French soil, and retake an empire by the force of his own genius. I saw him captured once more, and again at St. Helena with his arms behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea; and I thought of the orphans and widows he had made. I thought of the tears that had been shed for his glory. I thought of the only woman who ever loved him, who had been pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition; and as I looked at the sarcophagus, I said, "I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing and ripening in the autumn sun; I would rather have been that peasant, with my wife by my side and my children upon my knees twining their arms of affection about me; I would rather have been that poor French peasant and gone down at last to the eternal promiscuity of the dust, followed by those who loved me; I would a thousand times rather have been that French peasant than that imperial personative of force and murder; and so I would ten thousand thousand times. (Great applause.)

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous, and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, use your wife as though she were a splendid creation, and she will fill your life with perfume and joy. (Applause.) And do you know, it is a splendid thing for me to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the music of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man, does not see that he grows older; he is not decrepit; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think of all passions; love is eternal, and, as Shakespeare says, "Although time with his sickle can rob ruby lips and sparkling eyes, let him reach as far as he can, he cannot quite touch love, that reaches even to the end of the tomb." And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, and the birds of joy and love will sing once more in the leafless branches of age. I believe in the fire-side. I believe in the democracy of home; I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty and equality with those we love.

If women have been slaves, what shall I say of children; of the little children in the alleys and sub-cellars; the little children who turn pale when they hear their father's footsteps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children—the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality wherever you are —flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, mad sea of life; my heart goes out to you, one and all. I tell you the children have the same right that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings; and they should be reared by love, by kindness, by tenderness, and not by brutality. That is my idea of children. When your little child tells a lie, don't rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with him. A tyrant father will have liars for children; do you know that? A lie is born of tyranny upon one hand and weakness upon the other, and when you rush at a poor little boy with a club in your hand, of course he lies. I thank Mother Nature that she has put ingenuity enough in the breast of a child, when attacked by a brutal parent, to throw up a little breast work in the shape of a lie. (Laughter.) When one of your children tells a lie, be honest with him; tell him you have told hundreds of them yourself. (Laughter.) Tell him it is not the best way; you have tried it. (Laughter.) Tell him as the man did in Maine when his boy left home: "John, honesty is the best policy; I have tried both." (Laughter.) Just be honest with him. Imagine now, you are about to whip a child five years of age. What is the child to do? Suppose a man, as much larger than you are larger than a child five years old, should come at you with liberty-pole in his hand, and in a voice of thunder shout, "Who broke the plate?" There is not a solitary one of you who wouldn't swear you never saw it, or that it was cracked when you found it! (Laughter and applause.) Why not be honest with these children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks putting false rumors afloat! (Laughter.) Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of his own living that way! (Laughter.) Think of a minister punishing his child for not telling all he thinks! Just think of it! (Laughter and applause.) When your child commits a wrong take it in your arms, let it feel your heart beat against its heart; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it; yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault,

drive it from the door and say, "Never do you darken this house again." Think of that! And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction. (Laughter.) But I will tell you what I say to my children: "Go where you will; commit what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, my heart to you; as long as I live you shall have no more sincere friend." (Great applause.) Do you know, I have seen some people who acted as though they thought when the Savior said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven," that he had a rawhide under his mantle and made that remark to get the children within striking distance. I don't believe in the government of the lash. If any one of you ever expect to whip your children again after you hear me, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and then the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die, I cannot find a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in bright colors, and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth—than to go out to the cemetery and sit down upon the grave and look at this photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children! Make your home happy. Be honest with them, divide fairly with them in everything. Give them a little liberty, and you cannot drive them out of the house. They will want to stay there. Make home pleasant. Let them play any game they want to. Don't be so foolish as to say: "You may roll balls on the ground, but you must not roll them on green cloth. (Laughter.) You may knock them with a mallet, but you must not push them with a cue. (Laughter.) You may play with little pieces of paper which have 'authors' written on them, but you must not have 'keerds.'" Think of it! "You may go to a minstrel show where people blacken themselves up and degrade themselves and imitate humanity below themselves, but you must not go to the theatre and see the characters of immortal genius put upon the stage." Why? Well, I can't think of any reason in the world except "minstrel" is a word of two syllables and "theatre" has three. (Laughter.) Let children have some daylight at home if you want to keep them there, and don't commence at the cradle and yell, "Don't!" "Don't!" "Stop!" That is nearly all that is said to a young one from the cradle until he is 21 years old, and when he comes of age other people begin saying "Don't!" And the church says "Don't!" And the party that he belongs to says "Don't!" (Laughter.) I despise that way of going through this world. Let us have a little liberty; just a little bit.

There is another thing. In old times, you know, they thought some days were too good for a child to enjoy himself in. When I was a boy, Sunday was considered altogether too good to be happy in (laughter); and Sunday used to commence then when the sun went down Saturday night. That was to get good ready (laughter), a kind of a running jump (laughter); and when the sun went down a darkness ten thousand times deeper than that of night fell on that house. Nobody said a word then; nobody laughed; and the child that looked the sickest was regarded the most pious. (Laughter.) You couldn't crack hickory nuts; you couldn't chew gum; and if you laughed it was only another evidence of the total depravity of man. (Laughter.) That was a solemn night; and the next morning everybody looked sad, mournful dyspeptic—and thousands of people think they have religion when they have only got dyspepsia—thousands! (Great applause and laughter.) But there is nothing in this world that would break up the old orthodox churches as quick as some specific for dyspepsia—some sure cure. (Laughter.) Then we went to church, and the minister was up in a pulpit about twenty feet high, with a little sounding board over him, and he commenced with firstly and went on to about twenty-thirdly, and then around by way of application, and then divided it off again once or twice, and after having put in about two hours he got to Revelations. We were not allowed to have any fire, even if it was in the winter. It was thought to be outrageous to be comfortable while you are thanking the Lord, and the first church that ever had a stove put in it in New England was broken up on that account. (Laughter.) Then we went a-nooning and then came the catechism, the chief end of man. We went through that; and then this same sermon was preached commencing at the other end and going back.

(Laughter.) After that was over we started for home, solemn and sad—"not a soldier discharged his farewell shot;" not a word was said (laughter) and when we got home if we had been good boys they would take us up to the graveyard to cheer us up a little. (Prolonged laughter and applause.) It did cheer me! When I looked at those tombs the comforting reflection came to my mind that this kind of thing couldn't last always. (Laughter.) Then we had some certain books that we read just by way of cheerfulness. There was Milner's "History of the Waldenses," Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and Jenkins' "On the Atonement." I used to read Jenkins' "On the Atonement;" and I have often thought the atonement would have to be very broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man who would write a book like that for a boy to read. Well, you know, the Sunday had to go at last; and the moment the sun went down Sunday night we were free. About four or five o'clock we would go to see how the sun was coming out. (Laughter.) Sometimes it seemed to me that it was just stopping from pure cussedness (laughter); but finally it had to go down (laughter), and when the last rim of light sank below the horizon, out would come our traps, and we would give three cheers for liberty once more. (Applause.) In those times it was thought wrong for a child to laugh on Sunday. Think of that! A little child—a little boy—could go out in the garden, and there would be a tree laden with blossoms, and this little fellow would lean up against the tree, and there would be a bird singing and swinging and thinking about four little speckled eggs, warmed by the breast of its mate, singing and swinging, and the music coming rippling out of its throat, and the flowers blossoming and the air full of perfume, and the great white clouds floating in the sky, and that little boy would lean up against that trunk, and think of hell. (Laughter.) That's true! I have heard them preach when I sat in the pew, and my feet didn't come within eighteen inches of the floor, about that hell. And they said, "suppose that once in a million years a bird would come from some far distant planet, and carry off in its bill a grain of sand, the time would finally come when the last atom composing this earth would be carried away," and the old preacher said, in order to impress upon the boys the length of time they would have to stay, "it wouldn't be sun up in hell yet." (Laughter.) Think of that to preach to children! I tell you, my friends, no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a little child will make it holier still; no day! And yet, at that time, the minds of children were polluted by this infamous doctrine of eternal punishment; and I denounce it to-day as an infamous doctrine beyond the power of language to express. Where did that doctrine of eternal punishment for the children of men come from? It came from that wretch in the dug-out. (Laughter.) Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the animals, and the doctrine of eternal punishment was born in the eyes of snakes when they hung in fearful coils, watching for their prey. It was a doctrine born of the howling and barking and growling of wild beasts; it was born in the grin of the hyenas, and of the depraved chatter of the baboons, and I despise it with every drop of my blood. Tell me there is a God in the serene heaven that will damn his children for the expression of an honest belief! There have been more men who died in their sins, according to your orthodox religion than there are leaves on all the forests of this world ten thousand times over. Tell me they are in hell! Tell me they are to be punished forever and ever! I denounce it as an infamous lie! (Great applause.) And when the great ship containing the hope and aspiration of the world, when the great ship freighted with mankind goes down in the night of death and disaster, I will go down with the ship. I don't want to paddle off in any orthodox canoe. I will go down with the ship; and if there is a God who will damn his children forever, I had rather go to hell than to go to heaven and keep the society of such an infamous Deity. (Applause.) I make my choice now. I despise that doctrine and I tell you why. It has covered the cheeks of this world with tears. It has polluted the hearts of children. It has been a pain and terror to every man that ever believed it. It has filled the good with horror and fear, but it has had no effect upon the infamous and base. I tell you it is a bad doctrine. I read in the papers to-day what Henry Ward Beecher, who I regard as the most intellectual preacher in the pulpit of the United States, (applause) —I will read in the paper what he said yesterday—and you will see an abstract of it in the New York *Times* of to-day—what he said. And he has had the courage, and he has had the magnificent manhood to say: "I say to you and I swear to you, by the wounds in the hands of Christ, I swear to you by the wounds in the body and feet of Christ, that this doctrine of eternal hell is a most infamous nightmare of theology. It never should be preached

again." (Applause.) What right have you, sir, you, minister as you are, to stand at the portal of eternity, or the portal of the tomb, and fill the future with horror and with fear? You have no right to do it. I don't believe it, and neither do you. You would not sleep one night. Any man who believes it, who has got a decent heart in his bosom, will go insane. Yes, sir, a man that really believes that doctrine and does not go insane has got the conscience of a snake and the intellect of a hyena. O! I thank my stars that you do not believe it. You cannot believe it, and you never will believe it. Old Jonathan Edwards, the dear old soul, he is in heaven I suppose, said: "Can the believing husband in heaven be happy with his unbelieving wife in hell? Can the believing father in heaven be happy with his unbelieving children in hell? Can the loving wife in heaven be happy with her unbelieving husband in hell? I tell you yea. Such will be their sense of justice that it will increase rather than diminish their happiness." (Laughter.) Think of these infamous doctrines that have been taught in the name of religion! Do not stuff these into the minds of your children. Give them a chance. Let them read. Let them think. Do not treat your children like posts to be set in the orthodox road, but like trees that need light and sun and air. Be honest with them. Be fair with them. In old times they used to make all children go to bed when they were not sleepy, and all of them got up when they were sleepy. (Laughter.) I say let them go to bed when they are sleepy and get up when they are not. But they say that will do for the rich, but not for the poor. Well, if the poor have to wake their children early in the morning, it is as easy to wake them with a kiss as with a club. I believe in letting children commence at which end of the dinner they want to. (Laughter.) Let them eat what they want to. It is their business. They know what they want to eat. And if they have had their liberty from the first, they can beat any doctor in the world. All the improvement that has ever been made in medicine has been made by the recklessness of patients. (Laughter.) Yes, sir. Thousands and thousands of years the doctors wouldn't let a man have water in fever. Every now and then some fellow got reckless and said: "I will die, I am so thirsty," and drank two or three quarts of water and got well. (Laughter.) And they kept that up until finally the doctors said, "that is the best thing for a fever you can do." I have more confidence to agree with nature about these things than any of the conclusions of the schools. Just let your children have freedom, and they will fall right into your ways and do just as you do. But you try to make them and there is some magnificent, splendid thing in the human heart that will not be driven. And do you know it is the luckiest thing for this world that ever happened that people are so. What would we have been if the people in any age of the world had done just as the doctors told them? They would have been all dead. (Laughter.) What would we have done, if at any age of the world we had followed implicitly the directions of the church? We would have been all idiots, everyone. It is a splendid thing that there is always some fellow who won't mind, and will think for himself. And I believe in letting children think for themselves. I believe in having a family like a democracy. If there is anything splendid in this world it is a home of that kind. They used to tell us: "Let your victuals close your mouth." We used to eat as though it was a religious performance. I like to see the children about, and every one telling what he has seen and heard. I like to hear the clatter of the knives and spoons mingling with the laughter of their voices. I had rather hear it than any opera that has ever been put upon the boards. Let them have liberty; let them have freedom, and I tell you your children will love you to death.

Now, I have some excuses to offer for the race to which I belong. I have two. My first excuse is that this is not a very good world to raise folks in anyway. (Laughter.) It is not very well adapted to raising magnificent people. There's only a quarter of it land to start with. It is three times better fitted for raising fish than folks, and in that one-quarter of land there is not a tenth part fit to raise people on. You can't raise people without a good climate. You have got to have the right kind of climate, and you have got to have certain elements in the soil, or you can't raise good people. Do you know that? there is only a little zig-zag strip around the world within which have been produced all men of genius. The southern hemisphere has never produced a man of genius, never, and never will until civilization, fighting the heat that way and the cold this, widens this portion of the earth capable of producing great men and great women. It is the same with men as it is with vegetation; you go into a garden, and find there flowers growing. And as you go up the mountain, the birch and the hemlock and the spruce are to be found. And as you go toward

the top, you find little stunted trees getting a miserable subsistence out of the crevices of the rocks, and you go on up and up and up, until finally you find at the top little moss-like freckles. You might as well try to raise flowers where those freckles grow, as to raise great men and women where you haven't got the soil.

I don't believe man ever came to any high station without woman. There has got to be some restraint, something to make you prudent, something to make you industrious. And in a country where you don't need any bed-quilt but a cloud, revolution is the normal condition of the people. You have got to have the fireside; you have got to have the home, and there by the fireside will grow and bloom the fruits of the human race. I recollect a while ago I was in Washington when they were trying to annex Santo Domingo. They said: "We want to take in Santo Domingo." Says I: "We don't want it." "Why," said they, "it is the best climate the earth can produce. There is everything you want." "Yes," said I, "but it won't produce men. We don't want it. We have got soil enough now. Take 5,000 ministers from New England, 5,000 presidents of colleges, and 5,000 solid business men and their families and take them to Santo Domingo; and then you will see the effect of climate. The second generation you will see barefooted boys riding bareback on a mule, with their hair sticking out of the top of their sombreros, with a rooster under each arm going to a cock-fight on Sunday." You have got to have the soil; you have got to have the climate, and you have got to have another thing—you have got to have the fireside. That is one excuse I have for us.

The next excuse is that I think we came up from the lower animals. Else how can you account for all this snake and hyena and jackal in man? Now, when I first heard that doctrine, I didn't like it. I felt sorry for people who had nothing but ancestors to be proud of. It touched my heart to think they would have to go back to the Duke Orang-outang, or the Duchess Chimpanzee. I was sorry, and I hated to believe it. I don't know that it is the truth now. I am not satisfied upon that question; I stand about eight to seven. (Laughter.) I thought it over. I read about it. I read about these rudimentary bones and muscles. I didn't like that. I read that everybody had rudimentary muscles coming from the ear right down here—indicating that the most intellectual people in the world have got them. I say, "What are they?" "Rudimentary muscles." "What kind of muscles?" "Muscles that your ancestors used to have fully developed." "What for?" "To flap their ears with." (Laughter.) Well, whether we ever had them or not, I know of lots of men who ought to have them yet. (Laughter.) And finally I said, "Well I guess we came up from the lower animals." I thought it all over, the best I could, and I said, I guess we did." And after a while I began to like it, and I like it now better than I did before. Do you know that I would rather belong to a race that started with skulless vertebræ in the dim Laurentian seas, wiggling without knowing why they wiggled, swimming without knowing where they were going; but kept developing and getting a little further up and a little further up, all through the animal world, and finally striking this chap in the dug-out. (Laughter.) Getting a little bigger, and this fellow calling that fellow a heretic, and that fellow calling the other an infidel, and so on. For in the history of the world, the man who is ahead has always been called a heretic. Recollect this! (Laughter.) I would rather come from a race that started from that skulless vertebræ, and come up and up and up and finally produced Shakespeare, who found the human intellect wallowing in a hut and touched it with the wand of his genius and it became a palace dome and pinnacle. I would rather belong to a race that commenced then and produced Shakespeare, with the eternal hope of an infinite future for the children of progress leading from the far horizon, beckoning men forward, forward and onward forever, I had rather belong to this race and commence there with that hope, than to have sprung from a perfect pair, on which the Lord has lost money every day since. (Applause and laughter.)

These are the excuses I have for my race. Now, my friends, let me say another thing. I do not pretend to have floated even with the heights of thought; I do not pretend to have fathomed the abyss. All I pretend is to give simply my honest thought. Every creed that we have to-day has upon it the mark of whip and chain and faggot. I do not want it. Free labor will give us wealth, and has given us wealth, and why? Because a free brain goes into partnership with a free hand. That is why. And when a man works for his wife and children, the problem of liberty is how to do the most work in the shortest space of time; but the problem of slavery is how to do the least work in the longest space of time. Slavery is poverty; liberty is wealth. It is the same in thought. Free thought will give us truth, and the man who is not in favor of free

thought occupies the same relation to those he can govern that the slaveholder occupied to his slaves, exactly. Free thought will give us wealth. There has not been a generation of free thought yet. It will be time to write a creed when there have been a few generations of free brained men and splendid women in this world. I don't know what the future may bring forth; I don't know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I don't know what garments may be woven, with the years to come; but I do know coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this "bank and shoal of time" a greater blessing, a grander glory, than liberty for man and woman and child. Oh, liberty, float not forever in the far horizon, remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast and the poet and the philanthropist, but come and take up thine abode with the children of men forever.

Mr. Beecher's Orthodoxy.

Col. Ingersoll having referred in his lecture last evening to Mr. Beecher's sermon of the previous Sunday, we print the synoptical report of it as published in the New York *Times*:

Mr. Beecher's text yesterday (Sunday) morning was the ninth verse of the first chapter of Ephesians, and the theme of his discourse was the background of mystery which surrounds, or rather obscures, all attempts to teach or understand the attributes and nature of God. Men must learn these things by their own experience, and, in illustrating the difference between God and man, he said that man's essential faculties are precisely similar to those of God, and differ only in degrees, just as the child of four years, sitting on his father's knee, has the same powers of reasoning as his father only that power in the father is matured, while in the child it is weak and obscure. A man would not hold a candle out of the window and say it was sunrise, and yet the same light and the same warmth exist in the candle that exist in the sun, though in an immensely different degree. Speaking of the Trinity, Mr. Beecher said that he believed there were three persons united in one Godhead, but that if any one should ask him why he believed it, he should tell him frankly that he did not know anything about it, only that it was easier to believe that which he thought coincided with the doctrine of the New Testament than to contradict it. But he could not attempt to explain it. Orthodoxy says that men must believe in the Trinity or they cannot come into the church. That is called orthodoxy, but he called it heathenism. It is not an easy thing, said Mr. Beecher, for an honest, conscientious man to know just what to preach and what not to preach. A man who values morality, and who has the god of his fellow-men at heart, cannot be careless as to the things he ought to teach. His own head had often reeled, and his mind had been greatly troubled, when he reflected upon his responsibility in this matter. It was no easy matter to remove the rotten timbers and replace them with sound ones and not stop the voyage of the ship. It was said that Adam was created perfect. It was also said that Adam sinned, and that in consequence of that sin the whole human race fell. The human race had existed on the earth for thousands and thousands of years, and had gone on propagating and multiplying until all the waves of the ocean which had rolled in upon the shore during those centuries did not contain drops enough, nor the sands of the sea particles enough, nor all the figures of the arithmetic numbers enough to compute the preface, to say nothing of the body, of the great history of the human race. The numbers of the human race were actually beyond computation and for thousands and thousands and thousands of years they had been born into the world, had lived, and struggled, and finally died, and gone—where? "If you tell me that they have all gone to heaven, my answer will be that such a sweeping of mud into heaven would defile its purity, and I cannot accept that. If you tell me that they have gone to hell, then I swear by the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have sworn to worship forever, that you will make an infidel of me. The doctrine that God has been for thousands of years peopling this earth with human beings, during a period three-fourths of which was not illuminated by an altar or a church, and in places where a vast population of those people are yet without that light, is to transform the Almighty into a monster more hideous than Satan himself, and I swear by all that is sacred that I will never worship Satan, though he should appear dressed in royal robes and seated on the throne of Jehovah. Men may say, 'You will go to heaven.' A heaven presided over by such a demon as that, who has been peopling this world with millions of human beings, and then sweeping them off into hell, not like dead flies, but without taking the trouble even to kill them, and gloating and laughing over their eternal misery, is not such a heaven as I want to go to. The doctrine is too horrible. I cannot believe it and I won't. They say the saints in heaven are so happy that they do

not mind the torments of the damned in hell; but what sort of saints must they be who could be happy while looking down upon the horrors of the bottomless pit? They don't mind—they're safe—they're happy! What would the mother think of the sixteen-year-old daughter who, when her infant was lying dead in the house, should come dancing and singing into the parlor, and exclaim, 'Oh! I am so happy mother! I don't care for the dead baby in the coffin!' Would she not be shocked? And so with this doctrine; and by the blood of Christ I denounce it; by the wounds in his hands and side I abhor it; by his groans and agony, I abhor and denounce it as the most hideous nightmare of theology."

Gods

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: An Honest God is the Noblest Work of Man. Each nation has created a god, and the god has always resembled his creators. He hated and loved what they hated and loved, and he was invariably found on the side of those in power. Every god was intensely patriotic, and detested all nations but his own. All these gods demanded praise, flattery, and worship. Most of them were pleased with sacrifice, and the smell of innocent blood has ever been considered a divine perfume. (Applause.) All these gods have insisted upon having a vast number of priests, and the priests have always insisted upon being supported by the people, and the principal business of these priests has been to boast about their god, and to insist that he could easily vanquish all the other gods put together.

These gods have been manufactured after numberless models, and according to the most grotesque fashions. Some have a thousand arms, some a hundred heads, some are adorned with necklaces of living snakes, some are armed with clubs, some with sword and shield, some with bucklers, and some with wings, as a cherub; some were invisible; some would show themselves entire, and some would only show their backs; some were jealous; some were foolish; some turned themselves into men, some into swans, some into bulls, some into doves, and some into Holy Ghosts, and made love to the beautiful daughters of men. Some were married—all ought to have been—and some were considered as old bachelors from all eternity. Some had children, and the children were turned into gods and worshiped as their fathers had been. Most of these gods were revengeful, savage, lustful, and ignorant. As they generally depended upon their priests for information, their ignorance can hardly excite our astonishment. (Applause.)

These gods did not even know the shape of the worlds they had created, but supposed them perfectly flat. Some thought the day could be lengthened by stopping the sun; that the blowing of horns could throw down the walls of a city, and all knew so little of the real nature of the people they had created that they commanded the people to love them. Some were so ignorant as to suppose that man could believe just as he might desire, or as they might command, and that to be governed by observation, reason, and experience was a most foul and damning sin. None of these gods could give a true account of the creation of this earth. All were woefully deficient in geology and astronomy. As a rule, they were most miserable legislators, and as executives they were far inferior to the average of American Presidents. (Applause.)

These deities have demanded the most abject and degrading obedience. In order to please them, man must lay his very face in the dust. Of course they have always been partial to the people who created them, and have generally shown their partiality by assisting those people to rob and destroy others and to ravish their wives and children.

Nothing is so pleasing to these gods as the butchery of unbelievers. Nothing so enrages them, even now, as to have some one deny their existence.

Few nations have been so poor as to have but one god. Gods were made so easily, and the raw material cost so little, that generally the god market was fairly glutted and heaven crammed with these phantoms. These gods not only attended to the skies but were supposed to interfere in all the affairs of men. They presided over everybody and everything. They attended to every department. All was supposed to be under their immediate control. Nothing was too small—nothing too large; the falling of sparrows and the motion of the planets were alike attended to by these industrious and observing deities. From their starry thrones they frequently came to the earth for the purpose of imparting information to man. It is related of one that he came amid thunderings and lightnings in order to tell the people that they should not cook a kid in its mother's milk. Some left their shining abodes to tell women that they should, or should not, have children, to inform a priest how to cut and wear his apron, and to give direction as to the proper manner for cleaning the intestines of a bird.

When the people failed to worship one of these gods, or failed to feed and clothe his priests (which was much the same thing), he generally visited them with pestilence and famine. Sometimes he allowed some other nation to drag them into slavery—to sell their wives and children; but generally he glutted his vengeance by murdering their first born. The priest always did their whole duty, not only in predicting these calamities but in proving, when they did happen, that they were brought upon the people because they had not given quite enough to them.

These gods differed just as the nations differed; the greatest and most powerful had the most powerful gods, while the weaker ones were obliged to content themselves with the very offscourings of the heavens. each of these gods promised happiness here and hereafter to all his slaves, and threatened to eternally punish all who either disbelieved in his existence or suspected that some other god might be his superior; but to deny the existence of all gods was, and is, the crime of crimes. Redden your hands with human blood; blast by slander the fair fame of the innocent; strangle the smiling child upon his mother's knees; deceive, ruin and desert the beautiful girl who loves and trusts you, and your case is not hopeless. For all this, and for all these you may be forgiven. For all this, and for all these, that bankrupt court established by the Gospel, will give you a discharge; but deny the existence of these divine ghosts, of these gods, and the sweet and tearful face of Mercy becomes livid with eternal hate. Heaven's golden gates are shut, and you, with an infinite curse ringing in your ears, with the brand of infamy upon your brow, commence you endless wanderings in the lurid gloom of hell—an immortal vagrant—an eternal outcast—a deathless convict.

One of these gods, and one who demands our love, our admiration and our worship, and one who is worshiped, if mere heartless ceremony is worship, gave to his chosen people for their guidance the following laws of war: "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, *then proclaim peace unto it.* And it shall be if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee. And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it. And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it into thy hands thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword. But the women and the little ones, and the cattle and all that is in the city even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which the Lord thy God hath given thee. Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee which are not of the city of these nations. But of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, *thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth.*"

Is it possible for man to conceive of anything more perfectly infamous? Can you believe that such directions were given by any except an infinite fiend? Remember that the army receiving these instructions was one of invasion. Peace was offered upon condition that the people submitting should be the slaves of the invader; but if any should have the courage to defend their homes, to fight for the love of wife and child, then the sword was to spare none—not even the prattling dimpled babe. (Applause.)

And we are called upon to worship such a God; to get upon our knees and tell him that he is good, that he is merciful, that he is just, that he is love. We are asked to stifle every noble sentiment of the soul and to trample under foot all

the sweet charities of the heart. Because we refuse to stultify ourselves—refuse to become liars—we are denounced, hated, traduced and ostracized here, and this same God threatens to torment us in eternal fire the moment death allows him to clutch our naked, helpless souls. Let the people hate, let the God threaten—we will educate them, and we will despise and defy him.

The book called the Bible is filled with passages equally horrible, unjust and atrocious. This is the Book to be read in schools in order to make our children loving, kind and gentle! This is the Book to be recognized in our Constitution as the source of all authority and justice!

Strange that no one has ever been persecuted by the church for believing God bad, while hundreds of millions have been destroyed for thinking Him good! The orthodox church never will forgive the Universalist for saying "God is love." It has always been considered as one of the very highest evidences of true and undefiled religion to insist that all men, women and children deserve eternal damnation. It has always beeen heresy to say "God will at last save all."

We are asked to justify these frightful passages, these infamous laws of war, because the Bible is the Word of God. As a matter of fact, there never was, and there never can be, an argument even tending to prove the inspiration of any book whatever. In the absence of positive evidence, analogy and experience, argument is simply impossible, and at the very best can amount only to a useless agitation of the air. The instant we admit that a book is too sacred to be doubted, or even reasoned about, we are mental serfs. It is infinitely absurd to suppose that a god would address a communication to intelligent beings, and yet make it a crime, to be punished in eternal flames, for them to use their intelligence for the purpose of understanding his communication. If we have the right to use our reason we certainly have the right to act in accordance with it, and no god can have the right to punish us for such action. (Applause.)

The doctrine that future happiness depends upon belief is monstrous. It is the infamy of infamies. The notion that faith in Christ is to be rewarded by an eternity of bliss, while a dependence upon reason, observation, and experience merits everlasting pain, is too absurd for refutation, and can be relieved only by that unhappy mixture of insanity and ignorance called "faith." What man who ever thinks can believe that blood can appease God? And yet our entire system of religion is based upon that belief. The Jews pacified Jehovah with the blood of animals, and according to the Christian system the blood of Jesus softened the heart of God a little, and rendered possible the salvation of a fortunate few. It is hard to conceive how the human mind can give assent to such terrible ideas, or how any sane man can read the Bible and still believe in the doctrine of inspiration.

Whether the Bible is true or false, is of no consequence in comparison with the mental freedom of the race.

Salvation through slavery is worthless. Salvation from slavery is inestimable.

As long as man believes the Bible to be infallible, that book is his master. The civilization of this century is not the child of faith but of unbelief—the result of free thought.

All that is necessary, as it seems to me, to convince any reasonable person that the Bible is simply and purely of human invention—of barbarian invention—is to read it. Read it as you would any other book; think of it as you would any other; get the bondage of reverence from you eyes; push from the throne of your brain the cowled form of superstitition—then read the holy Bible, and you will be amazed that you ever, for a moment, supposed a being of infinite wisdom, goodness and purity to be the author of such ignorance and of such atrocity.

Our ancestors not only had their god-factories but they made their devils as well. (Applause.) These devils were generally disgraced and fallen gods. Some had headed unsuccessful revolts; some had been caught sweetly reclining in the shadowy folds of some fleecy cloud, kissing the wife of the god of gods. These devils generally sympathized with man. There is in regard to them a most wonderful fact: In nearly all the theologies, mythologies and religions the devils have been much more humane and merciful than the gods. No devil ever gave one of his generals an order to kill children and to rip open the bodies of pregnant women. Such barbarities were always ordered by the good gods. The pestilences were sent by the most merciful gods. The frightful famine, during which the dying child with pallid lips sucked the withered bosom of a dead mother,

was sent by the loving gods. No devil was ever charged with such fiendish brutality. (Applause.)

One of these gods, according to the account drowned an entire world, with the exception of eight persons. The old, the young, the beautiful and the helpless were remorselessly devoured by the shoreless sea. This, the most fearful tragedy that the imagination of ignorant priests ever conceived, was the act, not of a devil, but of a God, so-called, whom men ignorantly worship unto this day. What a stain such an act would leave upon the character of a devil! One of the prophets of one of these gods, having in his power a captured king, hewed him in pieces in sight of all the people. Was ever any imp of any devil guilty of such savagery?

One of these gods is reported to have given the following directions concerning human slavery: "If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years shall he serve, and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master have given him a wife, and she have borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself. And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife and my children, I will not go out free, then his master shall bring him unto the judges: he shall also bring him unto the door, or unto the doorpost; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever."

According to this a man was given liberty upon condition that he would desert forever his wife and children. Did any devil ever force upon a husband, upon a father, so cruel and so heartless an alternative? Who can worship such a God? Who can bend the knee to such a monster? Who can pray to such a fiend?

All these gods threatened to torment forever the souls of their enemies. Did any devil ever make so infamous a threat? The basest thing recorded of the devil is what he did concerning Job and his family, and that was done by the express permission of one of these gods and to decide a little difference of opinion between their serene highnesses as to the character of "my servant Job."

The first account we have of the devil is found in that purely scientific book called Genesis, and is as follows: "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made, and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shalt not eat of, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. * * * And the Lord God said, Behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life and eat, and live forever.. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from which he was taken. So he drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

According to this account the promise of the devil was fulfilled to the very letter. Adam and Eve did not die, and they did become as gods, knowing good and evil.

The account shows, however, that the gods dreaded education and knowledge then just as they do now. The church still faithfully guards the dangerous tree of knowledge, and has exerted in all ages her utmost power to keep mankind from eating the fruit thereof. The priests have never ceased repeating the old falsehood and the old threat: "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." From every pulpit comes the same cry, born of the same fear: "Lest they eat and become as gods, knowing good and evil." For this reason, religion hates science, faith detests reason, theology is the sworn enemy of philosophy, and the church with its flaming sword still guards the hated tree and like its supposed founder, curses to the lowest depths the brave thinkers who eat and become as gods. (Applause.)

If the account given in Genesis is really true, ought we not, after all, to thank this serpent? He was the first school-

master, the first advocate of learning, the first enemy of ignorance, the first to whisper in human ears the sacred word liberty, the creator of ambition, the author of modesty, of inquiry, of doubt, of investigation, of progress and of civilization.

Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action, rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith! Banish me from Eden when you will, but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge!

Some nations have borrowed their gods; of this number, we are compelled to say, is our own. The Jews have ceased to exist as a nation, and having no further use for a god, our ancestors appropriated him and adopted their devil at the same time. This borrowed god is still an object of some adoration, and this adopted devil still excites the apprehensions of our people. He is still supposed to be setting his traps and snares for the purpose of catching our unwary souls, and is still, with reasonable success, waging the old war against our God.

To me, it seems easy to account for these ideas concerning gods and devils. They are a perfectly natural production. Man has created them all, and under the same circumstances will create them again. Man has not only created all these gods but he has created them out of the materials by which he has been surrounded. Generally he has modeled them after himself, and has given them hands, heads, feet, eyes, ears, and organs of speech. Each nation made its gods and devils speak its language not only, but put in their mouths the same mistakes in history, geography, astronomy, and in all matters of fact generally made by the people. No god was ever in advance of the nation that created him. The negroes represented their deities with black skins and curly hair. The Mongolian gave to his a yellow complexion and dark, almond-shaped eyes. The Jews were not allowed to paint theirs or we should have seen Jehovah with a full beard, an oval face and an acquiline nose. Zeus was a perfect Greek, and Jove looked as though a member of the Roman Senate. The gods of Egypt had the patient face and placid look of the loving people who made them. The Gods of northern countries were represented warmly clad in robes of fur; those of the tropics were naked. The Gods of India were often mounted upon elephants; those of some islanders were great swimmers, and the deities of the Arctic zone were passionately fond of whale's blubber. Nearly all people have carved or painted representations of their gods, and these representations were, by the lower classes, generally treated as the real gods, and to these images and idols they addressed prayers and offered sacrifice.

"In some countries, even at this day, if the people after long praying do not obtain their desires, they turn their images off as impotent gods, or upbraid them in a most reproachful manner, loading them with blows and curses. 'How now, dog of a spirit,' they say, 'we give you lodging in a magnificent temple, we gild you with gold, feed you with the choicest food, and offer incense to you; yet, after all this care, you are so ungrateful as to refuse us what we ask.' Hereupon they will pull the god down and drag him through the filth of the street. If, in the meantime it happens that they obtain their request, then, with a great deal of ceremony, they wash him clean, carry him back and place him in his temple again, where they fall down and make excuses for what they have done. 'Of a truth,' they say, 'we were a little too hasty, and you were a little too long in your grant. Why should you bring this beating on yourself? But what is done cannot be undone. Let us not think of it any more. If you will forget what is past, we will gild you over brighter again than before.'"

Man has never been at a loss for gods. He has worshiped almost everything, including the vilest and most disgusting beasts. He has worshiped fire, air, water, light, stars, and for hundreds of ages prostrated himself before enormous snakes. Savage tribes often make gods of articles they get from civilized people. The Todas worship a cowbell. The Kotas worship two silver plates, which they regard as husband and wife, and another tribe manufactured a god out of a king of hearts.

Man, having always been the physical superior of woman, accounts for the fact that most of the high gods have been males. Had woman been the physical superior, the powers supposed to be the ruler of Nature would have been woman, and instead of being represented in the apparel of man they would have luxuriated in trains, lownecked dresses, laces and back-hair.

Nothing can be plainer than that each nation gives to its god its peculiar characteristics, and that every individual gives to his god his personal peculiarities.

Man has no ideas, and can have none, except those suggested by his surroundings. He cannot conceive of anything utterly unlike what he has seen or felt. He can exaggerate, diminish, combine, separate, deform, beautify, improve, multiply and compare what he sees, what he feels, what he hears, and all of which he takes cognizance through the medium of the senses; but he cannot create. Having seen the exhibitions of power, he can say, omnipotent. Having lived, he can say, immortality. Knowing something of time, he can say, eternity. Conceiving something of intelligence, he can say, God. Having seen exhibitions of malice, he can say, devil. A few gleams of happiness having fallen athwart the gloom of his life, he can say, heaven. Pain, in its numberless forms, having been experienced, he can say, hell. Yet all these ideas have a foundation in fact, and only a foundation. The superstructure has been reared by exaggerating, diminishing, combining, separating, deforming, beautifying, improving or multiplying realities, so that the edifice or fabric is but the incongruous grouping of what man has perceived through the medium of the senses. It is as though we should give to a lion the wings of an eagle, the hoofs of a bison, the tail of a horse, the pouch of a kangaroo, and the trunk of an elephant. We have in imagination created an impossible monster. And yet the various parts of this monster really exist. So it is with the gods that man has made.

Beyond Nature man cannot go, even in thought; above Nature he cannot rise; below Nature he cannot fall. (Applause.)

Man, in his ignorance, supposed that all phenomena were produced by some intelligent powers, and with direct reference to him. To preserve friendly relations with these powers was, and still is, the object of all religions. Man knelt through fear and to implore assistance, or through gratitude for some favor which he supposed had been rendered. He endeavored by supplication to appease some being who for some reason, had, as he believed, become enraged. The lightning and thunder terrified him. In the presence of the volcano he sank upon his knees. The great forests filled with wild and ferocious beasts, the monstrous serpents crawling in mysterious depths, the boundless sea, the flaming comets, the sinister eclipses, the awful calmness of the stars, and, more than all, the perpetual presence of death, convinced him that he was the sport and prey of unseen and malignant powers. The strange and frightful diseases to which he was subject, the freezings and burnings of fever, the contortions of epilepsy, the sudden palsies, the darkness of night, and the wild, terrible and fantastic dreams that filled his brain, satisfied him that he was haunted and pursued by countless spirits of evil. For some reason he supposed that these spirits differed in power—that they were not all alike malevolent—that the higher controlled the lower, and that his very existence depended upon gaining the existence of the more powerful. For this purpose he resorted to prayer, to flattery, to worship and to sacrifice. These ideas appear to have been almost universal in savage man.

For ages all nations supposed that the sick and insane were possessed by evil spirits. For thousands of years the practice of medicine consisted in frightening these spirits away. Usually the priests would make the loudest and most discordant noises possible. They would blow horns, beat upon rude drums, clash cymbals, and in the meantime utter the most unearthly yells. If the noise-remedy failed they would implore the aid of some more powerful spirit.

To pacify these spirits was considered of infinite importance. The poor barbarian, knowing that men could be softened by gifts, gave to these spirits that which to him seemed of the most value. With bursting heart, he would offer the blood of his dearest child. It was impossible for him to conceive of a god utterly unlike himself, and he naturally supposed that these powers of the air would be affected a little at the sight of so great and so deep a sorrow. It was with the barbarian then as with the civilized now—one class lived upon and made merchandise of the fears of another. Certain persons took it upon themselves to appease the gods and to instruct the people in their duties to these unseen powers. This was the origin of the priesthood. The priest pretended to stand between the wrath of the gods and the helplessness of man. He was man's attorney at the court of heaven. He carried to the invisible world a flag of truce, a protest and a request. He came back with a command, and with authority and with power. Man fell upon his knees before his own servant, and the priest, taking advantage of the awe inspired by his supposed influence with the god, made of his fellow-man a cringing hypocrite and slave. Even Christ, the supposed son of

God, taught that persons were possessed of evil spirits, and frequently, according to the account, gave proof of his divine origin and mission by frightening droves of devils out of his unfortunate countrymen. Casting out devils was his principal employment, and the devils thus banished took occasion to acknowledge him as the true Messiah; which was not only very kind of them, but quite fortunate for him. The religious people have always regarded the testimony of these devils as perfectly conclusive, and the writers of the New Testament quote the words of these imps of darkness with great satisfaction.

The fact that Christ could withstand the temptation of the devil was considered as conclusive evidence that he was assisted by some God, or at least by some being superior to man. St. Matthew gives an account of an attempt made by the devil to tempt the supposed son of God; and it has always excited the wonder of Christians that the temptation was so nobly and heroically withstood. The account to which I refer is as follows:

"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when the tempter came to him, he said: "If thou be the son of God, command these stones to be made bread.' But he answered and said: 'It is written: man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city and setteth him upon a pinnacle of the temple and saith unto him: 'If thou be the son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou shalt dash thy foot against a stone.' Jesus said unto him: 'It is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto him: 'All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

The Christians now claim that Jesus was God. If he was God, of course the devil knew that fact, and yet, according to this account, the devil took the omnipotent God and placed him upon a pinnacle of the temple and endeavored to induce him to dash himself against the earth. Failing in that, he took the creator, owner and governor of the universe up into an exceeding high mountain and offered him this world—this grain of sand—if he, the God of all the worlds, would fall down and worship him, a poor devil without even a tax title to one foot of dirt! Is it possible the devil was such an idiot? Should any great credit be given to this deity for not being caught with such chaff! Think of it! The devil—the prince of sharpers—the king of cunning—the master of finesse, trying to bribe God with a grain of sand that belonged to God!

Is there in all the religious literature of the world anything more grossly absurd than this?

These devils, according to the Bible, were of various kinds—some could speak and hear, others were deaf and dumb. All could not be cast out in the same way. The deaf and dumb spirits were quite difficult to deal with. St. Mark tells of a gentleman who brought his son to Christ. The boy, it seems, was possessed of a dumb spirit, over which the disciples had no control. "Jesus said unto the spirit: 'Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more unto him.'" Whereupon the deaf spirit (having heard what was said) cried out (being dumb) and immediately vacated the premises. The ease with which Christ controlled this deaf and dumb spirit excited the wonder of his disciples, and they asked him privately why they could not cast that spirit out. To whom he replied: "This kind can come forth by nothing but prayer and fasting." Is there a Christian in the whole world who would believe such a story if told in any other book? The trouble is these pious people shut up their reason, and then open their Bible.

In the olden times the existence of devils was universally admitted. The people had no doubt upon that subject, and from such belief it followed as a matter of course that a person, in order to vanquish these devils, had either to be a god, or to be assisted by one. All founders of religions have established their claims to divine origin by controlling evil spirits and suspending the laws of nature. Casting out devils was a certificate of divinity. A prophet unable to cope with the powers of darkness was regarded with contempt. The utterance of the highest and noblest sentiments, the most blameless and holy life, commanded but little respect unless accompanied by power to work miracles and command spirits.

This belief in good and evil powers had its origin in the fact that man was surrounded by what he was pleased to

call good and evil phenomena. Phenomena affecting man pleasantly were ascribed to good spirits, while those affecting him unpleasantly or injuriously were ascribed to evil spirits. It being admitted that all phenomena were produced by spirits, the spirits were divided according to the phenomena, and the phenomena were good or bad as they affected man. Good spirits were supposed to be the authors of good phenomena, and evil spirits of the evil—so that the idea of a devil has been as universal as the idea of a god.

Many writers maintain that an idea to become universal must be true; that all universal ideas are innate, and that innate ideas cannot be false. If the fact that an idea has been universal proves that it is innate, and if the fact that an idea is innate proves that it is correct, then the believer in innate ideas must admit that the evidence of a god superior to nature, and of a devil superior to nature, is exactly the same, and that the existence of such a devil must be as self-evident as the existence of such a god. The truth is, a god was inferred from good, and a devil from bad, phenomena. And it is just as natural and logical to suppose that a devil would cause happiness as to suppose that a god would produce misery. Consequently, if an intelligence, infinite and supreme, is the immediate author of all phenomena, it is difficult to determine whether such intelligence is the friend or enemy of man. If phenomena were all good, we might say they were all produced by a perfectly beneficent being. If they were all bad, we might say they were produced by a perfectly malevolent power; but as phenomena are, as they affect man, both good and bad, they must be produced by different and antagonistic spirits; by one who is sometimes actuated by kindness, and sometimes by malice; or all must be produced of necessity, and without reference to their consequences upon man.

The foolish doctrine that all phenomena can be traced to the interference of good and evil spirits, has been, and still is almost universal. That most people still believe in some spirit that can change the natural order of events is proven by the fact that nearly all resort to prayer. Thousands at this very moment are probably imploring some supposed power to interfere in their behalf. Some want health restored; some ask that the loved and absent be watched over and protected, some pray for riches, some for rain, some want diseases stayed, some vainly ask for food, some ask for revivals, a few ask for more wisdom, and now and then one tells the Lord to do as he thinks best. Thousands ask to be protected from the devil; some, like David, pray for revenge, and some implore, even God, not to lead them into temptation. All these prayers rest upon and are produced by the idea that some power not only can but probably will change the order of the universe. This belief has been among the great majority of tribes and nations. All sacred books are filled with the accounts of such interferences, and our own Bible is no exception to this rule.

If we believe in a power superior to nature, it is perfectly natural to suppose that such power can and will interfere in the affairs of this world. If there is no interference, of what practical use can such power be? The Scriptures give us the most wonderful accounts of divine interference: Animals talk like men; springs gurgle from dry bones; the sun and moon stop in the heavens in order that General Joshua may have more time to murder; the shadow on a dial goes back ten degrees to convince a petty king of a barbarous people that he is not going to die of a boil; fire refused to burn; water positively declined to seek its level, but stands up like a wall; grains of sand become lice; common walking sticks, to gratify a mere freak, twist themselves into serpents and then swallow each other by way of exercise; murmuring streams, laughing at the attraction of gravitation, run up hill for years, following a wandering tribe from a pure love of frolic; prophecy becomes altogether easier than history; the sons of God become enamored of the world's girls; women are changed into salt for the purpose of keeping a great event fresh in the minds of man; an excellent article of brimstone is imported from heaven free of duty; clothes refuse to wear out for forty years, birds keep restaurants and feed wandering prophets free of expense; bears tear little children in pieces for laughing at old men without wigs; muscular development depends upon the length of one's hair; dead people come to life, simply to get a joke on their enemies and heirs; witches and wizards converse freely with the souls of the departed, and God himself becomes a stone-cutter and engraver, after having been a tailor and a dressmaker.

The veil between heaven and earth was always rent or lifted. The shadows of this world, the radiance of heaven, and the glare of hell mixed and mingled until man became uncertain as to which country he really inhabited. Man dwelt in an unreal world. He mistook his ideas, his dreams for real things. His fears became terrible and malicious monsters. He lived in the midst of furies and fairies, nymphs and naiads, goblins and ghosts, witches and wizards, sprites and spooks, deities and devils. The obscure and gloomy depths were filled with claw and wing—with beak and hoof—with leering look and sneering mouths—with the malice of deformity—with the cunning of hatred and with all the slimy forms that fear can draw and paint upon the shadowy canvas of the dark.

It is enough to make one almost insane with pity to think what man in the long night has suffered; of the tortures he has endured, surrounded, as he supposed, by malignant powers and clutched by the fierce phantoms of the air. No wonder that he fell upon his trembling knees—that he built altars and reddened them even with his own blood. No wonder that he implored ignorant priests and impudent magicians for aid. No wonder that he crawled groveling in the dust to the temple's door, and there, in the insanity of despair, besought the deaf gods to hear his bitter cry of agony and fear.

The savage as he emerges from a state of barbarism gradually loses faith in his idols of wood and stone, and in their place puts a multitude of spirits. As he advances in knowledge, he generally discards the petty spirits, and in their stead believes in One, whom he supposes to be infinite and supreme. Supposing this great Spirit to be superior to nature, he offers worship or flattery in exchange for assistance. At last, finding that he obtains no aid from this supposed Deity—finding that every search after the absolute must of necessity end in failure—finding that man cannot by any possibility conceive of the conditionless—he begins to investigate the facts by which he is surrounded and to depend upon himself.

The people are beginning to think, to reason and investigate. Slowly, painfully, but surely, the gods are being driven from the earth. Only upon rare occasions are they, even by the most religious, supposed to interfere in the affairs of men. In most matters we are at last supposed to be free. Since the invention of steamships and railways, so that the products of all countries can be easily interchanged, the gods have quit the business of producing famine. Now and then they kill a child because it is idolized by its parents. As a rule they have given up causing accidents on railroads, exploding boilers, and bursting kerosene lamps. Cholera, yellow fever, and smallpox are still considered heavenly weapons; but measles, itch and ague are now attributed to natural causes. As a general thing, the gods have stopped drowning children, except as a punishment for violating the Sabbath. They still pay some attention to the affairs of kings, men of genius and persons of great wealth; but ordinary people are left to shift for themselves as best they may. In wars between nations the gods still interfere; but in prize fights the best man, with an honest referee, is almost sure to win.

The church cannot abandon the idea of special providence. To give up that doctrine is to give up all. The church must insist that prayer is answered—that some power superior to nature hears and grants the requests of the sincere and humble Christian, and that this same power in some mysterious way provides for all.

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact that God takes care of all his creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts his attention, and that his loving kindness is over all his works. Happening one day to see a crane wading in quest of food the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple. He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival. My son," said he, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the design, as well as the goodness of God, in thus providing the means of subsistence." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned, but after all, father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

Even the advanced religionist, although disbelieving in any great amount of interference by the gods in this age of the

world, still thinks that in the beginning some God made the laws governing the universe. He believes that in consequence of these laws a man can lift a greater weight with, than without, a lever; that this God so made matter, and so established the order of things that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; so that a body once put in motion will keep a-moving until it is stopped; so that it is a greater distance around than across a circle, so that a perfect square has four equal sides instead of five or seven. He insists that it took a direct interposition of providence to make the whole greater than a part, and that had it not been for this power superior to nature twice one might have been more than twice two, and sticks and strings might have had only one end apiece. Like the old Scotch divine, he thanks God that Sunday comes at the end instead of the middle of the week, and that death comes at the close instead of at the commencement of life, thereby giving us time to prepare for that holy day and that most solemn event. These religious people see nothing but design everywhere, and personal, intelligent interference in everything. They insist that the universe has been created, and that the adaptation of means to end is perfectly apparent. They point us to the sunshine, to the flowers, to the April rain, and to all there is of beauty and of use in the world. Did it ever occur to them that a cancer is as beautiful in its development as is the reddest rose? That what they are pleased to call the adaptation of means to ends is as apparent in the cancer as in the April rain? How beautiful the process of digestion! By what ingenious methods the blood is poisoned so that the cancer shall have food! By what wonderful contrivance the entire system of man is made to pay tribute to this divine and charming cancer! See by what admirable instrumentalities it feeds itself from the surrounding, quivering, dainty flesh! See how it gradually but surely expands and grows! By what marvelous mechanism it is supplied with long and slender roots that reach out to the most secret nerves of pain for sustenance and life! What beautiful colors it presents! Seen through the microscope it is a miracle of order and beauty. All the ingenuity of man cannot stop its growth. Think of the amount of thought it must have required to invent a way by which the life of one man might be given to produce one cancer? Is it possible to look upon it and doubt there is design in the universe, and that the inventor of this wonderful cancer must be infinitely powerful, ingenious and good?

We are told that the universe was designed and created, and that it is absurd to suppose that matter has existed from eternity, but that it is perfectly self-evident that God has.

If a god created the universe, then there must have been a time when he commenced to create. Back of that time there must have been an eternity, during which there had existed nothing—absolutely nothing—except this supposed God, according to this theory, this God spent an eternity, so to speak, in an infinite vacuum and in perfect idleness.

Admitting that a god did create the universe, then the question arises, of what did he create it? It certainly was not made of nothing. Nothing, considered in the light of raw material, is a most decided failure. It follows, then, that a God must have made the universe out of himself, He being the only existence. The universe is material, and if it was made of God, the God must have been material. With this very thought in his mind, Anaximander of Miletus said: "Creation is the decomposition of the infinite."

It has been demonstrated that the earth would fall to the sun only for the fact that it is attracted by other worlds, and those worlds must be attracted by other worlds still beyond them, and so on, without end. This proves the material universe to be infinite. If an infinite universe has been made out of an infinite god, how much of the god is left?

The idea of a creative Deity is gradually being abandoned, and nearly all truly scientific minds admit that matter must have existed from eternity. It is indestructible, and the indestructible cannot be created. It is the crowning glory of our century to have demonstrated the indestructibility, and the eternal persistence of force. Neither matter nor force can be increased or diminished. Force cannot exist apart from matter. Matter exists only in connection with force, and consequently a force apart from matter, and superior to nature, is a demonstrated impossibility.

Force, then, must have also existed from eternity, and could not have been created. Matter in its countless forms, from dead earth to the eyes of those we

love, and force, in all its manifestations, from simple motions to the grandest thought, deny creation and defy control.

Thought is a form of force. We walk with the same force with which we think. Man is an organism that changes several forms of force into thought-force. Man is a machine into which we put what we call food and produce what we call thought. Think of that wonderful chemistry by which bread was changed into the divine tragedy of Hamlet!

A god must not only be material but he must be an organism, capable of changing other forms of force into thought force. This is what we call eating. Therefore, if the god thinks, he must eat—that is to say, he must of necessity have some means of supplying force with which to think. It is impossible to conceive of a being who can eternally impart force to matter, and yet have no means of supplying the force thus imparted. (Applause.)

If neither matter nor force were created, what evidence have we, then, of the existence of a power superior to nature? The theologian will probably reply: "We have law and order, cause and effect; and beside all this matter could not have put itself in motion."

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there is no being superior to nature, and that matter and force have existed from eternity. Now, suppose that two atoms should come together, would there be an effect? Yes. Suppose they came in exactly opposite directions with equal force, they would be stopped, to say the least. This would be an effect. If this is so, then you have matter, force, and effect without a being superior to nature. Now, suppose that two other atoms just like the first two should come together under precisely the same circumstances, would not the effect be exactly the same? Yes. Like causes, producing like effects, is what we mean by law and order. Then we have matter, force, effect, law and order without a being superior to nature. Now, we know that every effect must also be a cause, and that every cause must be an effect. The atoms coming together did produce an effect, and as every effect must also be a cause, the effect produced by the collision of the atoms must, as to something else, have been a cause. Then we have matter, force, law, order, cause and effect without a being superior to nature. Nothing is left for the supernatural but empty space. His throne is a void, and his boasted realm is without matter, without force, without law, without cause, and without effect.

But what put all this matter in motion? If matter and force have existed from eternity, then matter must have always been in motion. There can be no force without motion. Force is forever active, and there is, and there can be no cessation. If, therefore, matter and force have existed from eternity, so has motion. In the whole universe there is not even one atom in a state of rest.

A deity outside of nature exists in nothing, and is nothing. Nature embraces with infinite arms all matter and all force. That which is beyond her grasp is destitute of both, and can hardly be worth the worship and adoration even of a man.

There is but one way to demonstrate the existence of a power independent of and superior to nature, and that is by breaking, if only for one moment, the continuity of cause and effect. Pluck from the endless chain of existence one little link; stop for one instant the grand procession, and you have shown beyond all contradiction that nature has a master. Change the fact, just for one second, that matter attracts matter, and a god appears.

The rudest savage has always known this fact, and for that reason always demanded the evidence of miracle. The founder of a religion must be able to turn water into wine—cure with a word the blind and lame, and raise with a simple touch the dead to life. It was necessary for him to demonstrate to the satisfaction of his barbarian disciple that he was superior to nature. In times of ignorance this was easy to do. The credulity of the savage was almost boundless. To him the marvelous was the beautiful, the mysterious was the sublime. Consequently every religion has for its foundation a miracle—that is to say, a violation of nature; that is to say, a falsehood.

No one in the world's history ever attempted to substantiate a truth by a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of a miracle. Nothing but falsehood ever attested itself by signs and wonders. No miracle ever was performed, and no sane man ever thought he had performed one, and until one is performed there can be no evidence of the existence of any power superior to and independent of nature.

The church wishes us to believe. Let the church, or one of its intellectual saints, perform a miracle, and we will

believe. Let this superior, for one single instant, control nature, and we will admit the truth of your assertion. (Applause.)

We have heard talk enough. We have heard your prayers, your solemn groans and your reverential amens. All these amount to less than nothing. We want one fact. We beg at the doors of your churches for just one little fact. We pass our hats along your pews and under your pulpits and implore you for just one fact. We know all about your mouldy wonders and your stale miracles. We want a this year's fact. We ask only one. Give us one fact of charity. Your miracles are too ancient. The witnesses have been dead for nearly two thousand years. Their reputations for "truth and veracity" in the neighborhood where they resided is wholly unknown to us. Give us a new miracle, and substantiate it by witnesses who still have the cheerful habit of living in this world. Do not send us to Jericho to hear the winding horns, nor put us in the fire with Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. Do not compel us to navigate the sea with Captain Jonah, nor dine with Mr. Ezekiel. There is no sort of use in sending us fox-hunting with Samson. We have positively lost all interest in that little speech so eloquently delivered by Balaam's inspired donkey. It is worse than useless to show us fish with money in their mouths, and call our attention to vast multitudes stuffing themselves with five crackers and two sardines. We demand a new miracle, and we demand it now. Let the church furnish at least one, or forever after hold her peace.

In the olden time the church, by violating the order of nature, proved the existence of her God. At that time miracles were performed with the most astonishing ease. They became so common that the church ordered her priests to desist. And now this same church—the people having found some little sense—admits not only that she cannot perform a miracle but insists that the absence of miracles—the steady, unbroken march of cause and effect, proves the existence of a power superior to nature. The fact is, however, that the indissoluble chain of cause and effect proves exactly the contrary.

Sir William Hamilton, one of the pillars of modern theology, in discussing this very subject, uses the following language: "The phenomena of matter taken by themselves, so far from warranting any interference to the existence of a god, would on the contrary ground even an argument to his negation. The phenomena of a material world are subjected to immutable laws; are produced and reproduced in the same invariable succession, and manifest only the blind force of a mechanical necessity."

Nature is an endless series of efficient causes. She cannot create, but she eternally transforms. There was no beginning, and there can be no end.

The best minds, even in the religious world, admit that in material nature there is no evidence of what they are pleased to call a god. They find their evidence in the phenomena of intelligence, and very innocently assert that intelligence is above, and, in fact, opposed to nature. They insist that man, at least, is a special creation; that he had somewhere in his brain a divine spark, a little portion of the "Great First Cause." They say that matter cannot produce thought, but that thought can produce matter. They tell us that man has intelligence, and therefore there must be an intelligence greater than his. Why not say, God has intelligence, therefore there must be an intelligence greater than His? So far as we know, there is no intelligence apart from matter. We cannot conceive of thought except as produced within a brain.

The science by means of which they demonstrate the existence of an impossible intelligence and an incomprehensible power is called metaphysics, or theology. The theologians admit that the phenomena of matter tend, at least, to disprove the existence of any power superior to nature, because in such phenomena we see nothing but an endless chain of efficient causes—nothing but the force of a mechanical necessity. They therefore appeal to what they denominate the phenomena of mind to establish this superior power.

The trouble is that in the phenomena of mind we find the same endless chain of efficient causes—the same mechanical necessity. Every thought must have had an efficient cause. Every motive, every desire, every fear, hope and dream must have been necessarily produced. There is no room in the mind of man for providence or change. The facts and forces governing thought are as absolute as those governing the motions of the planets. A poem is produced by the forces of nature, and is as necessarily and naturally produced as mountains and seas.

You will seek in vain for a thought in man's brain without its efficient cause. Every mental operation is the necessary result of certain facts and conditions. Mental phenomena are considered more complicated than those of matter, and consequently more mysterious. Being more mysterious, they are considered better evidence of the existence of a god. No one infers a god from the simple, from the known, from what is understood, but from the complex, from the unknown and incomprehensible. Our ignorance is God; what we know is science.

When we abandon the doctrine that some infinite being created matter and force, and enacted a code of laws for their government, the idea of interference will be lost. The real priest will then be, not the mouth piece of some pretended deity, but the interpreter of nature. From that moment the church ceases to exist. The tapers will die out upon the dusty altar; the moths will eat the fading velvet of pulpit and pew; the Bible will take its place with the Shastras, Puranas, Yedas, Eddas, Sagas and Korans, and the fetters of a degrading faith will fall from the minds of men.

"But," says the religionist, "you cannot explain everything; you cannot understand everything; and that which you cannot explain, that which you do not comprehend, is my God."

We are explaining more every day; we are understanding more every day; consequently your God is growing smaller every day.

Nothing daunted, the religionist then insists that nothing can exist without a cause, except cause, and that this uncaused cause is God.

To this we again replied: Every cause must produce an effect, because until it does produce an effect, it is not a cause. Every effect must in its turn become a cause. Therefore, in the nature of things, there cannot be a last cause, for the reason that a so-called last cause would necessarily produce an effect, and that effect must of necessity become a cause. The converse of these propositions must be true. Every effect must have had a cause, and every cause must have been an effect. Therefore, there could have been no first cause. A first cause is just as impossible as a last effect.

Beyond the universe there is nothing, and within the universe the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

The moment these great truths are understood and admitted, a belief in general and special providence becomes impossible. From that instant men will cease their vain efforts to please an imaginery being, and will give their time and attention to the affairs of this world. They will abandon the idea of attaining any object by prayer and supplication. The element of uncertainty will, in a great measure, be removed from the domain of the future, and man, gathering courage from a succession of victories over the obstructions of nature, will attain a serene grandeur unknown to the disciples of any superstition. The plans of mankind will no longer be interfered with by the finger of a supposesd omnipotence, and no one will believe that nations or individuals are protected or destroyed by any Deity whatever. Science, freed from the chains of pious custom and evangelical prejudice, will, within her sphere, be supreme. The mind will investigate without reverence and publish its conclusions without fear. Agassiz will no longer hesitate to declare the Mosaic cosmogony utterly inconsistent with the demonstrated truths of geology, and will cease pretending any reverence for the Jewish Scriptures. The moment science succeeds in rendering the church powerless for evil, the real thinkers will be outspoken. The little flags of truce carried by timid philosophers will disappear and the cowardly parley will give place to victory—lasting and universal.

If we admit that some infinite being has controlled the destinies of persons and people, history becomes a most cruel and bloody farce. Age after age, the strong have trampled upon the weak; the crafty and heartless have ensnared and enslaved the simple and innocent, and nowhere, in all the annals of mankind, has any god succored the oppressed.

Man should cease to expect aid from on high. By this time he should know that heaven has no ear to hear, and no hand to help. The present is the necessary child of all the past. There has been no chance, and there can be no interference.

If abuses are destroyed, man must destroy them. If slaves are freed, man must free them. If new truths are discovered, man must discover them. If the naked are clothed; if the hungry are fed; if justice is done; if labor is rewarded; if superstition is driven from the mind; if the defenseless are protected, and if the right finally triumphs, all must be the work of man. The grand victories of the future must be won by man, and by man alone.

Nature, so far as we can discern, without passion and without intention, forms, transforms, and retransforms forever. She neither weeps nor rejoices. She produces man without purpose, and obliterates him without regret. She knows no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful. Poison and nutrition, pain and joy, life and death, smiles and tears are alike to her. She is neither merciful nor cruel. She cannot be flattered by worship nor melted by tears. She does not know even the attitude of prayer. She appreciates no difference between poison in the fangs of snakes and mercy in the hearts of men. Only through man does nature take cognizance of the good, the true, and the beautiful; and, so far as we know, man is the highest intelligence.

And yet man continues to believe that there is some power independent of and superior to nature, and still endeavors, by form, ceremony, supplication, hypocrisy and sacrifice, to obtain its aid. His best energies have been wasted in the service of this phantom. The horrors of witchcraft were all born of an ignorant belief in the existence of a totally depraved being superior to nature, acting in perfect independence of her laws; and all religious superstition has had for its basis a belief in at least two beings, one good and the other bad, both of whom could arbitrarily change the order of the universe. The history of religion is simply the story of man's efforts in all ages to avoid one of these powers, and to pacify the other. Both powers have inspired little else than abject fear. The cold, calculating sneer of the devil, and the frown of God, were equally terrible. In any event, man's fate was to be arbitrarily fixed forever by an unknown power superior to all law, and to all fact. Until this belief is thrown aside, man must consider himself the slave of phantom masters—neither of whom promise liberty in this world nor in the next.

Man must learn to rely upon himself. Reading Bibles will not protect him from the blasts of winter, but houses, fires, and clothing will. To prevent famine, one plow is worth a million sermons, and even patent medicines will cure more diseases than all the prayers uttered since the beginning of the world.

Although many eminent men have endeavored to harmonize necessity and free will, the existence of evil, and the infinite power and goodness of God, they have succeeded only in producing learned and ingenious failures. Immense efforts have been made to reconcile ideas utterly inconsistent with the facts by which we are surrounded, and all persons who have failed to perceive the pretended reconciliation, have been denounced as infidels, atheists and scoffers. The whole power of the church has been brought to bear against philosophers and scientists in order to compel a denial of the authority of demonstration, and to induce some Judas to betray Reason, one of the saviors of mankind.

During that frightful period known as the "Dark Ages," Faith reigned, with scarcely a rebellious subject. Her temples were "carpeted with knees," and the wealth of nations adorned her countless shrines. The great painters prostituted their genius to immortalize her vagaries, while the poets enshrined them in song. At her bidding, man covered the earth with blood. The scales of Justice were turned with her gold, and for her use were invented all the cunning instruments of pain. She built cathedrals for God, and dungeons for men. She peopled the clouds with angels and the earth with slaves. For centuries the world was retracing its steps—going steadily back towards barbaric night! A few Infidels—a few heretics cried, "Halt!" to the great rabble of ignorant devotion, and made it possible for the genius of the nineteenth century to revolutionize the cruel creeds and superstitions of mankind.

The thoughts of man, in order to be of any real worth, must be free. Under the influence of fear the brain is paralyzed, and instead of bravely solving a problem for itself, tremblingly adopts the solution of another. As long as a majority of men will cringe to the very earth before some petty prince or king, what must be the infinite abjectness of their little souls in the presence of their supposed creator and God? Under such circumstances, what can their thoughts be worth? (Applause.)

The originality of repetition, and the mental vigor of acquiesences, are all that we have any right to expect from the Christian world. As long as every question is answered by the word "God," scientific inquiry is simply impossible. As fast as phenomena are satisfactorily explained the domain of the power, supposed to be superior to nature must decrease, while the horizon of the known must as constantly continue to enlarge.

It is no longer satisfactory to account for the fall and rise of nations by saying, "It is the will of God." Such an ex-

pianation puts ignorance and education upon the exact equality, and does away with the ideal of really accounting for anything whatever. (Applause.)

Will the religionist pretend that the real end of science is to ascertain how and why God acts? Science, from such a standpoint would consist in investigating the law of arbitrary action, and in a grand endeavor to ascertain the rules necessarily obeyed by infinite caprice.

From a philosophical point of view, science is knowledge of the laws of life; of the condition of happiness; of the facts by which we are surrounded, and the relations we sustain to men and things—by means of which, man, so to speak, subjugates nature and bends the elemental powers to his will, making blind force the servant of his brain.

A belief in special providence does away with the spirit of investigation, and is inconsistent with personal efforts. Why should man endeavor to thwart the designs of God? Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature? Under the influence of this belief, man, basking in the sunshine of a delusion, considers the lilies of the field and refuses to take any thought for the morrow. Believing himself in the power of an infinite being, who can, at any moment, dash him to the lowest hell or raise him to the highest heaven, he necessarily abandons the idea of accomplishing anything by his own efforts. As long as this belief was general, the world was filled with ignorance, superstition and misery. The energies of man were wasted in a vain effort to obtain the aid of this power, supposed to be superior to nature. For countless ages, even men were sacrificed upon the altar of this impossible god. To please him, mothers have shed the blood of their own babes; martyrs have chanted triumphant songs in the midst of flames; priests have gorged themselves with blood; nuns have foresworn the ecstacies of love; old men have tremblingly implored; women have sobbed and entreated; every pain has been endured, and every horror has been perpetrated.

Through the dim long years that have fled, humanity has suffered more than can be conceived. Most of the misery has been endured by the weak, the loving and the innocent. Women have been treated like poisonous beasts, and little children trampled upon as though they had been vermin. Numberless altars have been reddened, even with the blood of babes; beautiful girls have been given to slimy serpents; whole races of men doomed to centuries of slavery, and everywhere there has been outrage beyond the power of genius to express. During all these years the suffering have supplicated; the withered lips of famine have prayed; the pale victims have implored, and Heaven has been deaf and blind.

Of what use have the gods been to man?

It is no answer to say that some god created the world, established certain laws, and then turned his attention to other matters, leaving his children weak, ignorant and unaided, to fight the battle of life alone. It is no solution to declare that in some other world this god will render a few, or even all his subjects happy. What right have we to expect that a perfectly wise, good and powerful being will ever do better than he has done, and is doing? The world is filled with imperfections. If it was made by an infinite being, what reason have we for saying that he will render it nearer perfect than it now is? If the infinite "Father" allows a majority of his children to live in ignorance and wretchedness now, what evidence is there that he will ever improve their condition? Will God have more power? Will he become more merciful? Will his love for his poor creatures increase? Can the conduct of infinite wisdom, power and love ever change? Is the infinite capable of any improvement whatever?

We are informed by the clergy that this world is a kind of school; that the evils by which we are surrounded are for the purpose of developing our souls, and that only by suffering can men become pure, strong, virtuous and grand.

Supposing this to be true, what is to become of those who die in infancy? The little children, according to this philosophy, can never be developed. They were so unfortunate as to escape the ennobling influence of pain and misery, and as a consequence, are doomed to an eternity of mental inferiority. If the clergy are right on this question none are so unfortunate as the happy and we should envy only the suffering and distressed. If evil is necessary to the development of man in this life how is it possible for the soul to improve in the perfect joy of paradise? (Applause.)

Since Paley found his watch the argument of "design" has been relied upon as unanswerable. The Church teaches that

this world and all that it contains were created substantially as we now see them; that the grasses the flowers the trees and all animals including man were special creations and, that they sustain no necessary relation to each other. The most orthodox will admit that some earth has been washed into the sea; that the sea has encroached a little upon the land, and that some mountains may be a trifle lower than in the morning of creation. The theory of gradual development was unknown to our fathers; the idea of evolution did not occur to them. Our fathers looked upon the then arrangement of things as the primal arrangement. The earth appears to them fresh from the hands of a deity. They knew nothing of the slow evolutions of countless years, but supposed that the almost infinite variety of vegetable and animal forms had existed from the first.

Suppose that upon some island we should find a man a million years of age, and suppose that we should find him in the possession of a most beautiful carriage, constructed upon the most perfect model. And suppose further, that he should tell us that it was the result of several hundred thousand years of labor and of thought; that for fifty thousand years he used as flat a log as he could find, before it occurred to him, that by splitting the log, he could have the same surface with only half the weight; that it took him many thousand years to invent wheels for this log; that the wheels he first used were solid, and that fifty thousand years of thought suggested the use of spokes and tires; that for many centuries he used the wheels without linch-pins; that it took a hundred thousand years more to think of using four wheels, instead of two; that for ages he walked behind the carriage, when going down hill, in order to hold it back, and that only by a lucky chance he invented the tongue; would we conclude that this man, from the very first, had been an infinitely ingenious and perfect mechanic? Suppose we found him living in an elegant mansion, and he should inform us that he lived in that house for five hundred thousand years before he thought of putting on a roof, and that he had but recently invented windows and doors; would we say that from the beginning he had been an infinitely accomplished and scientific architect. (Applause.)

Does not an improvement in the things created, show the corresponding improvement in the creator?

Would an infinitely wise, good and powerful God, intending to produce man, commence with the lowest possible forms of life; with the simplest organism that can be imagined, and during immeasurable periods of time, slowly and almost imperceptibly improved upon the rude beginning, until man was evolved? Would countless ages thus be wasted in the production of awkward forms, afterward abandoned? Can the intelligence of man discover the least wisdom in covering the earth with crawling, creeping horrors, that live only upon the agonies and pangs of others? Can we see the propriety of so constructing the earth, that only an insignificant portion of its surface is capable of producing an intelligent man? Who can appreciate the mercy of so making the world that all animals devour animals? so that every mouth is a slaughterhouse, and every stomach a tomb? Is it possible to discover infinite intelligence and love in universal and eternal carnage?

What would we think of a father, who should give a farm to his children, and before giving them possession should plant upon it thousands of deadly shrubs and vines; should stock it with ferocious beasts and poisonous reptiles; should take pains to put a few swamps in the neighborhood to breed malaria; should so arrange matters, that the ground would occasionally open and swallow a few of his darlings, and besides all this, should establish a few volcanoes in the immediate vicinity, that might at any moment overwhelm his children with rivers of fire? Suppose that this father neglected to tell his children which of the plants were deadly; that the reptiles were poisonous; failed to say anything about the earthquakes and kept the volcano business a profound secret; would we pronounce him angel or fiend? (Vociferous cheering.)

And yet this is exactly what the orthodox God has done.

According to the theologians, God prepared this globe expressly for the habitation of His loved children, and yet He filled the forest with ferocious beasts; placed serpents in every path; stuffed the world with earthquakes, and adorned its surface with mountains of flame.

Notwithstanding all this, we are told that the world is perfect; that it was created by a perfect being, and is therefore necessarily perfect. The next moment, these same persons will tell us that the world was cursed; covered with

brambles, thistles and thorns, and that man was doomed to disease and death, simply because our poor, dear mother ate an apple contrary to the command of an arbritary God. (Applause.)

A very pious friend of mine, having heard that I had said the world was full of imperfections, asked me if the report was true. Upon being informed that it was, he expressed great surprise that any one could be guilty of such presumption. He said that, in his judgment, it was impossible to point out an imperfection, "Be kind enough," said he, "to name even one improvement that you could make, if you had the power." "Well," said I, "I would make good health catching, instead of disease." The truth is, it is impossible to harmonize all the ills, and pains, and agonies of this world with the idea that we were created by, and are watched over and protected by an infinitely wise, powerful and beneficient God, who is superior to and independent of nature. (Applause.)

The clergy, however, balance all the real ills of this life with the expected joys of the next. We are assured that all is perfection in heaven—there the skies are cloudless—there all is serenity and peace. Here empires may be overthrown; dynasties may be extinguished in blood; millions of slaves may toil 'neath the fierce rays of the sun, and the cruel strokes of the lash; yet all is happiness in heaven. Pestilences may strew the earth with corpses of the loved; the survivors may bend above them in agony—yet the placid bosom of heaven is unruffled. Children may expire vainly asking for bread; babes may be devoured by serpents, while the gods sit smiling in the clouds. The innocent may languish unto death in the obscurity of dungeons; brave men and heroic women may be changed to ashes at the bigot's stake, while heaven is filled with song and joy. Out on the wide sea, in darkness and in storm, the shipwrecked struggle with the cruel waves while the angels play upon their golden harps. The streets of the world are filled with the diseased, the deformed and the helpless; the chambers of pain are crowded with the pale forms of the suffering, while the angels float and fly in the happy realms of day. In heaven they are too happy to have sympathy; too busy singing to aid the imploring and distressed. Their eyes are blinded; their ears are stopped and their hearts are turned to stone by the infinite selfishness of joy. The saved mariner is too happy when he touches the shore to give a moment's thought to his drowning brothers. With the indifference of happiness, with the contempt of bliss, heaven barely glances at the miscries of earth. Cities are devoured by the rushing lava; the earth opens and thousands perish; women raise their clasped hands towards heaven, but the gods are too happy to aid their children. The smiles of the deities are unacquainted with the tears of men. The shouts of heaven drown the sobs of earth.

Having shown how man created gods, and how he became the trembling slave of his own creation, the questions naturally arise: How did he free himself even a little, from these monarchs of the sky, from these despots of the clouds, from the aristocracy of the air? How did he, even to the extent that he has, outgrow his ignorant, abject terror, and throw off the yoke of superstition?

Probably, the first thing that tended to disabuse his mind was the discovery of order, of regularity, of periodicity in the universe. From this he began to suspect that everything did not happen purely with reference to him. He noticed, that whatever he might do, the motions of the planets were always the same; that eclipses were periodical, and that even comets came at certain intervals. This convinced him that eclipses and comets had nothing to do with him, and that his conduct had nothing to do with them. He perceived that they were not caused for his benefit or injury. He thus learned to regard them with admiration instead of fear. He began to suspect that famine was not sent by some enraged and revengeful deity, but resulted often from the neglect and ignorance of man. He learned that diseases were not produced by evil spirits. He found that sickness was occasioned by natural causes, and would be cured by natural means. He demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that prayer is not a medicine. He found by sad experience that his gods were of no practical use, as they never assisted him, except when he was perfectly able to help himself. At least, he began to discover that his individual action had nothing whatever to do with strange appearances in the heavens; that it was impossible for him to be bad enough to cause a whirlwind, or good enough to stop one. After many centuries of thought, he about half concluded that making mouths at a priest would not necessarily cause an earthquake. He noticed, and no doubt with considerable

astonishment, that very good men were occasionally struck by lightning, while very bad ones escaped. He was frequently forced to the painful conclusion (and it is the most painful to which any human being ever was forced) that the right did not always prevail. He noticed that the gods did not interfere in behalf of the weak and innocent. He was now and then astonished by seeing an unbeliever in the enjoyment of most excellent health. He finally ascertained that there could be no possible connection between an unusually severe winter and his failure to give a sheep to a priest. He began to suspect that the order of the universe was not constantly being changed to assist him because he repeated a creed. He observed that some children would steal after having been regularly baptized. He noticed a vast difference between religions and justice, and that the worshipers of the same God took delight in cutting each other's throats. He saw that these religious disputes filled the world with hatred and slavery. At last he had the courage to suspect, that no God at any time interferes with the order of events. He learned a few facts, and these facts positively refused to harmonize with the ignorant superstitions of his fathers. Finding his sacred books incorrect and false in some particulars, his faith in their authenticity began to be shaken; finding his priests ignorant upon some points, he began to lose respect for the cloth. This was the commencement of intellectual freedom. (Applause.)

The civilization of man has increased just to the same extent that religious power has decreased. The intellectual advancement of man depends upon how often he can exchange an old superstition for a new truth. The Church never enabled a human being to make even one of these exchanges; on the contrary, all her power has been used to prevent them. In spite, however, of the Church, man found that some of his religious conceptions were wrong. By reading his Bible, he found that the ideas of his God were more cruel and brutal than those of the most depraved savage. He also discovered that this holy book was filled with ignorance, and that it must have been written by persons wholly unacquainted with the nature of the phenomena by which we are surrounded; and now and then, some man had the goodness and courage to speak his honest thoughts. In every age some thinker, some doubter, some investigator, some hater of hypocrisy, some despiser of sham, some brave lover of the right, has gladly, proudly and heroically braved the ignorant fury of superstition for the sake of man and truth. These divine men were generally torn in pieces by the worshipers of the gods. Socrates was poisoned because he lacked reverence for some of the deities. Christ was crucified by the religious rabble for the crime of blasphemy. Nothing is more gratifying to a religionist than to destroy his enemies at the command of God. Religious persecution springs from a due admixture of love towards God and hatred towards man.

The terrible religious wars that inundated the world with blood tended at least to bring all religion into disgrace and hatred. Thoughtful people began to question the divine origin of a religion that made its believers hold the rights of others in absolute contempt. A few began to compare Christianity with the religions of heathen people, and were forced to admit that the difference was hardly worth dying for. They also found that other nations were even happier and more prosperous than their own. They began to suspect that their religion, after all, was not of much real value. (Applause.)

For three hundred years the Christian world endeavored to rescue from the "Infidel" the empty sepulchre of Christ. For three hundred years the armies of the cross were baffled and beaten by the victorious hosts of an impudent imposter. This immense fact sowed the seeds of distrust throughout all Christendom, and millions began to lose confidence in a God who had been vanquished by Mohammed. The people also found that commerce made friends where religion made enemies, and that religious zeal was utterly incompatible with peace between millions of individuals. They discovered that those who loved the gods most were apt to love men least; that the arrogance of universal forgiveness was amazing; that the most malicious had the effrontery to pray for their enemies, and that humility and tyranny were the fruit of the same tree.

For ages, a deadly conflict has been waged between a few brave men and women of thought and genius upon the one side, and the great ignorant religious mass on the other. This is the war between Science and Faith. The few have appealed to reason, to honor, to law, to freedom to the known, and to happiness here in this world. The many have appealed to prejudice, to fear, to miracle,

to slavery, to the unknown, and to misery hereafter. The few have said, "Think!" The many have said, "Believe!"

The first doubt was the womb and cradle of progress, and from the first doubt, man has continued to advance. Men began to investigate, and the church began to oppose. The astronomer scanned the heavens, while the church branded his grand forehead with the word, "Infidel;" and now, not a glittering star in all the vast expanse bears a Christian name. In spite of all religion, the geologist penetrated the earth, read her history in books of stone, and found hidden within her bosom, souvenirs of all the ages. Old ideas perished in the retort of the chemist, and useful truths took their places. One by one religious conceptions have been placed in the crucible of science, and thus far, nothing but dross has been found. A new world has been discovered by the microscope; everywhere has been found the infinite; in every direction man has investigated and explored, and nowhere, in earth or stars, has been found the footstep of any Being superior to or independent of nature. Nowhere has been discovered the slightest evidence of any interference from without.

These are the sublime truths that enabled man to throw off the yoke of superstition. These are the splendid facts that snatched the sceptre of authority from the hands of priests. (Applause.)

In the vast cemetery, called the past, are most of the religions of men, and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over column and cornice; over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the sombre, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi, the white-armed, and Chrishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Iris no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore, and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs, wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs, have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle, and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danæ lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinia; lost are the voices of the prophets, and the land once flowing with milk and honey, is but a desert waste. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds; one by one, the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their places. The supernatural has almost gone, but the natural remains. The gods have fled, but man is here. (Applause.)

Nations, like individuals, have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay. Religions are the same. The same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods created by the nations must perish with their creators. They were created by men, and like men, they must pass away. The deities of one age are the by-word of the next. The religion of our day, and country, is no more exempt from the sneer of the future than others have been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the sceptre passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece, with her fierce valor, swept to empire, and Zeus put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons and Jove gasped with mailed hand the thunderbolts of heaven. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory, with the red sword of war, carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now Christ sits upon the old throne. Who will be his successor?

Day by day, religious conceptions grow less and less intense. Day by day, the old spirit dies out of book and creed. The burning enthusiasm, the quenchless zeal of the early church have gone, never, never to return. The ceremonies remain, but the ancient faith is fading out of the human heart. The worn-out arguments fail to convince, and denunciations that once blanched the faces of a race, excite in us only derision and disgust. As time rolls on, the miracles grow mean and small, and the evidences our father thought conclusive utterly fail to satisfy us. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain nor the same world. (Applause.)

While utterly discarding all creeds, and denying the truth of all religions, there is neither in my heart nor upon my lips a sneer for the hopeful, loving and tender souls who believe that from all this discord will result a perfect harmony; that every evil will in some mysterious way become a good, and that above and over all there is a Being who, in some way, will reclaim and glorify every one of the children of men; but for those who heartlessly try to prove that salvation is almost impossible; that damnation is almost certain; that the highway of the universe leads to hell, who fill life with fear and death with horror; who curse the cradle and mock the tomb, it is impossible to entertain other than feelings of pity, contempt and scorn.

Reason, Observation and Experience—the Holy Trinity of Science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to, and independent of, nature shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then, let us stand erect.

Notwithstanding the fact that infidels in all ages have battled for the rights of man, and have at all times been the fearless advocates of liberty and justice, we are constantly charged by the Church with tearing down without building again. The Church should by this time know that it is utterly impossible to rob men of their opinions. The history of religious persecution fully establishes the fact that the mind necessarily resists and defies every attempt to control it by violence. The mind necessarily clings to old ideas until prepared for the new. The moment we comprehend the truth all erroneous ideas are of necessity cast aside.

A surgeon once called upon a poor cripple and kindly offered to render him any assistance in his power. The surgeon began to discourse very learnedly upon the nature and origin of disease; of the curative properties of certain medicines; of the advantages of exercises, air and light, and of the various ways in which health and strength could be restored. These remarks were so full of good sense, and discovered so much profound thought and accurate knowledge, the man cried out, "Do not, I pray you, take away my crutches. They are my only support, and without them I should be miserable, indeed." "I am not going," said the surgeon, "to take away your crutches. I am going to cure you, and then you will throw the crutches away yourself."

For the vagaries of the clouds the infidels propose to substitute the realities of the earth; for superstition, the splendid demonstrations and achievements of science; and for theological tyranny, the chainless liberty of thought.

We do not say that we have discovered all; that our doctrines are the all in all in truth. We know of no end to the development of man. We cannot unravel the infinite complications of matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the stars.

We are not endeavoring to chain the future, but to free the present. We are not forging fetters for our children, but we are breaking those our fathers made for us. We are the advocates of inquiry, of investigation and thought. This of itself, is an admission that we are not perfectly satisfied with all our conclusions. Philosophy has not the egotism of faith. While superstition builds walls and creates obstructions, science opens all the highways of thought. We do not pretend to have circumnavigated everything, and to have solved all difficulties, but we do believe that it is better to love men than to fear gods; that it is grander and nobler to think and investigate for yourself than to repeat a creed. We are satisfied that there can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven. We do not expect to accomplish everything in our day; but we want to do what good we can, and to render all the service possible in the holy cause

of human progress. We know that doing away with gods and supernatural persons and powers is not an end. It is a means to an end; the real end being the happiness of man.

Felling forests is not the end of agriculture. Driving pirates from the sea is not all there is of commerce.

We are laying the foundations of a grand temple of the future—not the temple of all the gods, but of all the people—wherein, with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of Humanity. We are doing what little we can to hasten the coming of the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants—gorged indolence and famished industry—truth in rags, and superstition robed and crowned. We are looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable; and when Reason, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the King of Kings, and God of Gods.

Intellectual Development

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In the first place I want to admit that there are a great many good people, quite pious people, who don't agree with me, and all that proves in the world, is, that I don't agree with them. I am not endeavoring to force my ideas or notions upon other people, but I am saying what little I can to induce everybody in the world to grant to every other person every right he claims for himself. (Applause.) I claim, standing under the flag of nature, under the blue and the stars, that I am the peer of any other man, and have the right to think and express my thoughts. (Applause.) I claim in the presence of the Unknown, and upon a subject that nobody knows anything about, and never did, I have as good a right to *guess* as anybody else. (Applause.) The gentlemen who hold views against mine, if they had any evidence, would have no fears—not the slightest. If a man has a diamond that has been examined by the lapidaries of the world, and some ignorant stonecutter tells him that it is nothing but an ordinary rock, he laughs at him; but if it has not been examined by lapidaries, and he is a little suspicious himself that it is not genuine, it makes him mad. (Laughter.) Any doctrine that will not bear investigation is not a fit tenant for the mind of an honest man. (Applause.) Any man who is afraid to have his doctrine investigated is not only a coward but a hypocrite. (Applause.) Now, all I ask is simply an opportunity to say my say. I will give that right to everybody else in the world. I understand that owing to my success in the lecture field several clergymen have taken it into their heads to lecture—some of them, I believe, this evening. (Laughter.) I say all that I claim is the right I give to others, and any man who will not give that right is a dishonest man, no matter what church he may belong to or not belong to—if he does not freely accord to all others the right to think, he is not an honest man. I said some time ago that if there was any being who would eternally damn one of his children for the expression of an honest opinion that he was not a God, but that he was a demon; and from that they have said first, that I did not believe in any God, and secondly, that I called him a demon. If I did not believe in him how could I call him anything? These things hardly hang together. But that makes no difference; I expect to be maligned; I expect to be slandered; I expect to have my reputation blackened by gentlemen who are not fit to blacken my shoes. (Applause.) But letting that pass—I simply believe in liberty; that is my religion; that is the altar where I worship; that is my shrine—that every human being shall have every right that I have—that is my religion. I am going to live up to it and going to say what little I can to make the American people brave enough to give everybody else the rights they have themselves. Can there ever be any progress in this world to amount to anything until we have liberty? The thoughts of a man who is not free are not worth much—not much. A man who thinks with the club of a creed above his

head—a man who thinks casting his eye askance at the flames of Hell, is not apt to have very good thoughts. And for my part, I would not care to have any status or social position even in heaven if I had to admit that I never would have been there only I got scared. When we are frightened we do not think very well. If you want to get at the honest thoughts of a man he must be free. If he is not free you will not get his honest thought. You won't trade with a merchant, if he is free; you won't employ him if he is a lawyer, if he is free; you won't call him if he is a doctor, if he is free; and what are you going to get out of him but hypocrisy? Force will not make thinkers, but hypocrites. A minister told me awhile ago, "Ingersoll," he says, "if you do not believe the Bible you ought not to say so." Says I, "Do you believe the Bible?" He says, "I do." I says, "I don't know whether you do or not; may be you are following the advice you gave me; how shall I know whether you believe it or not?" Now, I shall die without knowing whether that man believed the Bible or not. (Laughter.) There is no way that I can possibly find out, because he said that even if he did not believe it he would not say so. Now, I read, for instance, a book. Now, let us be honest. Suppose that a clergyman and I were on an island—nobody but us two—and I were to read a book, and I honestly believed it untrue, and he asked me about it—what ought I to say? Ought I to say I believed it, and be lying, or ought I to say I did not?—that is the question; and the church can take its choice between honest men, who differ, and hypocrites, who differ, but say they do not—you can have your choice, all of you.* If you give us liberty, you will have in this country a splendid diversity of individuality; but if on the contrary you say men shall think so and so, you will have the sameness of stupid nonsense. In my judgment, it is the duty of every man to think and express his thoughts; but at the same time do not make martyrs of yourselves. Those people that are not willing you should be honest, they are not worth dying for, they are not worth being a martyr for, and if you are afraid you cannot support your wife and children in this town and express your honest thought, why keep it to yourself, but if there is such a man here he is a living certificate of the meanness of the community in which he lives. Go right along, if you are afraid it will take food from the mouths of your dear babes—if you are afraid you cannot clothe your wife and children, go along with them to church, say amen in as near the right place as you can, if you happen to be awake (laughter) and I will do your talking for you. I will say my say, and the time will come when every man in the country will be astonished that there ever was a time that everybody had not the right to speak his honest thoughts. If there is a man here or in this town, preacher or otherwise, who is not willing that I should think and speak, he is just so much nearer a barbarian than I am. Civilization is liberty, slavery barbarism; civilization is intelligence, slavery is ignorance; and if we are any nearer free than were our fathers, it is because we have got better heads and more brains in them—that is the reason. Every man who has invented anything for the use and convenience of man has helped raise his fellow man, and all we have found out of the laws and forces of nature so that we are finally enabled to bring these forces of nature into subjection, to give us better houses, better food, better clothes—these are the real civilizers of our race; and the men who stand up as prophets and predict hell to their fellow man, they are not the civilizers of our race; the men who cut each other's throats because they fell out about baptism—they are not the civilizers of my race—the men who built the inquisitions and put into dungeons all the grand and honest men they could find—they are not the civilizers of my race.

The men who have corrupted the imaginations and hearts of men by their infamous dogma of hell—they are not the civilizers of my race. (Applause.) The men who have been predicting good for mankind, the men who have found some way to get us better homes and better houses and better education, the men who have allowed us to make slaves of the blind forces of nature—they have made this world fit to live in.

I want to prove to you if I can that this is all a question of intellectual development, a question of sense, and the more a man knows the more bigoted he is. The less a man knows the more certain he is that he knows it, and the more a man knows the better satisfied he is that he is entirely ignorant. Great knowledge is philosophic, and little, narrow, contemptible knowledge is bigoted and hateful. I want to prove it to you. I saw a little while ago models of nearly everything man has made for his use—nearly everything. I saw models of

*"These black-coats are the only persons of my acquaintance who resemble the chameleon, in being able to keep one eye directed upwards to heaven, and the other downwards to the good things of this world."—Alex. von Humboldt.

all the water craft; from the rude dug-out in which paddled the naked savage, with his forehead about half as high as his teeth were long (laughter) all the water craft from that dug-out up to a man-of-war that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas —from that rude dug-out to a steamship that turns its brave prow from the port of New York, with three thousand miles of foaming billows before it, and not missing a throb or beat of its mighty iron heart from one shore to the other. I saw there their ideas of weapons, from the rude club, such as was seized by that same barbarian as he emerged from his den in the morning, hunting a snake for his dinner; from that club to the boomerang, to the dagger, to the sword, to the blunderbus, to the old flint-lock, to the cap-lock, to the needle-gun, to the cannon invented by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball weighing two thousand pounds through eighteen inches of solid steel. I saw their ideas of defensive armor, from the turtle-shell which one of these gentlemen lashed upon his breast preparatory to going to war, or the skin of a porcupine, dried with the quills on, that he pulled on his orthodox head (laughter) before he sallied forth. By "orthodox" I mean a man who has quit growing, not simply in religion, but in everything; whenever a man is done, he is orthodox; whenever he thinks he has found out all, he is orthodox; whenever he becomes a drag on the swift care of progress, he is orthodox. I saw their defensive armor, from the turtle-shell and the porcupine skin to the shirts of mail of the middle ages, that defied the edge of the sword and the point of the spear. I saw their ideas of agricultural implements, from the crooked stick that was attached to the horn of an ox by some twisted straw, to the agricultural implements of to-day, that make it possible for a man to cultivate the soil without being an ignoramous. When they had none of these agricultural implements—when they depended upon one crop—they were superstitious, for if the frosts struck one crop they thought the gods were angry with them.

Now, with the implements, machinery and knowledge of mechanics of to-day, people have found out that no one man can be good enough or bad enough to cause a frost. After having found out these things are contrary to the laws of nature, they began to raise more than one kind of crop. If the frost strikes one they have the other; if it happens to strike all in that locality there is a surplus somewhere else, and that surplus is distributed by railways and steamers and by the thousand ways that we have to distribute these things; and as a consequence the agriculturist begins to think and reason, and now for the first time in the history of the world the agriculturist begins to stand upon a level with the mechanic and with the man who has confidence in the laws and facts of nature. (Applause.) I saw there their musical instruments, from the tom-tom (that is a hoop with two strings of rawhide drawn across it) to the instruments we have that make the common air blossom with melody. I saw their ideas of ornaments, from a string of the claws of a wild beast that once ornamented the dusky bosom of some savage belle, to the rubies and sapphires and diamonds with which civilization to-day is familiar. I saw their books, written upon the shoulder blades of sheep, upon the bark of trees, down to the illustrated volumes that are now in the libraries of the world. I saw their ideas of paintings from the rude daubs of yellow mud, to the grand pictures we see in the art galleries of to-day. I saw their ideas of sculpture, from a monster god with several legs, a good many noses, a great many eyes, and one little, contemptible, brainless head, to the sculpture that we have, where the marble is clothed with such personality that it seems almost impudence to touch it without an introduction. I saw all these things, and how men had gradually improved through the generations that are dead. And I saw at the same time a row of men's skulls—skulls from the Bushmen of Australia, skulls from the centre of Africa, skulls from the farthest islands of the Pacific, skulls from this country—from the aborigines of America, skulls of the Aztecs, up to the best skulls, or many of the best of the last generation; and I noticed there was the same difference between the skulls as between the products of the skulls (applause) the same between that skull and that, as between the dug-out and the man-of-war, as between the dug-out and the steamship, as between the tom-tom and an opera of Verdi, as between those ancient agricultural implements and ours, as between that yellow daub and that landscape, as between that stone god and a statue of to-day, and I said to myself, this is a question of Intellectual Development, this is a question of brain. The man has advanced just in proportion as he has mingled his thoughts with his labor, and just in proportion that his brain has gotten into partnership with his hand. Man has advanced just as he has developed intellectually, and no other way. That skull was a low den in which crawled and groped the meaner and baser instincts of mankind, and this was a temple in which

dwelt love, liberty and joy. Why is it that we have advanced in the arts? It is because every incentive has been held out to the world, because we want better clubs or better cannons with which to kill our fellow Christians; we want better music, we want better houses; and any man who will invent them, and any man who will give them to us we will clothe him in gold and glory; we will crown him with honor. That gentleman in his dug-out not only had his ideas of mechanics, but he was a politician. (Laughter.) His idea of politics was, might makes right; and it will take thousands of years before the world will be willing to say that right makes might. That was his idea of politics; and he had another idea—that all power came from the clouds, and that every armed thief that lived upon the honest labor of mankind had had poured out upon his head the divine oil of authority. He didn't believe the power to govern came from the people; he did not believe that the great mass of people had any right whatever, or that the great mass of people could be allowed the liberty of thought—and we have thousands of such to-day. They say thought is dangerous—don't investigate;* don't enquire; just believe; shut your eyes, and then you are safe. You must not hear this man or that man or some other man, or our dear doctrines will be overturned, and we have nobody on our side except a large majority; we have nobody on our side except the wealth and respectability of the world; we have nobody on our side except the infinite God, and we are afraid that one man, in one or two hours, will beat the whole party. (Sensation.) This man (in the dug-out) also had his ideas of religion—that fellow was orthodox (laughter) and any man who differed with him he called an infidel, an atheist, an outcast, and warned everybody against him. He had his religion—he believed in hell; he was glad of it; he enjoyed it; it was a great source of comfort to him to think when he didn't like people that he would have the pleasure of looking over and seeing them squirm upon the gridiron. (Laughter.) When any man said he didn't believe there was a hell this gentleman got up in his pulpit and called a hyena. (Laughter.) That fellow believed in a devil too; that lowest skull was a devil factory—he believed in him. He believed he had a long tail adorned with a fiery dart; he believed he had wings like a bat and had a pleasant habit of breathing sulphur; and he believed he had a cloven foot—such as most of your clergymen think I am blessed with myself. (Laughter.) They are shepherds of the sheep—the people are the sheep—that is all they are—they have to be watched and guarded by these shepherds and protected from the wolf who wants to reason with them—that is the doctrine. Now, all I claim is the same right to improve on that gentleman's politics, as on the dug-out, and the same right to improve upon his religion as upon his plow, or the musical instrument known as the tom-tom—that is all. Now, suppose the King and Priest, if there was one, and there probably was one, as the further you go back the more ignorant you find mankind and the thicker you find these gentlemen—suppose the King and Priest had said: "That boat is the best boat that ever can be built; we got the model of that from Neptune, the god of the seas, and I guess the god of the water knows how to build a boat, and any man that says he can improve it by putting a stick in the middle with a rag on the end of it and has any talk about the wind blowing this way and that, he is a heretic—he is a blasphemer—honor bright—what in your judgment would have been the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe? I think we would have been on the other side yet. (Laughter.) Suppose the King and Priests had said: "That plow is the best that ever can be invented and the model of that was given to a pious farmer in a holy dream, and that twisted straw is the *ne plus ultra* of all twisted things, and any man who says he can out-twist it, we will twist him." (Laughter.) Suppose the King and Priests had said, "That tom-tom is the finest instrument of music in the world—that is the kind of music found in Heaven, an angel sat upon the edge of a glorified cloud playing upon that tom-tom and became so entranced with the music that in a kind of ecstasy she dropped it and that is how we got it, and any man who talks about putting any improvement on that, he is not fit to live."

Let me ask you—do you believe if that had been done the human ears ever would have been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven? All I claim is the same right to improve upon this barbarian's ideas of politics and religion as upon everything else, and whether it is an improvement or not, I have a right to suggest it—that is my doctrine. (Applause.) They say to me, "God will punish you forever, if you do these things." Very well. I will

*"There is no method of reasoning more common, or more blameable, than in philosophical dispute to endeavor the refutation of any hypothesis, by a pretence of its dangerous consequences to religion and morality."—David Hume.

settle with him. I had rather settle with him than anyone of his agents. I do not like them very well. In theology I am a granger—I do not believe in middle-men (sensation); what little business I have with heaven I will attend to myself. (Laughter.) Our fathers thought, just as many now think, that you could force men to think your way and if they failed to do it by reason, they tried it another way. I used to read about it when I was a boy—it did not seem to me that these things were true; it did not seem to me that there ever was such heartless bigotry in the heart of man; but there was and is to-night. I used to read about it—I did not appreciate it. I never appreciated it until I saw the arguments of those gentlemen. They used to use just such arguments as that man in the dug-out would have used to the next man ahead of him. This low miserable skull—this next man was a little higher, and this fellow behind called him a heretic, and the next was still a little higher, and he was called an infidel. And, so it went on through the whole row—always calling the man who was ahead an infidel and a heretic. No man was ever called so who was behind the army of progress. It has always been the man ahead that has been called the heretic. Heresy is the last and best thought always. Heresy extends the hospitability of the brain to a new idea; that is what the rotting says to the growing; that is what the dweller in the swamp says to the man on the sun-lit hill; that is what the man in the darkness cries out to the grand man upon whose forehead is shining the dawn of a grander day; that is what the coffin says to the cradle. Orthodoxy is a kind of shroud, and heresy is a banner—Orthodoxy is a fog and Heresy a star shining forever above the cradle of truth. I do not mean simply in religion, I mean in everything and the idea I wish to impress upon you is that you should keep your minds open to all the influences of nature, you should keep your minds open to reason; hear what a man has to say, and do not let the turtle-shell of bigotry grow above your brain. Give everybody a chance and an opportunity; that is all.

I saw the arguments that those gentlemen have used on each other through all the ages. I saw a little bit of a thumb-screw not more than so long (illustrating) and attached to each end was a screw and the inner surface was trimmed with little protuberances to prevent their slipping; and when some man doubted—when a man had an idea, then those that did not have an idea put the thumb-screw upon him who did He had doubted something. For instance, they told him Christ says you must love your enemies; he says "I do not know about that:" then they said "we will show you!" "Do unto others as you would be done by" they said is the doctrine. He doubted, "we will show you that it *is!*" So they put this screw on; and in the name of universal love and universal forgiveness—"pray for those who despitefully use you," they began screwing these pieces of iron into him—always done in the name of religion—always. It never was done in the name of reason, never was done in the name of science—never. No man was ever persecuted in defense of a truth—never. No man was ever persecuted except in defense of a lie—never. This man had fallen out with them about something; he did not understand it as they did. For instance, he said: "I do not believe there ever was a man whose strength was in his hair." They said: "You don't? We'll show you!" "I do not believe," he says, "that a fish ever swallowed a man to save his life." "You don't? Well, we'll show you!" And so they put this on, and generally the man would recant and say, "well, I'll take it back." Well I think I should. (Laughter.) Such men are not worth dying for. The idea of dying for a man that would tear the flesh of another on account of an honest difference of opinion—such a man is not worth dying for, he is not worth living for, and if I was in a position that I could not send a bullet through his brain, I would recant, I would say: "You write it down and I will sign it—I will admit that there is one God, or a million—suit yourself; one hell or a billion; you just write it—only stop this screw. You are not worth suffering for, you are not worth dying for and I am never going to take the part of any Lord that won't take my part—you just write it down and I'll sign it." But there was now and then a man who would not do that. He said, "No, I believe I am right, and I will die for it," and I suppose we owe what little progress we have made to a few men in all ages of the world who really stood by their convictions. The men who stood by the truth and the men who stood by a fact, they are the men that have helped raise this world (applause) and in every age there has been some sublime and tender soul who was true to his convictions and who really lived to make men better. In every age some men carried the torch of progress and handed it to some other, and it has been carried through all the dark ages of barbarism, and had it not been for such men we would

have been naked and uncivilized to-night, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed on our skins, dancing around some dried snake fetish. When a man would not recant these men in the name of the love of the Lord, screwed them down to the last thread of agony and threw them into some dungeon, where in the throbbing silence of darkness they suffered the pangs of the fabled damned, and this was done in the name of civilization, love and order, and in the name of the most merciful Christ.

There are no thumb-screws now; they are rusting away; but every man in this town who is not willing that another shall do his own thinking and will try to prevent it, has in him the same hellish spirit that made and used that very instrument of torture, and the only reason he does not use it to-day is because he cannot. (Applause.) The reason that I speak here to-night is because they cannot help it. (Applause.)

I saw at the same time a beautiful little instrument for the propagation of kindness, called "The Scavenger's Daughter:"

(The lecturer here described and illustrated the construction of the instrument.)

The victim would be thrown upon that instrument and the strain upon the muscles was such that insanity would sometimes come to his relief. See what we owe to the civilizing influence of the gentlemen who have made a certain idea in metaphysics necessary to salvation—see what we owe to them.

I saw a collar of torture which they put about the neck of their victim, and inside of that there were a hundred points so that the victim could not stir without the skin being punctured with these points, and after a little while the throat would swell and suffocation would end the agony, and they would have that done in the presence of his wife and weeping children. That was all done so that finally everybody would love everybody else as his brother. (Laughter.) I saw a rack. Imagine a wagon with a windlass on each end, and each windlass armed with leather bands, and a ratchet that prevented slipping. The victim was placed upon this. May be he had denied something that some idiot said was true; may be he had a discussion—a division of opinion with a man like John Calvin. John Calvin said Christ was the Eternal Son of God and Michael Servetus said that Christ was the son of the Eternal God. That was the only difference of opinion. Think of it! What an important thing it was! How it would have affected the price of food! "Christ is the Eternal Son of God," said one; "No," said another, "Christ is the Son of the Eternal God"—that was all, and for that difference of opinion Michael Servetus was burned at a slow fire of green wood, and the wind happening to blow the flames from him instead of towards him, he was in the most terrible agony, writhing for minutes and minutes, and hours and hours, and finally he begged and implored those wretches to move him so that the wind would blow the flames against him and destroy him without such hellish agony, but they were so filled with the doctrine of "love your enemies" that they would not do it. (Laughter.) I never will, for my part, depend upon any religion that has ever shed a drop of human blood.*

Upon this rack I have described, this victim was placed, and those chains were attached to his ankles and then to his waist, and clergymen, good men! pious men! men that were shocked at the immorality of their day! they talked about playing cards and the horrible crime of dancing! Oh! how such things shocked them; men going to theatres and seeing a play written by the grandest genius the world ever has produced! how it shocked their sublime and tender souls! but they commenced turning this machine and they kept on turning until the ankles, knees, hips, elbows, shoulders and wrists were all dislocated and the victim was red with the sweat of agony, and they had standing by a physician to feel the pulse, so that the last faint flutter of life would not leave his veins. Did they wish to save his life? Yes. In mercy? No! simply that they might have the pleasure of racking him once again. That is the spirit, and it is a spirit born of the doctrine that there is upon the throne of the universe a being who will eternally damn his children, and they said: "If God is going to have the supreme happiness of burning them forever, certainly he ought not to begrudge to us the joy of burning them for an hour or two." That was their doctrine, and when I read these things it seems to me that I have suffered them myself.

When I look upon those instruments I look upon them as though I had suffered all these tortures myself. It seems to me as though I had stood upon the shore an exile and looked with tear-filled eyes towards home and native land. It seems as

*Speaking of the Inquisition, Prof. Draper says: "With such savage alacrity did it carry out its object of protecting the interests of religion, that between 1480 and 1808 it had punished 340,000 persons, and of these nearly 32,000 had been burnt!" Conflict between Religion and Science. Page 207.

though my nails had been plucked out and into the bleeding flesh needles had been thrust; as though my eye-lids had been torn away and I had been set out in the ardent rays of the sun; as though I had been set out upon the sands of the sea and drowned by the inexorable tide; as though I had been in the dungeon waiting for the coming footsteps of relief; as though I had been upon the scaffold and seen the glittering axe falling upon me; and seen bending above me the white faces of hypocrite priests; as though I had been taken from my wife and children to the public square, where faggots had been piled around me and the flames had climbed around my limbs and scorched my eyes to blindness; as though my ashes had been scattered by all the hands of hatred; and I feel like saying, that while I live I will do what little I can to preserve and augment the rights of men, women and children; while I live I will do a little something so that they who come after me shall have the right to think and express that thought. The trouble is those who oppose us pretend they are better than we are. They are more mortal, they are kinder, they are more generous. I deny it. They are not. And if they are the ones that are to be saved in another world and if those who simply think they are honest and express that honest thought are to be damned, there will be but little originality, to say the least of it, in heaven. (Laughter.) They say they are better than we are—and to show you how much better they are I have got at home copies of some letters that passed between gentlemen high in the church several hundred years ago and the question was this: "Ought we to cut out the tongues of blasphemers before we burn them?" And they finally decided that they ought to do so, and I will tell you the reason they gave. They said if they were not cut out that while they were being burned, they might by their heresies scandalize the gentlemen who would bring the wood (laughter); they were too good to hear these things and they might be injured; and the same idea appears to prevail in this world now that they are too good and they must not be shocked.

They say to us: "You must not shock us, and when you say there is no hell we are shocked. You must not say that." When I go to church and they tell me there is a hell I must not get shocked; and if they tell me that there is not only a hell, but that I am going to it, I must not be shocked. (Laughter.) Even if they take the next step and act as though they would be glad to see me there, still I must not be shocked. I will agree to keep from being shocked as long as anybody in the world—they can say what they please; I will not get shocked, but let me say it. You send missionaries to Turkey and tell them that the Koran is a lie. You shock them. You tell them that Mahomet was not a prophet, you shock them. It is too bad to shock them. You go to India and you tell them that Vishnu was nothing, that Purana was nothing, that Buddha was nobody and your Brahma, he is nothing. Why do you shock these people? You should not do that; you ought not to hurt their feelings. I tell you no man on earth has a right to be shocked at the expression of an honest opinion when it is kindly done, and I don't believe there is any God in the universe who has put a curtain over the fact and made it a crime for the honest hand of investigation to endeavor to draw that curtain. (Applause.)

This world has not been fit to live in fifty years. There is no liberty in it—very little. Why, it is only a few years ago that all the Christian nations were engaged in the slave trade. It was not until 1808, that England abolished the slave trade, and up to that time her priests in her churches, and her judges on her benches, owned stock in slave ships, and luxuriated on the profits of piracy and murder; and when a man stood up and denounced it, they mobbed him as though he had been a common burglar or a horse thief. Think of it! It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that England abolished slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the first day of January, 1862, that Abraham Lincoln by direction of the entire North, wiped that infamy out of this country; and I never speak of Abraham Lincoln but I want to say that he was in my judgment in many respects the grandest man ever President of the United States. I say that upon his tomb there ought to be this line—and I know of no other man deserving it so well as he: "Here lies one who having been clothed with almost absolute power never abused it except on the side of mercy." Just think of it! Our churches and best people, as they call themselves, defending the institution of slavery. When I was a little boy I used to see steamers go down the Mississippi river with hundreds of men and women chained hand to hand, and even children, and men standing about them with whips in their hands and pistols in their pockets in the name of liberty, in the name of civilization and in the name of religion! I used to hear them preach to these

slaves in the South and the only text they took was "Servants be obedient unto your masters." That was the salutation of the most merciful God to a man whose back was bleeding, that was the salutation of the most merciful God to the slave-mother bending over an empty cradle, to the woman from whose breast a child had been stolen—"Servants be obedient unto your masters." That was what they said to a man running for his life and for his liberty through tangled swamps and listening to the baying of blood-hounds, and when he listened for them the voice came from heaven: "Servants be obedient unto your masters." (Laughter and applause.) That is civilization. Think what slaves we have been! Think how we have crouched and cringed before wealth even! How they used to cringe in old times before a man who was rich—there are so many of them gone into bankruptcy lately that we are losing a little of our fear. (Laughter.)

We used to worship the golden calf, and the worst you can say of us now, is, we worship the gold of the calf, and even the calves are beginning to see this distinction. We used to go down on our knees to every man that held office, now he must fill it if he wishes any respect. We care nothing for the rich, except what will they do with their money? Do they benefit mankind? That is the question. You say this man holds an office. How does he fill it?—that is the question. And there is rapidly growing up in the world an aristocracy of heart and brain—the only aristocracy that has a right to exist. (Applause.) We are getting free. We are thinking in every direction. We are investigating with the microscope and the telescope. We are digging into the earth and finding souvenirs of all the ages. We are finding out something about the laws of health and disease. We are adding years to the span of human life and we are making the world fit to live in. That is what we are doing and every man that has an honest thought and expresses it, helps, and every man that tries to keep honest thoughts from being expressed is an obstruction and a hindrance.

Now if men have been slaves what shall we say of women? They have been the slaves of slaves. The meaner a man is, the better he thinks he is than a woman. (Laughter.) As a rule, you take an ignorant, brutal man—don't talk to him about a woman governing him, he don't believe it—not he; and nearly every religion of this world has been gallant enough to account for all the trouble and misfortune we have had by the crime of woman.

Even if it is true, I do not care; I had rather live in a world full of trouble with the woman I love than in heaven with nobody but men. (Laughter and applause.) Nearly every religion accounts for all the trouble we have ever had by the crime of woman. I recollect one book where I read an account of what is called the creation—I am not giving the exact words—I will give the substance of it. The supreme Being thought best to make a world and one man—never thought about making a woman at that time—making a woman was a second thought, and I am free to admit that second thoughts as a rule are best. (Laughter.) He made this world and one man, and put this man in a park, or a garden, or public square, or whatever you might call it, to dress and keep it. The man had nothing to do. He moped around there as though he was waiting for a train. (Laughter.) And the supreme Being noticed that he got lonesome—I am glad he did! It occurred to him that he would make a companion, and having made the world and one man out of nothing, and having used up all the nothing (laughter) he had to take a part of the man to start the woman with—I am not giving the exact language, neither do I say the story is true—I do not know—I would not want to deceive anybody.

So sleep fell upon this man, and they took from his side a rib—the French would call it a cutlet. (Laughter.) And out of that they made a woman, and taking into consideration the amount and quality of the raw material used, I look upon it as the most successful job ever accomplished in this world. (Great laughter and applause.) I am giving just a rough outline of this story. After he got the woman done she was brought to the man—not to see how *she* liked him, but to see how *he* liked her. He liked her and they went to keeping house. Before she was made there was really nothing to do; there was no news, no politics, no religion, not even civil service reform. (Laughter.) And as the devil had not yet put in an appearance there was no chance to conciliate him. (Laughter.) They started in the house-keeping business, and they were told they could do anything they liked except eat an apple. Of course, they ate it. I would have done it myself, I know. I am satisfied I would have had an apple off that tree, if I had been there, in fifteen minutes. (Laughter.) They were caught at it, and they were turned out, and there was an extra police force put on to keep them from coming in again. And then measles, and whooping-cough, and mumps, etc., started in the race of man, roses be-

gan to have thorns and snakes began to have teeth, and people began to fight about religion and politics, and they have been fighting and scratching each other's eyes out from that day to this. (Laughter.)

I read in another book an account of the same transaction. They tell us the Supreme Brahma made up his mind to make a man, a woman, and a world; and that he put this man and woman in the Isle of Ceylon. According to the description, it was the most beautiful isle that ever existed; it beggared the description of a Chicago land agent completely. (Laughter.) It was delightful; the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them they seemed like a thousand Æolian harps, and the man was named Adami, and the woman's name was Heva. This book was written about three or four thousand years before the other one, and all the commentators in this country agree that the story that was written first was copied from the one that was written last. I hope you will not let a matter of three or four thousand years interfere with your ideas on the subject. The Supreme Brahma said: "Let them have a period of courtship, because it is my desire that true love always should precede marriage"—and that was so much better than lugging her up to him and saying, "Do you like her?" that upon my word I said when I read it, "if either one of these stories turn out to be true, I hope it will be this one."

They had a courtship in the starlight and moonlight, and perfume-laden air, with the nightingale singing his song of joy, and they got in love. There was nobody to bother them, no prospective fathers or mothers-in-law, no gossiping neighbors, nobody to say "young man, how do you propose to support her?"—they got in love and they were married, and they started keeping house and the Supreme Brahma said to them: "You must not leave this island." After a while the man got uneasy—wanted to go West. (Laughter.)

He went to the western extremity of the island and there the devil got up, and when he looked over on the mainland he saw such hills and valleys and torrents, and such mountains crowned with snow, such cataracts robed in glory, that he went right back to Heva. Says he: "Come over here; it is a thousand times better"; says he: "let us emigrate." She said, like another woman: "No, let well enough alone; we have no rent to pay, and no taxes; we are doing very well now, let us stay where we are." But he insisted and so she went with him, and when he got to this western extremity where there was a little neck of land leading to this better land he took her on his back and walked over, and the moment he got over he heard a crash, and he looked back and this narrow neck of land had sunk into the sea, leaving here and there a rock (and those rocks are called even unto this day the footsteps of Adami) and when he looked back this beautiful mirage had disappeared. Instead of verdure and flowers there was naught but rocks and sand, and then he heard the voice of the Supreme Brahma crying out cursing them both to the lowest hell, and then it was that Adami said, "Curse me, if you choose, but not her; it was not her fault, it was mine; curse me." That is the kind of a man to start a world with. (Laughter.) And the Supreme Brahma said, "I will spare her, but I will not spare you." Then she spoke out of a breast so full of affection that she had left a legacy of love to all her daughters. "If thou wilt not save him, spare neither me, because I love him." Then the Supreme Brahma said —and I have liked him ever since—"I will spare both and watch over you and your children forever."

Now, really this story appears to me better than the other one. It is loftier; there is more in it that I can admire. In order to show you that humanity does not belong to any particular nation, and that there are great and tender souls everywhere, let me tell you a little more that is in this book.

"Blessed is that man, and beloved of all the Gods who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid." Think of that kind of character! Another, "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love; and where the one man loves the one woman the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy." I think that is nearly equal to this: "If you do not want your wife give her a writing in divorcement," and make the mother of your children a houseless wanderer and a vagrant—nearly as good as that. I believe that marriage should be a perfect partnership; that woman should have all the rights that man has, and one more—the right to be protected. I believe in marriage. It took hundreds and thousands of years for woman to get from a state of abject slavery up to the height even of marriage. I have not the slightest respect for the ideas of those short-haired women and long-haired men (laughter) who denounce the institution of the family, who denounce the institution of marriage; but I hold in greatest contempt the husband who would enslave his wife. I hold in greater contempt the man who is anything

in his familly except love and tenderness, and kindness. (Applause.) I say it took hundreds of years for woman to come from a state of slavery to marriage; and ladies, the chains that were upon your necks and the bracelets that were put upon your arms were iron, and they have been changed by the touch of the wand of civilization to shining, glittering gold. Woman came from a condition of abject slavery and thousands and thousands of them are in that condition now. I believe marriage should be a perfect and equal partnership. I do not like a man who thinks he is boss. The fellow in the dug-out was always talking about being boss. I do not like a man who thinks he is the head of the family. I do not like a man who thinks he has got authority and that the woman belongs to him—that wants for his wife a slave. I would not have a slave for my wife. I would not want the love of a woman that is not great enough, grand enough, and splendid enough to be free. I will never give to any woman my heart upon whom I afterwards would put chains. Do you know sometimes I think generosity is about the only virtue there is. How I do hate a man that has to be begged and importuned every minute for a few cents by his wife. "Give me a dollar?" "What did you do with that fifty cents I gave you last Christmas?" (Laughter.) If you make your wife a perpetual beggar, what kind of children do you expect to raise with a beggar for their mother? If you want great children, if you want to people this world with great and grand men and women they must be born of love and liberty. I have known men that would trust a woman with their heart—if you call that thing, which pushes their blood around, a heart, and with their honor—if you call that fear of getting into the penitentiary, honor—I have known men that would trust that heart and that honor with a woman, but not their pocket-book—not a dollar bill. When I see a man of that kind, I think they know better than I do which of these three articles is the most valuable. (Laughter.) I believe if you have got a dollar in the world and you have got to spend it, spend it like a man; spend it like a king, like a prince. If you have to spend it, spend it as though it was a dried leaf, and you were the owner of unbounded forests. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. (Applause.) What is it worth compared with the love of a splendid woman? People tell me that is a very good doctrine for rich folks, but it won't do for poor folks. I tell you that there is more love in the huts and homes of the poor, than in the mansions of the rich, and the meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for the Gods, and a palace without that, is a den only fit for wild beasts. The man who has the love of one splendid woman is a rich man. Joy is wealth, and love is the legal tender of the soul! Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. to borrower and lender both; and if some men were as ashamed of appearing cross in public as they are of appearing tender at home, this world would be infinitely better. I think you can make your home a heaven if you want to—you can make up your minds to that. When a man comes home let him come home like a ray of light in the night bursting through the doors and illuminating the darkness. What right has a man to assassinate joy and murder happiness in the sanctuary of love—to be a cross man, a peevish man—is that the way he courted? Was there always something ailing him? Was he too nervous to hear her speak? When I see a man of that kind I am always sorry that doctors know so much about preserving life as they do. (Laughter.) It is not necessary to be rich, nor powerful, nor great to be a success; and neither is it necessary to have your name between the putrid lips of rumor to be great. We have had a false standard of success. In the years when I was a little boy we read in our books that no fellow was a success that did not make a fortune or get a big office, and he generally was a man that slept about three hours a night. They never put down in the books the names of those gentlemen that succeeded in life that slept all they wanted to; and we all thought that we could not sleep to exceed three or four hours if we ever expected to be anything in this world. (Laughter.) We have had a wrong standard. The happy man is the successful man; and the man who makes somebody else happy, is a happy man. The man that has gained the love of one good, splendid pure woman, his life has been a success, no matter if he dies in the ditch; and if he gets to be a crowned monarch of the world, and never had the love of one splendid heart, his life has been an ashen vapor.

A little while ago I stood by the tomb of the first Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and here was a great circle, and in the bottom there, in a sarcophagus, rested at last the ashes of that restless man. I looked at that tomb, and I thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. As I looked in imagination I could see him walking up and down the banks of the Seine

contemplating suicide. I could see him at Toulon; I could see him at Paris, putting down the mob; I could see him at the head of the army of Italy; I could see him cross ing the bridge of Lodi, with the tricolor in his hand; I saw him in Egypt, fighting battles under the shadow of the Pyramids; I saw him returning; I saw him conquer the Alps, and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of Italy; I saw him at Marengo, I saw him at Austerlitz; I saw him in Russia where the infantry of the snow and the blast smote his legions, when death rode the icy winds of winter. I saw him at Leipsic; hurled back upon Paris; banished; and I saw him escape from Elba and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him at the field of Waterloo, where fate and chance combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. I saw him at St. Helena with his hands behind his back, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea, and I thought of all the widows he had made, of all the orphans, of all the tears that had been shed for his glory; and I thought of the woman, the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition—and I said to myself, as I gazed, I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, and lived in a little hut with a vine running over the door and the purple grapes growing red in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun—I would rather have been that poor French peasant, to sit in my door, with my wife knitting by my side and my children upon my knees with their arms around my neck—I would rather have lived and died unnoticed and unknown except by those who loved me, and gone down to the voiceless silence of the dreamless dust—I would rather have been that French peasant than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder who covered Europe with blood and tears. (Great applause.)

I tell you I had rather make somebody happy, I would rather have the love of somebody; I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself and daub it with mud, and live there with my wife and children; I had rather go there and live by myself—our little family—and have a little path that led down to the spring, where the water bubbled out day and night like a little poem from the heart of the earth; a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and with the thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning; I would rather live there and have some lattice work across the window, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle; I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free, than to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power and know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy. It is not necessary to be rich and great and powerful in order to be happy. If you will treat your wife like a splendid flower, she will fill your life with a perfume and with joy. I believe in the democracy of the fireside, I believe in the republicanism of home, in the equality of man and woman, in the equality of husband and wife, and for this I am denounced by the sentinels upon the walls of Zion. (Laughter.) They say there must be a head to the family. I say no—equal rights for man and wife, and where there is really love there is liberty, and where the idea of authority comes in you will find that love has spread its pinions and flown forever. It is a splendid thing for me to think that when a woman really loves a man he never grows old in her eyes; she always sees the gallant gentleman that won her hand and heart; and when a man really and truly loves a woman she does not grow old to him; through the wrinkles of years he sees the face he loved and won. That is all there is in this world—all the rest amounts to nothing—it is a tale told by an idiot signifying nothing. You take from the family love, and nothing is left. There must be equality; there must be no master; there must be no servant. There must be equality and kindness. The man should be infinitely tender towards the woman—and why?—because she cannot go at hard work, she cannot make her own living. She has squandered her wealth of beauty and youth upon him.

Now, if women had been slaves, what do you say about children? Children have been the slaves of the slaves of slaves. I know children that turn pale with fright when they hear their mother's voice; children of property, children of crime, children of subcellars; children of the narrow streets, the flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, rude sea of life—my heart goes out to them one and all; I say they have all the rights we have and one more—the right to be protected. I believe in governing children by kindness, by love, by tenderness. If a child commits a fault take it to your arms, let your heart beat against its heart; don't go and talk to it about hell and the bankruptcy of the universe. If your child tells a lie—what of it? Be honest with the child, tell him you have told hundreds of them yourself. (Laughter.) Then your child will not be afraid to tell you when it commits a fault; it will

not regard you as old perfection, until it gets a few years older, and finds you are an old hypocrite—(laughter)—and you cannot put a thick enough veil upon you but what the eyes of childhood will peep through it; they will see; they will find out; and when your child tells a lie, examine yourself, and in all probability you will find you have been a tyrant. A tyrant father will have liars for his children. A liar is born of tyranny on the one hand and fear on the other. Truth comes from the lips of courage. It is born in confidence and honor. If you want a child to tell you the truth you want to be a faithful man yourself. You go at your little child, five or six years old, with a stick in your hand—what is he to do? Tell the truth? Then he will get whipped. What is he to do? I thank mother nature for putting ingenuity in the mind of a little child so that when it is attacked by a brutal parent it throws up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie. That being done by nations it is called strategy (laughter) and many a general wears his honors for having practiced it; and will you deny it to little children to protect themselves from brutal parents? Supposing a man as much larger as we are larger than a child would come at us with a liberty-pole in his hand (prolonged laughter) and would shout in tones of thunder, "Who broke that plate?" Everyone of us —including myself—would just stand right up and swear either that we never saw that plate, or that it was cracked when we got it. (Renewed laughter.) Give a child a chance; there is no other way to have children tell the truth—tell the truth to them—keep your contracts with your children the same as you would to your banker. I was up at Grand Rapids, Michigan, the other day. There was a gentleman there, and his wife, who had promised to take their little boy for a ride every night for ten days, or every day for ten days, but they did not do it. They slipped out to the barn and they went without him. The day before I was there they played the same game on him again. He is a nice little boy, an American boy, a boy with brains, one of those boys that don't take the hatchet-story as a fact; (laughter) he had his own ideas. They fooled him again, and they came around the corner as big as life, man and wife. The little fellow was standing on the door-step with his nurse, and he looked at them, and he made this remark: "There go the two damnedest liars in Grand Rapids." I merely tell you this story to show you that children have level heads; they understand this business. Teach your children to tell you the truth—tell them the truth. If there is one here that ever intends to whip his child I have a favor to ask, have your photograph taken when you are in the act, with your red and vulgar face, your brow corrugated, pretending you would rather be whipped yourself. Have the child's photograph taken too, with his eyes streaming with tears, and his chin dimpled with fear as a little sheet of water struck by a sudden cold wind; and if your child should die I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an afternoon than to go to the graveyard in the autumn, when the maples are clad in pink and gold, when the little scarlet runners come like poems out of the breast of the earth—go there and sit down and look at that photograph and think of the flesh now dust, and how you caused it to writhe in pain and agony. I will tell you what I am doing; I am doing what little I can to save the flesh of children. You have no right to whip them. It is not the way; and yet some Christians drive their children from their doors if they do wrong, especially if it is a sweet, tender girl—I believe there is no instance on record of any veal being given for the return of a girl. (Laughter.) Some Christians drive them from their doors and then go down upon their knees and ask God to take care of their children! I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction. Some Christians act as though they thought when the Lord said, "Suffer little children to come unto me" that he had a rawhide under his mantle—they act as if they thought so. That is all wrong. I tell my children this: Go where you may, commit what crime you may, fall to what depths of degradation you may, I can never shut my arms, my heart or my door to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend; do not be afraid to tell anything wrong you have done; ten to one if I have not done the same thing. I am not perfection, and if it is necessary to sin in order to have sympathy, I am glad I have committed sin enough to have sympathy. The sternness of perfection I do not want. I am going to live so that my children can come to my grave and truthfully say, "He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain." Whether you call that religion or infidelity, suit yourselves; that is the way I intend to do it.

When I was a little fellow most everybody thought that some days were too sacred for the young ones to enjoy themselves in. That was the general idea. Sunday used to commence Saturday night at sundown, under the old text. "The evening and the morn-

ing were the first day." They commenced then, I think, to get a good ready. (Laughter.) When the sun went down Saturday night, darkness ten thousand times deeper than ordinary night fell upon that house. The boy that looked the sickest was regarded as the most pious. (Laughter.) You could not crack hickory nuts that night, and if you were caught chewing gum it was another evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. (Laughter.) It was a very solemn evening. We would sometimes sing "Another day has passed." Everybody looked as though they had the dyspepsia—you know lots of people think they are pious, just because they are bilious, as Mr. Hood says. (Laughter.) It was a solemn night, and the next morning the solemnity had increased. Then we went to Church, and the minister was in a pulpit about twenty feet high. If it was in the winter there was no fire; it was not thought proper to be comfortable while you were thanking the Lord. The minister commenced at firstly and ran up to about twenty-fourthly, and then he divided it up again; and then he made some concluding remarks, and then he said lastly, and when he said lastly he was about half through. (Laughter.) Then we had what we called the catechism—the chief end of man. I think that has a tendency to make a boy kind of bubble up cheerfully. (Smiles.)

We sat along on a bench with our feet about eight inches from the floor. The minister said, "Boys, do you know what becomes of the wicked?" We all answered as cheerfully as grasshoppers singing in Minnesota, "Yes, sir." "Do you know, boys, that you all ought to go to hell?" "Yes, sir." As a final test: "Boys, would you be willing to go to hell if it was God's will?" And every little liar said, "Yes, sir." The dear old minister used to try to impress upon our minds about how long we would stay there after we got there, and he used to say in an awful tone of voice—do you know I think that is what gives them the bronchitis—that tone—you never heard of an auctioneer having it—"Suppose that once in a billion of years a bird were to come from some far, distant clime and carry off in its bill a grain of sand, then the time came when the last animal matter of which this mundane sphere is composed would be carried away," said he, "boys, by that time in hell it would not be sun up." (Laughter.) We had this sermon in the morning and the same one in the afternoon, only he commenced at the other end. Then we started home full of doctrine—we went sadly and solemnly back. If it was in the summer and the weather was good and we had been good boys, they used to take us down to the graveyard, and to cheer us up we had a little conversation about coffins, and shrouds, and worms, and bones, and dust, and I must admit that it did cheer me up when I looked at those sunken graves, those stones, those names, half effaced with the decay of years. I felt cheered, for I said, "This thing can't last always." Then we had to read a good deal. We were not allowed to read joke books or anything of that kind. We read Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Milton's "History of the Waldenses," and Jenkins "On the Atonement." I generally read Jenkins; (laughter) and I have often thought that the atonement ought to be pretty broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man that would write a book like that for a boy. Then we used to go and see how the sun was getting on—when the sun was down the thing was over. I would sit three or four hours reading Jenkins, and then go out and the sun would not have gone down perceptibly. I used to think it stuck there out of simple, pure cussedness. But it went down at last, it had to; which was a part of the plan, and as the last rim of light would sink below the horizon, off would go our hats and we would give three cheers for liberty once again. (Laughter.) I do not believe in making Sunday hateful for children. I believe in allowing them to be happy, and no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make it holier still. (Applause.) There is no God in the heavens that is pleased at the sadness of childhood. You cannot make me believe that. You fill their poor, little, sweet hearts with the fearful doctrines of hell. A little child goes out into the garden; there is a tree covered with a glory of blossoms and the child leans against it, and there is a little bird on the bough singing and and swinging, and the waves of melody run out of its tiny throat, thinking about four little speckled eggs in the nest warmed by the breast of its mate, and the air is filled with perfume, and that little child leans against that tree and thinks about hell and the worm that never dies—think of filling the mind of a child with that infamous dogma!

Where was that doctrine of hell born? Where did it come from? It came from that gentleman in the dug-out; it was a souvenir from the lower animals. I honestly believe that the doctrine of hell was born in the glittering eyes of snakes that run in frightful coils watching for their prey. I believe it was born in the yelping

and howling and growling and snarling of will beasts. I believe it was born in the grin of hyenas and in the malicious chatter of depraved apes. I despise it, I defy it and I hate it; and when the great ship freighted with the world goes down in the night of death, chaos and disaster, I will not be guilty of the ineffable meanness of pushing from my breast my wife and children and paddling off in some orthodox canoe. I will go down with those I love and with those who love me. I will go down with the ship and with my race. I will go where there is sympathy. I will go with those I love. Nothing can make me believe that there is any being that is going to burn and torment and damn his children forever. No, sir! You will never make me believe you can divide the world up into saints and sinners, and that the saints are all going to heaven and the others to hell. I don't believe that you can draw the line. You are sometimes in the presence of a great disaster; there is a fire; at the fourth story window you see the white face of a woman with a child in her arms, and humanity calls out for somebody to go to the rescue through that smoke and flame, maybe death. They don't call for a Baptist, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist, but humanity calls for a *man*. And all at once out steps somebody that nobody ever did think was much, not a very good man, and yet he springs up the ladder and is lost in the smoke, and a moment afterward he emerges and the cruel serpents of fire climb and hiss around his brave form, but he goes on and you see that woman and child in his arms, and you see them come down and they are handed to the bystanders, and he has fainted, maybe, and the crowd stand hushed, as they always do, in the presence of a grand action, and a moment after the air is rent with a cheer. Tell me that that man is going to hell, who is willing to lose his life merely to keep a woman and child from the torment of a moment's flame—tell me that he is going to hell? I tell you that it is a falsehood, and if anybody says so he is mistaken.

I have seen upon the battlefield a boy sixteen years of age struck by the fragment of a shell and life oozing slowly from the ragged lips of his death-wound, and I have heard him and seen him die with a curse upon his lips and he had the face of his mother in his heart. Do you tell me that that boy left that field of battle where he died that the flag of his country might wave forever in the air—do you tell me that he went from that field where he lost his life in defense of the liberties of men to an eternal hell? I tell you it is infamous!—and such a doctrine as that would tarnish the reputation of a hyena and smirch the fair fame of an anaconda. (Laughter.) Let us see whether we are to believe it or not. We had a war a little while ago and there was a draft made and there was many a good Christian hired another fellow to take his place, hired one that was wicked, hired a sinner to go to hell in his place for five hundred dollars! (Laughter.) While if *he* was killed he would go to heaven. Think of that. Think of a man willing to do that for five hundred dollars! I tell you when you come down to it they have got too much heart to believe it; they say they do, but they do not appreciate it. They do not believe it. They would go crazy if they did. They would go insane. If a woman believed it, looking upon her little dimpled darling in the cradle, and said, "Nineteen chances in twenty I am raising fuel for hell," she would go crazy. They don't believe it, and can't believe it. The old doctrine was that the angels in heaven would become happier as they looked upon those in hell. That is not the doctrine now; we have civilized it. That is not the doctrine—what is the doctrine now? The doctrine is that those in heaven can look upon the agonies of those in hell, whether it is a fire or whatever it is, without having the happiness of those in heaven decreased—that is the doctrine. That is preached to-day in every orthodox pulpit in Harrisburg. Let me put one case and I will be through with this branch of the subject. A husband and wife love each other. The husband is a good fellow and the wife a splendid woman. They live and love each other and all at once he is taken sick, and they watch day after day and night after night around his bedside until their property is wasted and finally she has to go to work, and she works through eyes blinded with tears, and the sentinel of love watches at the bedside of her prince, and at the least breath or the least motion she is awake; and she attends him night after night and day after day for years, and finally he dies, and she has him in her arms and covers his wasted face with the tears of agony and love. He is a believer and she is not. He dies and she buries him and puts flowers above his grave, and she goes there in the twilight of evening and she takes her children, and tells her little boys and girls through her tears how brave and how true and how tender their father was, and finally she dies and she goes to hell, because she was not a believer; and he goes to the battlements of heaven and looks over and sees the woman who loved him with all the

wealth of her love, and whose tears made his dead face holy and sacred, and he looks upon her in the agonies of hell without having his happiness diminished in the least. With all due respect to everybody I say, damn any such doctrine as that. (Great sensation.) It is infamous! it never ought to be preached; it never ought to be believed. We ought to be true to our hearts, and the best revelation of the Infinite is the human heart.

Now, I come back to where I started from. They used to think that a certain day was too good for a child to be happy in, so they filled the imagination of this child with these horrors of hell. I said, and I say again, no day can be so sacred but that the laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, oh, weird musician, thy harp, strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral isles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch the skies, with moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering on the vine-clad hills; but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh, the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy; on, rippling river of life, thou art the blessed boundary-line between the beasts and man, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fiend of care; oh, laughter, divine daughter of joy, make dimples enough in the cheeks of the world to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

I am opposed to any religion that makes them melancholy, that makes children sad, and that fills the human heart with shadow.

Give a child a chance. When I was a boy we always went to bed when we were not sleepy, and always got up when we were sleepy. (Laughter.) Let a child commence at which end of the day they please, that is their business; they know more about it than all the doctors in the world. The voice of nature when a man is free, is the voice of right, but when his passions have been dammed up by custom, the moment that is withdrawn, he rushes to some excess. Let him be free from the first. Let your children grow in the free air and they will fill your house with perfume. Do not create a child to be a post set in an orthodox row; raise investigators and thinkers, not disciples and followers; cultivate reason, not faith; cultivate investigation, not superstition; and if you have any doubt yourself about a thing being so, tell them about it; don't tell them the world was made in six days—if you think six days means six good whiles, tell them six good whiles. If you have any doubts about anybody being in a furnace and not being burned, or even getting uncomfortably warm, tell them so—be honest about it. If you look upon the jaw-bone of a donkey as not a good weapon, say so. Give a child a chance. If you think a man never went to sea in a fish, tell them so, it won't make them any worse. Be honest—that is all; don't cram their heads with things that will take them years and years to unlearn; tell them facts—it is just as easy. It is as easy to find out botany, and astronomy, and geology, and history—it is as easy to find out all these things as to cram their minds with things you know nothing about,* and where a child knows what the name of a flower is when it sees it, the name of a bird and all those things, the world becomes interesting everywhere, and they do not pass by the flowers—they are not deaf to all the songs of birds, simply because they are walking along thinking about hell. (Laughter.) I tell you, this is a pretty good world if we only love somebody in it, if we only make somebody happy, if we are only honor bright in it, if we have no fear. That is my doctrine. I like to hear children at the table telling what big things they have seen during the day; I like to hear their merry voices, mingling with the clatter of knives and forks. I had rather hear that than any opera that was ever put on the stage. I hate this idea of authority. I hate dignity. I never saw a dignified man that was not after all an old idiot. Dignity is a mask; a dignified man is afraid that you will know he does not know everything. A man of sense and argument is always willing to admit what he doesn't know—why?—because there is so much that he does know; and that is the first step towards learning anything—willingness to admit what you don't know and when you don't understand a thing, ask—no matter how small and silly it may look to other people—ask, and after that you know. A man never is in a state of mind that he can learn until he gets that dignified nonsense out of him, and so, I say let us treat our children with perfect kindness and tenderness.

Now, then, I believe in absolute intellectual liberty; that a man has a right to think, and think wrong, provided he does the best he can to think right—that is all. I have no

*"We know of no difference between matter and spirit, because we know nothing with certainty about either. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing and can know nothing?"—*Huxley.*

right to say that Mr. Smith shall not think; Mr. Smith has no right to say I shall not think; I have no right to go and pull a clergyman out of his pulpit and say: "You shall not preach that doctrine," but I have just as much right to lie about a clergyman, and with great modesty I claim—and with some timidity that he has no right to slander me—that's all.

I claim that every man and wife are equal, except that she has a right to be protected; that there is nothing like the democracy of the home and the republicanism of the fireside, and that a man should study to make his wife's life one perpetual poem of joy; that there should be nothing but kindness and goodness; and then I say that children should be governed by love, by kindness, by tenderness, and by the sympathy of love, kindness and tenderness. That is the religion I have got, and it is good enough for me whether it suits anybody else in the world or not. I think it is altogether more important to love my children than the twelve apostles—that is my doctrine. I may be wrong, but that is it. I think more of the living than I do of the dead. This world is for the living. The grave is not a throne, and a corpse is not a king. The living have a right to control this world. I think a good deal more of to-day than I do of yesterday, and I think more of to-morrow than I do of this day; because, it is nearly gone—that is the way I feel, and this is my creed. The time to be happy is now; the way to be happy is to make somebody else happy; and the place to be happy is here. I never will consent to drink skim milk here with the promise of cream somewhere else. (Laughter.)

Now, my friends, I have some excuses to offer for the race to which I belong.

In the first place, this world is not very well adapted to raising good people; there is but one-quarter of it land to start with; it is three times as well adapted to fish-culture as it is to man, and of that one-quarter there is but a small belt where they can raise men of genius. There is one strip from which all the men and women of genius come. When you go too far north you find no brain; when you go too far south you find no genius, and there never has been a high degree of civilization except where there is winter. I say that winter is the father and mother of the fireside, the family of nations; and around that fireside blossom the fruits of our race. In a country where they don't need any bed-clothes except the clouds, revolution is the normal condition—not much civilization there. When in the winter I go by a house where the curtain is a little bit drawn, and I look in there and see children poking the fire and wishing they had as many dollars or knives or something else as there are sparks; when I see the old man smoking and the smoke curling above his head, like incense from the altar of domestic peace, the other children reading or doing something, and the old lady with her needle and shears—I never pass such a scene that I do not feel a little ache of joy in my heart. A while ago they were talking about annexing Santo Domingo. They said it was the finest soil in the world, and so on. Says I, "It don't raise the right kind of food; you take five thousand of the best people in the world and let them settle there and you will see the second generation barefooted, with their hair sticking out of the top of their sombreros; you will see them riding bare-backed, with a rooster under each arm, going to a cock-fight on Sunday. (Laughter.) That is one excuse I have.

Another is, I think we came from the lower animals. I am not dead sure of it. On that question I stand about eight to seven. (Laughter.) If there is nothing of the snake, or hyena, or jackal in man, why would he cut his brother's throat for a difference of belief? Why would he build dungeons and burn the flesh of his brother man with red-hot irons? I think we came from the lower animals. When I first heard that doctrine I did not like it. I felt sorry for our English friends, who would have to trace their pedigree back to the Duke of Ourang-outang, or the Earl of Chimpanzee. But I have read so much about rudimentary bones and rudimentary muscles that I began to doubt about it. Says I: "What do you mean by rudimentary muscles?" They say: "A muscle that has gone into bankruptcy—" "Was it a large muscle?" "Yes." "What did our forefathers use it for?" They say: "To flap their ears with." After I found that out I was astonished to find that they had become rudimentary; I know so many people for whom it would be handy to-day, so many people where that would have been on an exact level with their intellectual development. (Laughter.) So after awhile I began to like it, and says I to myself: "You have got to come to it." I thought after all I had rather belong to a race of people that came from skulless vertebræ in the dim Laurentian period, that wiggled without knowing they were wiggling, that began to develop and came up by a gradual development until they struck this gentleman in the dug-out coming up slowly—up—up—up—until, for instance, they produced such a man as Shakespeare—he who harvested all the fields of dramatic thought, and

after whom all others have been only gleaners of straw, he who found the human intellect dwelling in a hut, touched it with the wand of his genius and it became a palace—producing him and hundreds of others I might mention—with the angels of progress leaning over the far horizon beckoning this race of work and thought—I had rather belong to a race commencing at the skulless vertebræ producing the gentleman in the dug-out and so on up, than to have descended from a perfect pair, upon which the Lord has lost money from that day to this. (Laughter.) I had rather belong to a race that is going up than to one that is going down. I would rather belong to one that commenced at the skulless vertebræ and started for perfection, than to belong to one that started from perfection and started for the skulless vertebræ. These are the excuses I have for my race, and taking everything into consideration, I think we have done extremely well.

Let us have more liberty and free thought. Free thought will give us truth. It is too early in the history of the world to write a creed. Our fathers were intellectual slaves; our fathers were intellectual serfs. There never has been a free generation on the globe. Every creed you have got bears the mark of whip, and chain, and fagot. There has been no creed written by a free brain. Wait until we have had two or three generations of liberty and it will then be time enough to seize the swift horse of progress by the bridle and say—thus far and no farther; and in the meantime let us be kind to each other. We are all travelers on the great plain we call life and there is nobody quite sure what road to take—not just dead sure, you know. There are lots of guide-boards on the plain and you find thousands of people swearing to-day that their guide-board is the only board that shows the right direction. I go and talk to them and they say: "You go that way, or you will be damned." I go to another and they say: "You go this way, or you will be damned." I find them all fighting and quarreling and beating each other, and then I say: "Let us cut down all these guide-boards." "What," they say, "leave us without any guide-boards?" I say: "Yes. Let every man take the road he thinks is right; and let everybody else wish him a happy journey; let us part friends." I say to you to-night, my friends, that I have no malice upon this subject—not a particle; I simply wish to express my thoughts. The world has grown better just in proportion as it is happier; the world has grown better just in proportion as it has lost superstition; the world has grown better just in the proportion that the sacerdotal class has lost its influence—just exactly; the world has grown better just in proportion that secular ideas have taken possession of the world. The world has grown better just in proportion that it has ceased talking about the visions of the clouds, and talked about the realities of the earth. The world has grown better just in the proportion that it has grown free, and I want to do what little I can in my feeble way to add another flame to the torch of progress. I do not know, of course, what will come, but if I have said anything to-night that will make a husband love his wife better, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will make a wife love her husband better, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will add one more ray of joy to life, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will save the tender flesh of a child from a blow, I am satisfied; if I have said anything that will make us more willing to extend to others the right we claim for ourselves, I am satisfied. I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of the years to be; we are just on the edge of the great ocean of discovery. I do not know what is to be discovered; I do not know what science will do for us. I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read all the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunderbolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under the waves of the sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that science broke the chains from human limbs and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that we have made the attraction of gravitation work for us; we have made the lightnings our messengers; we have taken advantage of fire and flames and wind and sea; these slaves have no backs to be whipped; they have no hearts to be lacerated; they have no children to be stolen, no cradles to be violated. I know that science has given us better houses; I know it has given us better pictures and better books; I know it has given us better wives and better husbands, and more beautiful children. I know it has enriched a thousand-fold our lives; and for that reason I am in favor of intellectual liberty. I know not, I say, what discoveries may lead the world to glory; but I do know

that from the infinite sea of the future never a greater or grander blessing will strike this bank and shoal of time, than liberty for man, woman and child.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have delivered this lecture a great many times; clergymen have attended, and editors of religious newspapers, and they have gone away and written in their papers and declared in their pulpits that in this lecture I advocated universal adultery; they have gone away and said it was obscene and disgusting. Between me and my clerical maligners, between me and my religious slanderers, I leave you, ladies and gentlemen, to judge.

Human Rights

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I suppose that man, from the most grotesque savage up to Heckle, has had a philosophy by which he endeavored to account for all the phenomena of nature he may have observed. From that mankind may have got their ideas of right and wrong. Now, where there are no rights there can be no duties. Let us always remember that only as man becomes free can he by any possibility become good or great. As I said, every savage has had his philosophy, and by it accounted for every thing he observed. He had an idea of rain and rainbow, and he had an idea of a controlling power. One said there is a Being who presides over our world, and who will destroy us unless we do right. Others had many of these beings, but they were invariably like themselves. The most fruitful imaginations cannot make more than a man, though it may make infinite powers and attributes out of the powers and attributes of man. You can't build a God unless you start with a human being. The savage said, when there was a storm, "Somebody is angry." When lightning leaped from the lurid cloud, he thought, "What have I been doing?" and when he couldn't think of any wrong he had been doing, he tried to think of some wrong his neighbors had been doing.

I may as well state here that I believe man has come up from the lowest orders of creation, and may have not come up very far, still, I believe we are doing very well, considering.

But, speaking of man's early philosophy, his morality was founded first on self-defense. When gathered together in tribes, he held that this Infinite Being would hold the tribe responsible for the actions of any individual who had angered Him. They imagined this Being got angry. Just imagine the serenity of an Infinite Being being disturbed and a God breaking into a passion because some poor wretch had neglected to bring two turtle-doves to a priest!

Then they sought out this poor offending individual, to punish him and appease the wrath of this Being. And here commenced religious persecution.

Now, I do not say there is no God, but what I do say is that I do not know. The only difference between me and the theologian is that I am honest. There may or there may not be an infinite Being, but I do not know it, and until I do I cannot conceive of any obedience I owe to any unknown being.

As soon as men began to imagine they would be held responsible for the act of any other person, came then necessity for some one to teach them how to keep from offending the Being. Some called him medicine-man, some called him priest, now, we call him theologian. These men set out to teach men how to keep from offending this Being, and they laid down certain laws to regulate the conduct of men. First of all it was necessary to believe in this Power. To disbelieve in Him was the worst offense of all. To have some human being, dressed in the skin of a wild beast, deny the existence of this Infinite Being, was more than the Infinite Being could stand. The first thing, therefore, was to believe in this power, the next to support this gentleman standing between you and the supreme wrath. These gentlemen were the lobbyists with the Power, and sometimes succeeded in getting the veto used in favor of their clients.

For ages, as mankind slowly came through the savage state, the world was

filled with infinite fear. They accounted for everything bad that happened as the wrath of this Supreme Being. But they went from savagery to barbarism—a step in improvement—and then began to build temples to, and make images of, this Being. Then man began to believe he could influence this Being by prayer, by getting on his knees to the image he had made.

Nothing, I suppose astonishes a missionary more than to see a savage in Central Africa on his knees before a stone praying for luck in hunting or in fighting. And yet it strikes me—we have our army Chaplains before a battle praying for the success of our side. They don't pray for assistance if our cause is just, but they pray, "Lord, help us!" I can't see the difference between the two.

But there is this said in favor of prayer that, whether successful or not, it is a sort of intellectual exercise. Like a man trying to lift himself, he may not succeed, but he gets a good deal of exercise.

But as man proceeds, he begins to help himself and to take advantage of mechanical powers to assist him, and he begins to see he can help himself a little, and exactly in the proportion he helps himself he comes less to rely on the power of priest or prayer to help him. Just to the extent we are helpless, to that extent do we rely upon the unknown.

As religion developed itself, keeping pace with the belief in theology, came the belief on demonology. They gave one Being the credit of doing all the good things, and must give some one credit for the bad things, and so they created a devil. At one time it was as disreputable to deny the existence of a devil as to deny the existence of a God; to deny the existence of a hell, with its fire and brimstone, as to deny the existence of a heaven with its harp and love.

With the development of religion came the idea that no man should be allowed to bring the wrath of God on a nation by his transgressions, and this idea permeates the Christian world to-day. Now, what does this prove? Simply that your religion is founded on fear, and when you are afraid you cannot think. Fear drops on its knees and believes. It is only courage that can think.

It was the idea that man's actions could do something, outside of any effect his mechanical works might have, to change the order of nature; that he might commit some offense to bring on an earthquake—but he can't do it. You can't be bad enough to cause an earthquake; neither can you be good enough to stop one. Out of that wretched doctrine and infamous mistake that man's belief could have any effect upon nature grew all these inquisitions, racks and collars of torture, and all the blood that was ever shed by religious persecution.

In Europe the country was divided between kings and priests. The king held that he got his power from the Unknown; so did the priests. They could not say that they got it from the people. The people would deny it; the Unknown could not deny it. And thus the altar and throne stand side by side. And Republicanism was a thing unknown.

It has been said that the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country to establish religious liberty. They did no such thing. They were not in favor of it. They came with the Testament in their hands; and with it they could have no idea of religious liberty! When they had established thirteen colonies here, and had struggled for and obtained their independence, they established federal government. But did they seek religious liberty? No! When they formed a federal government each church and each colony was jealous of the other. They said to the general government, "You can't have any religion in the Constitution," but each state could make its own religion; and they made them.

Here the speaker read copious extracts from the statutes of the different states in reference to the qualifications for the exercise of citizenship—the religious belief necessary—and on concluding asked: "Had they (the members who drew up these state constitutions) any idea of religious liberty?"

Continuing, he said: "Now, my friends, there's a party started in this country with the object of giving every man, woman and child the rights they are entitled to. Now, every one of us has the same rights. I have the right to labor and to have the products of my labor. I have the right to think; and, furthermore, to express my thoughts, because expression is the reward of my intellectual labor. And yet in the United States there are states where men of my ideas would not be allowed to testify in a court of justice. Is that right? There are states in this country where, if the law had been enforced, I would have been sent to the penitentiary for lecturing. All such laws were

enacted by barbarians; and our country will not be free until they are wiped from the statute books of every state.

Does an Infinite Being need to be protected by a state legislature? If the Bible is inspired, does the Author of it need the support of the law to command respect? We don't need any law to make mankind respect Shakespeare. We come to the altar of that great man and cover it with our gratitude without a statute. Think of a law to govern tastes! Think of a law to govern mind, or any question whatever! Think of the way in which they have supported the Bible! They've terrorized the old with laws, and captured the dear, little innocent children and poisoned their minds with their false stories, until when they have reached the age of manhood they have been afraid to think for themselves. Let us see what the laws are now by which they guard their Bible and their God.

(Here the speaker read extracts from statutes from several states in reference to blasphemy and profanation of the Sabbath, commenting on each as he ran them through.)

Pursuing the thread of his discourse, he said: Every American should see to it that all these laws are done away with, once and forever.

There has been a reaction of late years. This country has begun to be prosperous. We don't think much of religion; 'tis only when hard times come we turn our attention toward it. There are people in this country who say we are getting too irreligious—too scientific. Now, is it not a fact that we are happier to-day than at any period of our history? You live in a great country—though perhaps you do not know it. But live in any other country for a while, and you'll find it out. See, then, what we've got by looking a little to the affairs of the world!

The Bible can't stand to-day without the support of the civil power. No religion ever flourished except by the support of the sword, and no religion like this could have been established except by brute force.

At one time we thought a great deal of clergymen, but now we have got to thinking they ain't of as much importance as a man that has invented something. The Church, seeing this, has made up its mind that it is necessary to do something; and so got up a plan to be acknowledged by law. Here's what they wish to do: (Here the speaker read some extracts from the constitution of the National Reform Association.) Continuing, he said:

Our fathers, in 1776, building better than they knew, retired the gods from politics. I do not believe Jesus Christ is the ruler of nations. If He is the ruler of one, He is the ruler of all. Why does He not, then, rule one as well as another? If you give Him credit for the good things of one, you must denounce Him for the tyranny and despotism of others. The revealed Word of God is not the standing of civil justice in this country! The Bible is not the standard of the right and wrong, or of decency, in this country.

You can't put God in the Constitution, because, if you do, there would be no room for the folks. Whatever you put in the Constitution you must enforce by the sword—and you can't go to war with any man for not believing in your God. God has no business there; and any man who is in favor of putting him there is an enemy to the interests of American institutions.

Now, for the purpose of preventing the name of God being put into the Constitution, there's another little party which has been started, and these are its doctrines: We want an absolute divorce between Church and State. We demand that Church property should not be exempt from taxation. If you are going to exempt anything, exempt the homesteads of the poor. Don't exempt a rich corporation, and make men pay taxes to support a religion in which they do not believe. But they say churches do good. I don't know whether they do or not. Do you see such a wonderful difference between a member of a church and the man who does not believe in it? Do church members pay their debts any better than any others? Do they treat their families any better? Did you ever hear of any man coming into a town broke and inquire where the Deacon of a Presbyterian Church lived? Has not the church opposed every science from the first ray of light until now? Didn't they damn into eternal flames the man who discovered the world was round? Didn't they damn into eternal flames the man who discovered the movement of the earth in its orbit? Didn't they persecute the astronomers? Didn't they even try to put down life insurance by saying it was sinful to bet on the time God has given you to live? Science built the Academy, superstition the Inquisition. Science constructed the telescope, religion the rack; science made us happy here, and says if there's another life we'll all stand an equal chance there; religion made us mis-

erable here, and says a large majority will be eternally miserable there. Should we, therefore, exempt it from taxation for any good it has done?

The next thing we ask is a perfect divorce between church and school. We say that every school should be secular because it's just to everybody. If I were an Israelite I wouldn't want to be taxed to have my children taught that his ancestors had murdered a Supreme Being. Let us teach, not the doctrines of the past, but the discoveries of the present; not the five points of Calvinism, but geology and geography. Education is the lever to raise mankind, and superstition is the enemy of intelligence.

We demand, next, that woman shall be put upon an equality with man. Why not? Why shouldn't men be decent enough in the management of the politics of the country for women to mingle with them? It is an outrage that any one should live in this country for sixty or seventy years and be forced to obey the laws without having any voice in making them. Let us give woman the opportunity to care for herself, since men are not decent enough to seek to care for her. The time will come when we'll treat a woman that works and takes care of two or three children as well as a woman dressed in diamonds who does nothing. The time will come when we'll not tell our domestic we expect to meet her in heaven, and yet not be willing to have her speak to us in the drawing-room.

Ignorance is a poor pedestal to set virtue upon and mock-modesty should not have the right to prevent people from knowing themselves. Every child, has a right to be well-born, and ignorance has no right to people the world with scrofula and consumption. When we come to the conclusion that God is not taking care of us and that we have to take care of ourselves, then we'll begin to have something in the world worth living for.

I would wish there was seated upon the throne of the universe one who would see to it that justice did always prevail. I do not propose to give up the little world I live in for the unknown.

I would wish that the friends who bid us "good night" in this world might meet us with "good morning" there. Just as long as we love one another we'll hope for another world; just as long as love kisses the lips of death will we believe and hope for a future reunion. I would not take one hope away from the human heart or one joy from the human soul, but I hold in contempt the gentlemen who keep heaven on sale; I look with contempt on him who keeps it on draught; I look with pitying contempt on him who endeavors to prohibit honest thought by promising a reward in another world. If there is another world we'll find when we come there that no one has done enough good to be eternally rewarded, no one has done enough harm to meet with unending, eternal pain and agony. We'll find that there is no Being that ever hindered a man from exercising his reason. Now, while we are here, no matter what happens to us hereafter, let us cultivate strength of heart and brain to stand the inevitable. No creed can help you there. When the heart is touched with agony nothing but time can heal it.

I want, if I can, to do a little to increase the rights of men, to put every human being on an equality, to sweep away the clouds of superstition, to make people think more of what happens today than what somebody said happened 3,000 years ago. This is all I want: To do what little I can to clutch one-seventh of our time from superstition, to give our Sundays to rest and recreation. I want a day of enjoyment, a day to read old books, to meet old friends, and get acquainted with one's wife and children. I want a day to gather strength to meet the toils of the next. I want to get that day away from the church, away from superstition and the contemplation of hell, to be the best and sweetest and brightest of all the days in the week. The best way to make a day sacred is to fill it up with useful labor. That day is best on which most good is done for the human race. I hope to see the time when we'll have a day for the opera, the play—good plays—for they do good. You never saw the villain foiled in a play where the audience did not applaud. You never saw them applaud when the rascal was successful in his villainy. If you could go to a theater and see put upon the stage the scenes of the Old Testament, with its butcheries and rapes and deeds of violence, you would detest it all the day of your life. I'd like to have every horror of the Old Testament set on this stage, to have somebody represent the Being as He is represented there, giving His brutal orders, and let the orthodox see their God as He really is.

I want to have us all do what little we can to secularize this Government—take it from the control of savagery and give it

to science, take it from the Government of the past and give it to the enlightened present, and in this Government let us uphold every man and woman in their rights, that every one, after he or she comes to the age of discretion, may have a voice in the affairs of the nation. Do this, and we'll grow in grandeur and splendor every day, and the time will come when every man and every woman shall have the same rights as every other man and every other woman has. I believe we are growing better. I don't believe the wail of want shall be heard forever: that the prison and the gallows will always curse the ground. The time will come when liberty and law and love, like the rings of Saturn, will surround the world; when the world will cease making these mistakes; when every man will be judged according to his worth and intelligence. I want to do all I can to hasten that day.

Hereafter

My Friends: I tell you to-night, as I have probably told many of you dozens of times, that the orthodox doctrine of eternal punishment in the hereafter is an infamous one! I have no respect for the man who preaches it, or pretends to you he believes it. Neither have I any respect for the man who will pollute the imagination of innocent childhood with that infamous lie! And I have no respect for the man who will deliberately add to the sorrows of this world with this terrible dogma; no respect for the man who endeavors to put that infinite cloud and shadow over the heart of humanity. I will be frank with you and say, I hate the doctrine; I despise it; I defy it; I loathe it—and what man of sense does not? (Applause.) The idea of a hell was born of revenge and brutality on the one side and arrant cowardice on the other. In my judgment the American people are too brave, too generous, too magnanimous, too humane to believe in that outrageous doctrine of eternal damnation. (Applause.)

For a great many years the learned intellects of Christendom have been examining into the religions of other countries and other ages, in the world—the religions of the myriads who have passed away. They examined into the religions of Egypt, the religions of Greece, that of Rome and the Scandinavian countries. In the presence of the ruins of those religions, the learned men of Christendom insisted that those religions were baseless, false and fraudulent. But they have all passed away.

Now, while this examination was being made, the Christianity of our day applauded, and when the learned men got through with the religions of other countries, they turned their attention to our religion, and by the same methods, by the same mode of reasoning and the same arrangements that they used with the old religions they were overturning the religion of our day. How is that? Because every religion in this world is the work of man. Every book that was ever written was written by man. Man existed before books. If otherwise, we might reasonably admit that there was such a thing as a sacred Bible. (Applause.)

I wish to call your attention to another thing. Man never had an original idea, and he never will have one, except it be supplied to him by his surroundings. Nature gave man every idea that he ever had in the world; and nature will continue to give man his ideals as long as he exists. No man can conceive of anything, the hint of which he had not received from the surroundings. And there is nothing on this earth, coming from any other sphere whatever.

As I have before said, man has produced every religion in the world. Why is that? Because each generation sends forth the knowledge and belief of the people at the time it was made. Barbarians have produced barbarian religions, and always will produce them. They have produced and always will produce, ideas and belief in harmony with their surroundings, and all the religions of the past were produced by barbarians. We are making religions every day; that is to say, we are constantly changing them, adapting them to our purposes, and the religion of to-day is not the

religion of a few months or a year ago. Well, what changes these religions? Science does it; education does it; the growing heart of man does it. Some men have nothing else to do but produce religions; science is constantly changing them. If we are cursed with such barbarian religions to-day—for our religions are really barbarous—what will they be a hundred or a thousand years hence? (Applause.)

But friends, we are making inroads upon orthodoxy that orthodox Christians are painfully aware of, and what think you will be left of their fearful doctrines fifty or a hundred years from to-night? What will become of their endless Hell—their doctrine of the future anguish of the soul; their doctrine of the eternal burning and never-ending gnashing of teeth. Man will discard the idea of such a future—because there is now a growing belief in the justice of a Supreme Being. (Applause.)

Do you not know that every religion in the world has declared every other religion a fraud? Yes, we all know it. That is the time all religions tell the truth—each of the other. (Laughter.)

Now, do you want to know why this is? Suppose Mr. Johnson should tell Mr. Jones that he saw a corpse rise from the grave and that when he first saw it, it was covered with loathsome worms, and that while he was looking at it, it was suddenly reclothed in healthy, beautiful flesh. And then, suppose Jones should say to Johnson, "Well, now, I saw that same thing myself. I was in a graveyard once, and I saw a dead man rise and walk away as if nothing had ever happened to him!" Johnson opens wide his eyes and says to Jones, "Jones, you are a confounded liar!" And Jones says to Johnson, "You are an unmitigated liar!" "No, I'm not; you lie yourself!" "No! I say *you* lie!" Each man knew the other lied, because each man knew he lied himself. Thus when a man says, "I was upon Mount Sinai for the benefit of my health, and there I met God, who said to me, 'Stand aside, you, and let me drown these people'"; and the other man says to him: "I was upon a mountain, and there I met the Supreme Brahma." And Moses steps in and says, "That is not true!" and contends that the other man never did see Brahma, and the other man swears that Moses never saw God; and each man first utters a deliberate falsehood, and immediately after speaks truth.

Therefore, each religion has charged every other religion with having been an unmitigated fraud. Still, if any man had ever seen a miracle himself, he would be prepared to believe that another man had seen the same or a similar thing. Whenever a man claims to have been cognizant of, or to have seen a miracle, he either utters a falsehood, or he is an idiot. Truth relies upon the unerring course of the laws of nature, and upon reason. (Applause.)

Observe, we have a religion—that is, many people have. I make no pretensions to having a religion myself—possibly you do not. I believe in living for this beautiful world—in living for the present, to-day; living for this very hour, and while I do live to make everybody happy that I can. I cannot afford to squander my short life—and what little talent I am blessed with—in studying up and projecting schemes to avoid that seething lake of fire and brimstone. Let the future take care of itself, and when I am required to pass over "onto the other side," I am ready and willing to stand my chances with you howling Christians.

We have in this country a religion which men have preached for about eighteen hundred years, and men have grown wicked just in proportion as their belief in that religion has grown strong; and just in proportion as they have ceased to believe in it, men have become just, humane and charitable. And if they believe in it to-night as they believed it for instance at the time of the immaculate Puritan fathers, I would not be permitted to talk here in the city of New York. It is from the coldness and infidelity of the churches that I get my right to preach; and I thank them for it, and I say it to their credit. (Laughter.)

As I have said, we have a religion. What is it? In the first place, they say this vast universe was created by a God. I don't know, and you don't know, whether it was or not. Also, if it had not been for the first sin of Adam, they say there would never have been any Devil, there would have been no sin, and if no sin, no death. As for myself I am glad there is death in the world, for that gives me a chance. (Laughter.) Somebody has to die to give me room, and when my turn comes I am willing to let some one else take my place. But if there is a Being who gave me this life, I thank him from the bottom of my heart—because this life has been a joy and a pleasure to me. Further, because of this first sin of Adam, they say all men are consigned to eternal perdition! But, in order to save man from that frightful Hell of the hereafter, Christ came to this world and took upon himself flesh, and in order that we

might know the road to eternal salvation, He gave us a book called the Bible; and wherever that Bible has been read, people have immediately commenced throttling each other; and wherever that Bible has been circulated they have invented inquisitions and instruments of torture and commenced hating each other with all their hearts. Then we are told that this Bible is the foundation of civilization, but I say it is the foundation of Hell and damnation! and we never shall get rid of that dogma until we get rid of the idea that the book is inspired. Now, what does the Bible teach? I am not going to ask this preacher or that preacher what the Bible teaches; but the question is, "Ought a man to be sent to an eternal Hell for not believing this Bible to be the work of a merciful God?" A very few people read it now; perhaps they should read it, and perhaps not; if I wanted to believe it, I should never read a word of it—never look upon its pages. I would let it lie on its shelf until it rotted! Still, perhaps we ought to read it in order to see what is read in schools that our children might become charitable and good; to be read to our children that they may get ideas of mercy, charity, humanity and justice! Oh, yes! Now read:

"I will make mine arrows drunk with blood and my sword shall devour flesh." Deut. xxxii. 42.

Very good for a merciful God! (Laughter.)

"That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of the dogs in the same. Psalms lxviii. 24.

Merciful Being! I will quote several more choice bits from this inspired book, although I have several times made use of them.

But the Lord thy God shall deliver them unto thee, and shall destroy them with a mighty destruction, until they be destroyed.

And he shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven; there shall no man be able to stand before thee, until thou have destroyed them. Deut. vii. 23, 24.

And Joshua did unto them as the Lord bade him; he houghed their horses, and burnt their chariots with fire.

And Joshua at that time turned back, and took Hazor, and smote the king thereof with the sword; for Hazor beforetime was the head of all those kingdoms.

And all the cities of those kings, and all the kings of them, did Joshua take, and smote them with the edge of the sword, and he utterly destroyed them, as Moses the servant of the Lord commanded.

And they smote all the souls that were therein with the edge of the sword, utterly destroying them; there was not any left to breathe; and he burnt Hazor with fire.

(Do not forget that these things were done by the command of God!)

But as for the cities that stood still in their strength, Israel burnt none of them save Hazor only; that did Joshua burn.

And all the spoil of these cities, and the cattle, the children of Israel took for a prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword, until they had destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe. (As the moral and just God had commanded them!)

As the Lord commanded Moses his servant, so did Moses command Joshua, and so did Joshua; he left nothing undone of all that the Lord had commanded Joshua.

So Joshua took all that land, the hills, and all the south country, and all the land of Goshen, and the valley, and the plain and mountain of Israel, and the valley of the same;

Even from the mount Halak, that goeth up to Seir, even unto Baalgad in the valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon; and all their kings he took, and smote them, and slew them.

Joshua made war a long time on all those kings.

There was not a city that made peace with the children of Israel, save the Hivites, the inhabitants of Gibeon; all the others they took in battle.

So Joshua took the whole land according to all that the Lord said unto Moses; and Joshua gave it for an inheritance unto Israel according to their divisions by their tribes. And the land rested from war. Josh. xi. 7-23.

When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it.

And it shall be, if it makes thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee.

And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it.

And when the Lord thy God hath delivered it into thine hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword.

But the women and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even

all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself; and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of those nations.

But of the cities of those people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth.

But thou shalt utterly destroy them.

(Neither the old man nor the woman, nor the beautiful maiden, nor the sweet dimpled babe, smiling upon the lap of its mother.)

And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel (a merciful God, indeed). Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his neighbor. Ex. xxxii. 29.

(Now recollect these instructions were given to an army of invasion, and the people who were slayed were guilty of the crime of fighting for their homes and their firesides. Oh, most merciful God! The Old Testament is full of curses, vengeance, jealousy and hatred, and of barbarity and brutality. Now, do you for one moment believe that these words were written by the most merciful God? Don't pluck from the heart the sweet flower of piety and crush it by superstition. Do not believe that God ever ordered the murder of innocent women and helpless babes. Do not let this superstition turn your hearts into stone. When anything is said to have been written by the most merciful God, and the thing is not merciful, then I deny it, and say He never wrote it. I will live by the standard of reason, and if thinking in accordance with reason takes me to perdition, then I will go to Hell with my reason rather than to Heaven without it.) (Applause.)

Now, does this Bible teach political freedom; or does it teach political tyranny? Does it teach a man to resist oppression? Does it teach a man to tear from the throne of tyranny the crowned thing and robber called king? Let us see. (Reading.)

Let every soul be subject to the higher powers: For there is no power but God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Rom. xiii. 1.

Therefore *ye* must needs be subject not only for wrath but also for conscience sake. Rom. viii. 4, 4.

(I deny this wretched doctrine. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn to protect the right of man, I am a rebel. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn to give man liberty, to clothe him in all his just rights, I am on the side of that rebellion.)

Does the Bible give woman her rights? Does it treat woman as she ought to be treated, or is it barbarian? We shall see:

Let woman learn in silence with all subjection. 1 Tim. ii. 11.

(If a woman should know anything let her ask her husband. Imagine the ignorance of a lady who had only that source of information.) (Laughter.)

But suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. (Indeed!)

And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression. (Poor woman!)

Here is something from the Old Testament:

When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captives:

And seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldst have her to be thy wife;

Then thou shalt bring her home to thine house; and she shall shave her head, and pare her nails. Deut. xxi. 10, 11, 12.

(That is self-defense, I suppose!) (Cheers and laughter.)

I need not go further in Bible quotations to show that woman throughout the Old Testament, is a degraded being, having no rights which her husband, father, brother or uncle is bound to respect. Still, that is Bible doctrine, and that Bible is the word of a just and omniscient God!

Does the Bible teach the existence of devils? Of course it does. Yes, it teaches not only the existence of a good Being, but a bad Being. This good Being had to have a home; that home was Heaven. This bad Being had to have a home; and that home was Hell. This Hell is supposed to be nearer to earth than I would care to have it, and to be peopled with spirits, spooks, hobgoblins, and all the fiery shapes with which the imagination of ignorance and fear could people that horrible place; and the Bible teaches the existence of Hell and this big Devil and all these little devils. The Bible teaches the doctrine of witchcraft and makes us believe that there are sorcerers and witches, and that the dead could be raised by the power of sorcery. Does anybody believe it now?

Then said Saul unto his servants, seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her and inquire of her. And his

servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor.

In another place he declares that witchcraft is an abomination unto the Lord. He wanted no rivals in this business. (Laughter.)

Now what does the New Testament teach:

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards a-hungered.

And when the tempter came to him, he said, if thou be the Son of God, command these stones to be made bread.

But he answered and said, it is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Jesus said unto him, it is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Matt. iv. 1-7.

[Is it possible that anyone can believe that the Devil absolutely took God Almighty, and put him on the pinnacle of the temple, and endeavored to persuade him to jump down? (Great laughter.) Is it possible?]

Again, the Devil taketh him into an exceedingly high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them:

And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

Then said Jesus unto him, Get thee hence Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Matt. iv. 8-11.

(Now the Devil must have known at that time that He was God, and God at that time must have known that the other was the Devil, who had the impudence to promise God a world in which he did not have a tax-title to an inch of land.)

Now, what of the Sabbath—the Lord's day? Why is Sunday the Lord's day? If Sunday alone is the Lord's day, whose day is Monday, Tuesday, Friday, etc.? No matter! The idea, that God hates to hear your child laugh on Sunday! On Sunday let your children play games. I see a poor man who hasn't money enough to go to a big church, and he has too much independence to go to the little church which the big church built for charity. If he enters the portals of the big church with poor clothes on, the usher approaches him with a severe face, and "Brother, I'm sorry, but only high-toned servants of the living God congregate in this church for worship, and with that seedy suit on we cannot admit you. All the seats in this magnificent edifice are owned and represented by 'solid' men, by men of capital. We pay our pastor $5,000 a year—the annual eight weeks' vacation thrown in—and it would not be profitable for us to seriously encourage the attendance of so insignificant a person as yourself. Just around the corner there is a little cheap church with a little cheap pastor, where they can dish up Hell to you in an approved style—in a style more suitable to your needs and condition; and the dish will not be as expensive to you either!"

If I had chanced to be that poor man in the seedy garments, and had been endeavoring to serve my Maker for even half a century, I would have felt like muttering audibly, "You *go* to Hell!" [I am not much given to profanity, but when I am sorely aggravated and vexed in spirit, I declare to you that it is *such* a relief to me, *such* a solace to my troubled soul, and gives me such heavenly peace, to now and then allow a word or phrase to escape my lips which can serve me no other earthly purpose, seemingly, than to render emphatic my otherwise mildly expressed ideas. I make this confession parenthetically, and in a whisper, my friends, trusting you will not allow it to go further]. (Laughter.)

Now, I tell you, if you don't want to go to church, go to the woods and take your wife and children and a lunch with you, and sit down upon the old log and let the children gather flowers, and hear the leaves whispering poems like memories of long ago! and when the sun is about going down, kissing the summits of the distant hills, go home with your hearts filled with throbs of joy and gladness, and the cheeks of your little ones covered with the rose-blushes of health! There is more recreation and solid enjoyment in that than putting on your Sunday clothes and going to a canal-boat with a steeple on top of it (laughter), and listening to a man tell you that your chances are about ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to one for being eternally damned! (Applause.)

Oh, strike with a hand of fire, weird musician, thy harp, strung with Apollo's gold-

en hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys! Blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering mid the vineclad hills!—but know your sweetest strains are but discord compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy! O, rippling river of laughter; thou are the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O, laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheek to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief! (Applause.)

Do not make slaves of your children on Sunday. Don't place them in long, straight, rows, like fence-posts, and "Sh! children, it's Sunday!" when by chance you hear a sound or a rustle. Let winsome Johnny have light and air, and let him grow beautiful; let him laugh until his little sides ache, if he feels like it; let him pinch the cat's tail until the house is in an uproar with his yells—let him do anything that will make him happy. When I was a little boy children went to bed when they were not sleepy, and always got up when they were. (Laughter.) I would like to see that changed—we may see it some day. It is really easier to wake a child with a kiss than a blow; with kind words than with harshness and a curse. Another thing; let the children eat what they want. Let them commence at whichever end of the dinner they please. They know what they want much better than you do. Nature knows perfectly well what she is about, and if you go a-fooling with her you may get into trouble.

The crime charged to me is this: I insist that the Bible is *not* the word of God; that we should not whip our children; that we should treat our wives as loving equals; that God never upheld polygamy and slavery; deny that God ever commanded his generals to slaughter innocent babes and tear and rip open women with the sword of war; that God ever turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt [although she might have deserved that fate]; that God ever made a woman out of a man's or any *other* animal's rib! And I emphatically deny that God ever signed or sealed a commission appointing his Satanic Majesty Governor-General over an extensive territory popularly styled Hell, with absolute power to torture, burn, maim, boil, or roast at his pleasure the victims of his master's displeasure! I deny these things, and for that I am assailed by the clergy throughout the United States!

Now, you have read the Bible romance of the fall of Adam? Yes; well, you know that nearly or quite all the religions of this world account for the existence of evil by such a story as that! Adam, the miserable coward, informed God that his wife was at the bottom of the whole business! "She did tempt me and I did eat!" And then commenced a row, and we have been engaged in it ever since! You know what happened to Adam and his wife for *her* transgressions?

In another account of what is said to have been the same transaction—which is the most sensible account of the two—the Supreme Brahma concluded, as he had a little leisure, that he would make a world, and a man and woman. He made the world, the man, and then the woman, and then placed the pair on the Island of Ceylon. [Bear in mind there were no ribs used in this affair.] This island is said to be the most beautiful the mind of man can conceive of. Such birds you never saw, such songs you never heard! and then such flowers, such verdure! The branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through, there floated out from every tree melodious strains of music from a thousand Æolian harps! After Brahma put them there he said: "Let them have a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage." And, with the nightingale singing, and the stars twinkling, and the little brooklets murmuring, and the flowers blooming, and the gentle breezes fanning their brows, they courted, and loved! What a sweet courtship! Then Brahma married the happy pair, and remarked: "Remain here; you can be happy on this island, and it is my will that you never leave it." Well, after a little while, the man became uneasy and said to the wife of his youth: "I believe I'll look about a little." He determined to seek greener pastures. He proceeded to the western extremity of the island and discovered a little narrow neck of land connecting the island with the mainland, and the Devil—they had a genuine Devil in those days, too, it seems, who is always "playing the devil" with us—produced a mirage, and over on the mainland were such hills and vales, such dells and dales, such lofty mountains crowned with perpetual snow, such cataracts clad in bows of glory, that he rushed breathlessly back to his wife, exclaiming: "O, Heva, the country over there is a thousand times better and lovelier than this; let us migrate,"

She, womanlike, said: "Adami, we must let well enough alone; we have all we want; let us stay here." But he said: "No, we will go." She followed him, and when they came to this narrow neck of land he took her up on his back and carried her across. But at the instant he put her down there was a crash, and looking back they discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea. The mirage had disappeared, and there was nothing but rocks and sand, the Supreme Brahma cursed them to the lowest Hell. Then Adami spoke—and it showed him to be every inch a man—"Curse me, but curse not her; it was not her fault, it was mine." (*Our* Adam says, with a pusillanimous whine: "Curse her, for it is *her* fault; *she* tempted me and I did eat!" The world to-day is teeming with just such cowards.) Then said Brahma: "I will save her, but not thee." And then spoke Adami's wife, out of the fullness of the love of a heart in which there was enough to make all her daughters rich in holy affection: "If thou will not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to live without him; I love him." Then magnanimously said the Supreme Brahma: "I will spare you both, and watch over you and your children forever!"

Now, tell me truly, which is the grander story? The book containing this story is full of good things, and yet Christians style as heathens those who have adopted this book as their guide, and spend thousands of dollars annually in sending missionaries to convert them!

It has been too often conceded that because the New Testament contains, in many passages, a lofty and terse expression of love as the highest duty of man, Christianity must have a tendency to ennoble his nature. But Christianity is like sweetened whisky and water—it perverts and destroys that which it should nourish and strengthen.

Christianity makes an often fatal attack on a man's morality—if he happens to be blessed with any—by substituting for the sentiments of love and duty to our neighbors a sense of obligation, of blind obedience to an infinite, mysterious, revengeful, tyrannical God! The real principle of Christian morality is servile obedience to a dangerous Power! Dispute the assertions of even your priest as to the requirements, dislikes, desires and wishes of the Almighty, and you might as well count yourself as lost, sulphurically lost! If you are one of God's chosen, or in other words, have been *saved, and are even so fortunate* as to attain to the glories and joys of the gold-paved streets of heaven, you are expected, in looking over the banisters of heaven down into the abyss of eternal torture, to view with complacency the agonized features of your mother, sister, brother, or infant child—who are writhing in hell—and laugh at their calamity! You are not allowed to carry them a drop of water to cool their parched tongues! And if you are a Christian, you at this moment believe you will enjoy the situation!

If a man in a quarrel cuts down his neighbor in his sins, the poor, miserable victim goes directly to hell! The murderer may reasonably count on a lease of a few weeks of life, interviews his pastor, confesses the crime, repents, accepts the grace of God, is forgiven and then smoothly and gently slides from the rudely constructed scaffold into a heaven of joy and bliss, there to sing the praises of the lamb of God forever and forever! Poor, unfortunate victim! Happy murderer!

Ah, what a beautiful religion humanitarianism and charity* might become! To do so sweet a thing as to love our neigh-

*The following incident, showing Col. Ingersoll's disposition to practice what he preaches whenever the opportunity presents itself, we have never before seen in print: One day, during the winter of 1863-4, when the Colonel had a law office in Peoria, Ill.,—and before the close of the late war of the rebellion—a thinly clad, middle-aged, lady-like woman came into his office and asked assistance. "My good woman, why do you ask it?" "Sir, my husband is a private in —th Illinois Infantry, and stationed somewhere in Virginia, but I do not know where, as I have not heard from him for nearly six months, although previous to that time I seldom failed to get a letter from him as often as once a week, and whenever he received his pay the most of his money came to me. To tell the truth, I do not know whether he is living or not. But one thing I do know, I do not hear from him. I have seven children to provide for, but no money in the house, not a particle of bread in the pantry, nor a lump of coal in the shed, and the landlord threatening to turn us out in the storm. This city pledged itself to give wives a certain sum monthly, providing they consented to their husbands responding to the call of the President for troops; but, disregarding these pledges, we and our children are left to starve and freeze, and to be turned out of our houses and homes by relentless landlords. Now, sir, can you tell me what am I to do?"

The Colonel drew his bandanna from his great-coat pocket, lightly touched his eyes with it and rising to his feet pointed to a chair—"Sit down, madam, and remain till I return. I will be back in a few minutes." He picked up a half-sheet of legal cap and a pencil, and departed for the law and other offices of the building, of which there were several. Entering the first that appeared, "Good morning, Smith; give me half-a-dollar." "Well, now, Colonel, you are—" "Never mind if I am—I must have it!" It came. He entered another. "Hello! Colonel, what's new?" "I want a half-dollar from you!" "What for?" "None of your business—I want the money." He got it. He entered a third, "Hallo, Bob! Anything new on eter—" "Never mind, I must have fifty cents!" "But—" "But nothing, Jones, give me what I ask for." Of course, he got what he asked for.

bors as we love ourselves; to strive to attain to as perfect a spirit as a Golden Rule would bring us into; to make virtue lovely by living it, grandly and nobly and patiently the outgrowth of a brotherhood not possible in this world where men are living away from themselves and trampling justice and mercy and forgiveness under their feet!

Speaking of the different religions, of course they are represented by different churches; and the best hold of the churches and the surest way of giving totally depraved humanity a realizing sense of their utterly lost condition is to talk and preach hell, with all its horrible, terrible concomitants. True, the different priests advocate the doctrine, only when they see it is the only thing to rouse the sinners from their lethargy; for where is the man who will not accept the grace of Jesus Christ if he becomes convinced that his fate in the hereafter is a terrible one! The ministers of the different churches know full well which side of their bread is buttered. A priest is a divinity among his people—a man around whom his parishioners throw a glamour of sanctity, and one who can do no wrong, albeit his chief and growing characteristics are tyranny, arrogancy, self-conceit, deception, bigotry and superstition! Tyrannical do I call them? Most assuredly! Suppose, for example, the Methodist or Presbyterian Church had the power to decide whether you or I or any other man should be a Methodist or Presbyterian, and we should decline to follow the path pointed out to us, or either of us, what, I solemnly and candidly ask you, would be the result? Our fate would be more terrible than their endless hell! The inquisition would rise again in all its horrid blackness! Instruments of torture would darken our vision on every hand! But, thank God—not that terrible Being whom Christians would have us believe is our Maker—this is a free land—free as the air we breathe; and you and I can partake of the orthodox waters of life freely, or we can let them alone! (Applause.) When I see a man perched upon a pedestal called a "pulpit"—a man who is one of nature's noblemen, physically, and fully able to breast the storms of life and earn an honest living—telling his hearers, with perspiring brow and all his might and main, of the terrors of the seething caldron of hell, and how certain it is that they are to be unceremoniously dumped therein to be boiled through all ages, yet *never boiled done*—unless they seek salvation—when I look upon that man, honor bright, I pity him, for I cannot help comparing him with the lower animals! Then there is a reaction, and I feel an utter contempt for him, for he may know, when he declares hell a reality, he is lying!

Now, of the deception of the preacher. At the close of a sermon in an orthodox church Rev. Mr. Solemnface steps to the side of Bro. Everbright, who has been absent from the *brimstone-mill* for several months:

"Ah! Bro. Everbright, how *do* you do? Long time since I have seen you; how's your family? Quite well? Is it well with thee to-day? Rather lukewarm, eh? Sorry, sorry. Well, Brother, can you do something for us financially to-day? Our people think my pulpit is too common, and say a couple of hundred will put it in good shape and make it desirable and attractive. Can you contribute a few dollars to the fund?"

"Well, Bro. Solemnface, for four long months I have been ill; not a day's work have I done, and not a cent of money have I that I can call my own. Next year I trust I can do something for the cause of my Maker."

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" and Bro. S.'s face assumes a terrible look of disappointment, and he is gone in a moment.

Out upon such a fraud! The pulpits of the land are full of them. The world is cursed with them! They possess all the elements of *vagabonds*, deadbeats, falsifiers, beggars, vultures, hyenas and jackals!

In past ages the cross had been in partnership with the sword, and the religion of Christ was established by murderers, tyrants and hypocrites. I want you to know that the Church carried the black flag, and I ask you what must have been the civilizing influence of such a religion? (Applause.)

Of all the selfish things in this world, it is one man wanting to get to heaven, caring nothing what becomes of the rest of mankind, saying: "If I can only get my little soul in!" (Laughter.) I have always noticed that the people who have the smallest souls make the most fuss about getting them saved. (Laughter.) Here is what we are taught by the Church to-day. We are taught by them that fathers and mothers can all be happy in heaven, no matter who

So on through fourteen offices, from which he obtained $7. Returning to his office, he put his hand in his own pocket and drew forth a $5 note and handed the woman $12. "Take this, my good woman, and make it go as far as you can. If you obtain relief from no other source, call on me again and I will do the best I can for you!" And still Col. Ingersoll is styled by hell-fire advocates an infidel, atheist, dog!

may be in hell; that the husband could be happy there with the wife that would have died for him at any moment of his life, in hell. But they say, "Hell, we don't believe in fire." (Laughter.) "I don't think you understand me. What we believe in now is remorse." What will you have remorse for? For the mean things you have done when you are in hell? Will you have any remorse for the mean things you have done when you are in heaven? Or will you be so good then that you won't care how you used to be? I tell you to-day that no matter in what heaven you may be, no matter in what star you are spending the summer, if you meet another man whom you have wronged, you will drop a little behind in the tune. (Laughter.) No matter in what part of hell you are you will meet some one who has suffered, whose nakedness you have clothed, and the fire will cool up a little. (Laughter.) According to his Christian doctrine, you won't care how mean you were once. Is it a compliment to an infinite God to say that every being He ever made deserved to be damned the minute He got him done, and that He will damn everybody He has not had a chance to make over? Is it possible that somebody else can be good for me, and that this doctrine of the atonement is the only anchor for the human soul?

We sit by the fireside and see the flames and sparks fly up the chimney—everybody happy, and the cold wind and sleet beating on the window, and out on the doorstep a mother with her child on her breast freezing. How happy it makes a fireside, that beautiful contrast! And we say God is good, and there we sit, and she sits and moans, not one night, but forever. Or we are sitting at the table with our wives and children, everybody eating, happy and delighted, and Famine comes and pushes out its shriveled palms and with hungry eyes implores us for a crust; how that would increase the appetite! And that is the Christian heaven. Don't you see that these infamous doctrines petrify the human heart? And I would have every one who hears me, swear that he will never contribute another dollar to build another church in which is taught such infamous lies. (Applause.) Let every man try to make every day a joy, and God cannot afford to damn such a man. Consequently humanity is the only religion. (Loud applause.)

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."

Religious Intolerance

By Col. R. G. Ingersoll, at the Pittsburgh Opera House, October 14, 1879.

About eight o'clock Colonel Ingersoll advanced to the front of the stage unattended. He alone occupied the stage. As he approached the footlights, a neat bouquet—the offering of the Pittsburg Liberal League—was presented him by the president of the association. The lecturer quietly laid the flowers upon a table and with the announcement that he ought probably to say something concerning the Sabbath, began his eloquent oration:

"How anybody ever came to the conclusion that there was any God who demanded that you should feel sorrowful and miserable and bleak one-seventh of the time is beyond my comprehension. Neither can I conceive how they can say that one-seventh of the time is holy. That day is the most sacred day on which the most good has been done for mankind. Now, there was a time among the Jews when if a man violated the Sabbath they would kill him. They said God told them to do it. I think they were mistaken. If not, if any God did tell them to kill, then I think he was mistaken. I hope the time will come when every man can spend the Sabbath just as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with the happiness of others. I would fight just as earnestly that the Christian may go to church as that the infidel may have the right to spend the Sabbath as he chooses. Are the people who go to church the only good people? Are there not a great many bad people who go to church? Not a bank in Pittsburg will lend a dollar to the man who belongs to the church, without security, quicker than the man who don't go to church. Now, I believe that all laws on the statute books should be enforced. I do not blame anybody in this town. I am perfectly willing that every preacher in this town should preach. They are employed to preach, and to preach a certain doctrine, and if they don't preach that doctrine they will be turned out. (Laughter.) I have no objection to that. But I want the same privilege to express my views, and what is the difference whether a man pays the day he goes in or pays for it the week before by subscription.

"What would the church people think if the theatrical people should attempt to suppress the churches? What harm would it do to have an opera here to-night? It would elevate us more than to hear ten thousand sermons on the worm that never dies. (Laughter.) This is more practical wisdom in one of the plays of Shakespeare than in all the sacred books ever written. What wrong would there be to see one of those grand plays on Sunday? There was a time when the church would not allow you to cook on Sunday. You had to eat your victuals cold. There was a time when they thought the more miserable you feel the better God feels. (Laughter.) There are sixty odd thousand preachers in the United States. Some people regard them as a necessary evil; some as an unnecessary evil. There are sixty odd thousand churches in the United States; and it does seem to me that with all the wealth on their side; with all the good people on their side; with Providence on their side; with all these advantages they ought to let us at least have the right to speak our thoughts."

Col. Ingersoll next entered into his argument on the origin of religion, referring to the first impressions of the savage. Having enunciated these views, which have before been published in reports given in these columns of his lectures, the speaker continued:

"The history of the world shows me that the right has not always prevailed. When you see innocent men chained to the stake and the flames licking their flesh, it is natural to ask, why does God permit this? If you see a man in prison with the chains eating into his flesh simply for loving God, you've got to ask why does not a just God interfere? You've got to meet this. It won't do to say that it will all come out

for the best. That may do very well for God, but it's awful hard on the man. (Laughter.) Where was the God that permitted slavery for two hundred years in these United States? The history of the world shows that when a mean thing was done, man did it; when a good thing was done, man did it.

"But there was a time when there was a drought, and this tribe of savages with their false notions of religion said somebody had been wicked. Somebody had been lecturing on Sunday. (Laughter.) Then the tribe hunted out the wicked man. They said you've got to stop. We cannot allow you to continue your wickedness, which brings punishment upon the whole of us. What is the reason they allow me to speak to-night? Because the Christians are not as firm in their belief now as they were a thousand years ago. The lukewarmness and hypocrisy of Christians now permit me to speak to-night. If they felt as they did a thousand years ago they would kill me. So religious persecution was born of the instinct of self defense.

"Is there any duty we owe to God? Can we help him? Can we add to his glory or happiness? They tell me this God is infinitely wise, I cannot add to his wisdom; infinitely happy—I cannot add to his happiness. What can I do? Maybe he wants me to make prayers that won't be answered. I cannot see any relation that can exist between the finite and the infinite. I acknowledge that I am under obligations to my fellow man. We owe duties to our fellow man. And what? Simply to make them happy.

"The only good is happiness; and the only evil is misery or unhappiness. Only those things are right that tend to increase the happiness of man; only those things are wrong that tend to increase the misery of man. That is the basis of right and wrong. There never would have been the idea of wrong except that man can inflict suffering upon others. Utility, then, is the basis of the idea of right and wrong.

"The church tell us this world is a school to prepare us for another, that it is a place to build up character. Well, if that is the only way character can be developed it is bad for children who die before they get any character. What would you think of a school-master who would kill half his pupils the first day?

"Now, I read the Bible, and I find that God so loved the world that He made up his mind to damn the most of us. (Laughter.) I have read this book, and what shall I say of it? I believe it is generally better to be honest. Now, I don't believe the Bible. Had I not better say so? They say that if you do you will regret it when you come to die. If that be true, I know a great many religious people who will have no cause to regret it—they don't tell their honest convictions about the Bible. There are two great arguments of the church—the great man argument and the death-bed. They say the religion of your fathers is good enough. Why should a father object to your inventing a better plow than he had? They say to me, do you know more than all the theologians dead? Being a perfectly modest man I say I think I do. Now we have come to the conclusion that every man has a right to think. Would God give a bird wings and make it a crime to fly? Would he give me brains and make it a crime to think? Any God that would damn one of his children for the expression of his honest thought wouldn't make a decent thief. When I read a book and don't believe it, I ought to say so. I will do so and take the consequences like a man.

"And so I object to paying for the support of any other man's belief. I am in favor of the taxation of all church property. If that property belongs to God, he is able to pay the tax. (Laughter.) If we exempt anything, let us exempt the home of the widow and orphan." (Applause.)

A voice here interrupted the speaker.

Col. Ingersoll—What did the gentleman say?

A Voice—O, he's drunk.

Col. Ingersoll—I don't think any Christian ought to get drunk and come here to disturb us. (Laughter.)

The speaker resumed.

The church has to-day $600,000,000 or $700,000,000 of property in this country. It must cost $2,000,000 a week, that is to say $500 a minute to run these churches. You give me this money and if I don't do more good with it than four times as many churches I'll resign. Let them make the churches attractive and they'll get more hearers. They will have less empty pews if they have less empty heads in the pulpit. (Laughter.) The time will come when the preacher will become a teacher.

Admitting that the Bible is the Book of God, is that His only good job? Will not a man be damned as quick for denying the equator as denying the Bible? Will he not be damned as quick for denying geology as for denying the scheme of salvation? When the Bible was first written it was not believed. Had they known as much about

science as we know now that Bible would not have been written.

Col. Ingersoll next gave his views of the Puritans, declared they left Holland to escape persecution, and came here to persecute others. He referred to the persecutions heaped upon those of other religious belief by the Puritans, paid the Catholics the compliment to say that Maryland, which they ruled, was the first colony to enact a law tolerating religious views not held by themselves, and went on to explain that God was never mentioned in the Constitution of the United States because each colony had a different religious belief, and each sect preferred to have God not mentioned at all than to have another religious belief than their own recognized. "In 1776," said the speaker, "our forefathers retired God from politics. They said all power comes from the people. They kept God out of the Constitution and allowed each State to settle the question for itself."

The present laws of different States were next reviewed, so far as they relate to the prevention of infidels giving testimony and to religious intolerance in any way, and these features were all branded and discussed as a gigantic evil.

The lecture was attentively listened to by the immense audience from beginning to the end, and the speaker's most blasphemous flights were the most loudly applauded.

Ingersoll's Shorter Catechism

Summarizing the Answers to His Lecture, "Mistakes of Moses," the Brilliant Lecturer Feels Gratified That the Shining Lights of the Pulpit so Substantially Agree With Him, and Congratulates Them on the Advance They Have Made.

First—Rev. Robert Collyer. Question. What is your opinion of the Bible. Answer. It is a splendid book. It makes the noblest type of Catholics and the meanest bigots. Through this book men give their hearts for good to God or for evil to the devil. The best argument for the intrinsic greatness of the book is that it can touch such wide extremes, and seem to maintain us in the most unparalleled purity as well as the most tender mercy; that it can inspire cruelty like that of the great saints and afford arguments in favor of polygamy. The Bible is the text book of iron-clad Calvinism and sunny Universalism. It makes the Quaker quiet and the Millerite crazy. It inspired the Union soldier to live and grandly die for the right, and Stonewall Jackson to live nobly and die grandly for the wrong.

Q. But, Mr. Collyer, do you really think that a book with as many passages in favor of wrong as right, is inspired? A. I look upon the Old Testament as a rotting tree. When it falls it will fertilize a bank of violets.

Q. Do you believe that God upheld slavery and polygamy? Do you believe that he ordered the killing of babes and the violation of maidens? A. There is threefold inspiration in the Bible, the first peerless and perfect, the word of God to man; the second, simply and purely human, and then below this again there is an inspiration born of an evil heart; ruthless and savage there and then as anything well can be. A threefold inspiration of heaven first, then of the earth, and then of hell, all in the same book, all sometimes in the same chapter, and then, besides, a great many things that need no inspiration.

Q. Then, after all, you do not pretend that the Scriptures are really inspired? A. The Scriptures make no such claim for themselves as the church makes for them. They leave me free to say this is false or this is true. The truth even within the Bible dies and lives, makes on this side and loses on that.

Q. What do you say of the last verse in the Bible, where a curse is threatened to

any man who takes from or adds to the book? A. I have but one answer to this question, and it is: Let who will have written this, I cannot for an instant believe that it was written by a divine inspiration. Such dogmas and threats as these are not of God, but of man, and not of any man of a free spirit and heart eager for the truth, but a narrow man who would cripple and confine the human soul in its quest after the whole truth of God, and back those who have done these shameful things in the name of the Most High.

Q. Do you regard such talk as slang? A. (Supposed.) If an infidel had said that the writer of Revelation was narrow and bigoted, I might have denounced his discourse as "slang," but I think that Unitarian ministers can do so with the greatest propriety.

Q. Do you believe in the stories of the Bible about Jael, and the sun standing still, and the walls falling at the blowing of horns? A. They may be legends, myths, poems, or what they will, but they are not the word of God. So I say again it was not the God and Father of us all who inspired the woman to drive that nail crashing through the king's temple after she had given him that bowl of milk and bid him sleep in safety, but a very mean devil of hatred and revenge that I should hardly expect to find in a squaw on the plains. It was not the ram's horns and the shouting before which the walls fell flat. If they went down at all it was through good solid pounding. And not for an instant did the steady sun stand still or let his planet stand while barbarian fought barbarian. He kept just the time that he keeps now. They might believe it who kept the record. I do not. And since the whole Christian world might believe it, still we do not who gather in this church. A free and reasonable mind stands right in our way. Newton might believe it as a Christian and disbelieve it as a philosopher. We stand, then, with the philosopher against the Christian, for we must believe what is true to us in the last test, and these things are not true.

Second—Rev. Dr. Thomas. Q. What is your opinion of the Old Testament? A. My opinion is that it is not one book, but many —thirty-nine books bound up in one. The date and authorship of most of these books are wholly unknown. The Hebrews wrote without vowels, and without dividing the letters into syllables, words or sentences. The books were gathered up by Edra. At that time only two of the Jewish tribes remained. All progress had ceased. In gathering up the sacred book copyists exercised great liberty in making changes and additions.

Q. Yes, we know all that. But is the Old Testament inspired? A. There may be the inspiration of art, of poetry, of oratory; of patriotism—and there are such inspirations. There are moments when great truths and principles come to men. They seek the man and not the man them.

Q. Yes, we all admit that. But is the Bible inspired? A. But still I know of no way to convince any one of spirit and inspiration and God only as his reason may take hold of these things.

Q. Do you think the Old Testament true? A. The story of Eden may be an allegory; the history of the children of Israel may have mistakes.

Q. Must inspiration claim infallibility? A. It is a mistake to say that if you believe one part of the Bible you must believe all. Some of the thirty-nine books may be inspired, others not; or there may be degrees of inspiration.

Q. Do you believe that God commanded the soldiers to kill the children and the married women, and save for themselves the maidens, as recorded in Numbers xxxi., 2? Do you believe that God upheld slavery? Do you believe that God upheld polygamy? A. The Bible may be wrong in some statements. God and right cannot be wrong. We must not exalt the Bible above God. It may be that we have claimed too much for the Bible, and thereby given not a little occasion for such men as Mr. Ingersoll to appear on the other extreme, denying too much.

Q. What, then, shall be done? A. We must take a middle ground. It is not necessary to believe that the bears devoured the forty-two children, nor that Jonah was swallowed by the whale.

Third—Rev. Dr. Kohler. Q. What is your opinion about the Old Testament? A. I will not make futile attempts of artificially interpreting the letter of the Bible so as to make it reflect the philosophical, moral and scientific views of our time. The Bible is a sacred record of humanity's childhood.

Q. Are you an orthodox Christian? A. No. Orthodoxy, with its face turned backward to a ruined temple or a dead Messiah, is fast becoming, like Lot's wife, a pillar of salt.

Q. Do you really believe the Old Testament was inspired? A. I greatly acknowledge our indebtedness to men like Voltaire and Thomas Paine, whose bold denial and

cutting wit were so instrumental in bringing about this glorious era of freedom, so congenial and blissful, particularly to the long-abused Jewish race.

Q. Do you believe in the inspiration of the Bible? A. Of course there is a destructive axe needed to strike down the old building in order to make room for the grander new. The divine origin claimed by the Hebrews for their national literature was claimed by all nations for their old records and laws as preserved by the priesthood. As Moses, the Hebrew law-giver, is represented as having received the law from God on the holy mountain, so is Zoroaster, the Persian; Manu, the Hindoo; Minos, the Cretan; Lycurgus, the Spartan, and Numa, the Roman.

Q. Do you believe all the stories in the Bible? A. All that can and must be said against them is that they have been too long retained around the arms and limbs of grown-up manhood to check the spiritual progress of religion; that by Jewish ritualism and Christian dogmatism they became fetters unto the soul, turning the light of heaven into a misty haze to blind the eye, and even into a hellfire of fanaticism to consume souls.

Q. Is the Bible inspired? A. True, the Bible is not free from errors, nor is any work of man and time. It abounds in childish views and offensive matters. I trust that it will in a time not far off be presented for common use in families, schools, synagogues and churches in a refined shape, cleansed from all dross and chaff and stumbling blocks on which the scoffer delights to dwell.

Fourth—Rev. Mr. Herford. Q. Is the Bible true? A. Ingersoll is very fond of saying "The question is not, is the Bible inspired, but is it true?" That sounds very plausible, but you know as applied to any ancient book is simply nonsense.

Q. Do you think the stories in the Bible are exaggerated, and do you think that God upheld polygamy? A. I dare say Numbers are immensely exaggerated, but polygamy, the truth is, existed among the Jews, as everywhere else on earth then, and even their prophets did not come to the idea of its being wrong. But what is there to be indignant about in that?

Q. And so you really wonder why any man should be indignant at the idea that God upheld and sanctioned that beastliness called polygamy? A. What is there to be indignant about in that?

Fifth—Professor Swing. Q. What is your idea of the Bible? A. I think it is a poem.

Sixth—Rev. Dr. Ryder. Q. And what is your idea of the sacred Scriptures? A. Like other nations, the Hebrews had their patriotic, descriptive, didactic and lyrical poems in the same varieties as other nations, but with them, unlike other nations, whatever may be the form of their poetry, it always possesses the characteristic of religion.

Q. Does the Bible uphold polygamy? A. The law of Moses did not forbid it, but contained many provisions against its worst abuses, and such as were intended to restrict it within narrow limits.

Ingersoll's Response to Toast

"The Soldiers of the Union Army, Whose Valor and Patriotism Gave to the World a Government of the People, by the People, for the People."

Grand Banquet of the Re-Union of the Army of the Tennessee, Held at Palmer House, Chicago, November 13, 1879.

When the savagery of the lash, the barbarism of the chain, and the insanity of secession confronted the civilization of our century, the question, "Will the great republic defend herself?" trembled on the lips of every lover of mankind. The North, filled with intelligence and wealth, products of liberty, marshaled her hosts and asked only for a leader.

From civil life a man, silent, thoughtful, poised, and calm, stepped forth, and with the lips of victory voiced the nation's first and last demand: "Unconditional and immediate surrender." From that moment the end was known. That utterance was the real declaration of real war, and in accordance with the dramatic unities of mighty events the great soldier who made it received the final sword of the rebellion. The soldiers of the republic were not seekers after vulgar glory; they were not animated by the hope of plunder or the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the homestead of liberty, that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they saluted the monsters of their time. They finished what the soldiers of the revolution commenced. They relighted the torch that fell from those august hands and filled the world again with light. They blotted from the statute books the laws that had been passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and tore with indignant hands from the Constitution that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellow man. They made it possible for judges to be just and statesmen to be human. They broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, from the souls of masters, and from the Northern brain. They kept our country on the map of the world and our flag in heaven. They rolled the stone from the sepulcher of progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments —nationality and liberty.

The soldiers were the saviors of the nation. They were the liberators of man. In writing the proclamation of emancipation, Lincoln, greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when reapers sing 'mid gathered sheaves, copied with the pen what Grant and his brave comrades wrote with swords.

Grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the republic, with patriotism as shoreless as the air, battled for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own their babes, that arrogant idleness should not scar the back of patient toil, that our country should not be a many-headed monster made of warring states but a nation—sovereign, great and free.

Blood was water, money was leaves, and life was only common air until one flag floated over the republic without a master and without a slave. Then was asked the question, "Will a free people tax themselves to pay the nation's debt?" The soldiers went home to their waiting wives, to their glad children and to the girls they loved. They went back to the fields, the shops and mines. They had not been demoralized. They had been ennobled. They were as honest in peace as they were brave in war. Mocking at poverty, laughing at reverses, they made a friend of toil. They said: "We saved the nation's life, and what is life without honor?" They worked and wrought with all of labor's royal sons that every pledge the nation gave might be redeemed. And their great leader, having put a shining band of friendship, a girdle of clasped and happy hands, around the globe, comes

home and finds that every promise made in war has now the ring and gleam of gold.

There is another question still. Will all the wounds of war be healed? I answer yes. The Southern people must submit, not to the dictation of the North but to the nation's will and to the verdict of mankind. They were wrong, and the time will come when they will say that they are victors who have been vanquished by the right. Freedom conquered them, and freedom will cultivate their feelings, educate their children, weave for them the robes of wealth, execute their laws, and fill their land with happy homes.

The soldiers of the Union saved the South as well as the North. They made us a nation. Their victories made us free and rendered tyranny in every other land as insecure as snow upon volcanoes' lips.

And now let us drink to the volunteers. To those who sleep in unknown, sunken graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved and left, of those who often hear in happy dreams the footsteps of return. Let us drink to those who died while lipless famine mocked; to all the maimed whose scars give modesty a tongue; to all who dared and gave to chance the care, the keeping of their lives; to all the dead; to Sherman, to Sheridan, and to Grant, the foremost soldier of the world; and, last, to Lincoln, whose loving life, like a bow of peace, spans and arches all the clouds of war.

Ingersoll's Views on Politics and Religion

Chicago Times, November 14, 1879.

In order to ascertain the Colonel's views of the political situation and any new dogmas he might have acquired, a Times reporter called upon him yesterday, and the following was the net result:

Reporter—What do you think about the recent election, and what will be its effect upon political matters and the issues and candidates of 1880?

Col. Ingersoll—I think the republicans have met with this almost universal success on account, first, of the position taken by the democracy on the currency question—that is to say, the party was divided, and was willing to go in partnership with anybody, whatever their doctrine might be, for the sake of success in that particular locality. The republican party felt it of paramount importance not only to pay the debt but to pay it in that which the world regards as money. The next reason for the victory is the position assumed by the democracy in Congress during the called session. The threats they then made of what they would do in the event that the executive did not comply with their demands showed that the spirit of that party had not been chastened to any considerable extent by the late war. The people of this country will not, in my judgment, allow the South to take charge of this country until it shows its ability to protect the rights of citizens in their respective states.

R.—Then, as you regard the victories, they are largely due to a firm adherence to principle, and the failure of the democratic party is due to their abandonment of principle and their desire to unite with anybody and everything at the sacrifice of principle to attain success?

Col. I.—Yes. The democratic party is a general desire for office without organization. Most people are democrats because they hate something, and most people are republicans because they love something.

R.—Do you think the election has brought about any particular change in the issues that will be involved in the campaign of 1880?

Col. I.—I think the only issue is who shall rule this country.

R.—Do you think, then, the question of state rights, hard or soft money, and other

questions that have been prominent in the campaign, are practically settled, and so regarded by the people?

Col. I.—I think the money question is, absolutely. I think the question of state rights is dead, except that it can still be used to defeat the democracy. It is what might be called a convenient political corpse.

R.—Who do you think will be the candidate for president in the next campaign?

Col. I.—On the republican side, either Grant or Blaine.

R.—In the light of present events, which one seems most likely to win the prize?

Col. I.—If Grant wants it, I should think that he could have it. I regard him as the greatest soldier the English-speaking people ever produced. Personally, I would like to see Blaine succeed.

R.—Your views in regard to Mr. Blaine, your admiration and friendship for him, have not changed since 1876, I presume?

Col. I.—No; I like him first rate. I think he would make an excellent president, and would do as much as any man could do to harmonize the different sections of the country.

R.—You say the republican candidates are Blaine and Grant. Don't you think Sherman stands an equal chance with them to secure the nomination?

Col. I.—I do not. In the first place, he is from Ohio, and I think the people have probably had enough of that state for a few years to come. In the second place, his brother is general of the army, and I doubt whether the American people would be willing to give the presidency and generalship of the army to the same family, coming from the same state, and at the same time.

R.—In your opinion, whom are the democrats liable to bring forward?

Col. I.—Well, most of their candidates have recently passed away. I suppose Mr. Tilden is out of the race, and that Mr. Thurman is in the same position, and I think there is no hope of their being heard from again. What the democracy needs today for a candidate is a man who was utterly opposed to the war, but never said so. If some such man could be found he would, in my judgment, make a formidable opponent for any man the republicans could nominate.

R.—How is Mr. Bayard?

Col. I.—Mr. Bayard is a good man, and an exceedingly correct man. He has never done anything great enough to make him popular, nor bad enough to become notorious; besides, his state is tolerably certain to vote the democratic ticket. So I see no reason for his nomination.

R.—What do you think of the proposed combination of a New York man and an Indiana man?

Col. I.—New York has furnished too many defeated candidates; and, in my opinion, the democracy will not take a man from that state. The quarrels in New York will make it necessary to take an outside man. The man that New York would present would have to be the choice of Tammany, and a man who is the choice of Tammany is not the choice of the people of this country. My opinion is that the democracy could come nearer electing David Davis than any other man in the United States. He is an honest man, and everybody knows the country would be safe while he was president; but Judge Davis is in this peculiar position: He is hardly democratic enough to get the nomination, and maybe a little too democratic to get the votes. But he is a good man, and I like him.

R.—Now, to leave the political field and go to the religious, at one jump. Since your last visit here much has been said and written and published to the effect that a great change, or a considerable change, at least, has taken place in your religious, or irreligious, views. I would like to know if that is so?

Col. I.—The only change that has occurred in my religious views is the result of finding more and more arguments in favor of my position; and, as a consequence, if there is any difference, I am stronger in my convictions than ever before.

R.—I would like to know something of the history of your religious views.

Col. I.—I may say right here that the Christian idea that any God can make me His friend by killing mine is about as great a mistake as could be made. They seem to have the idea that just as soon as God kills all the people that a person loves, he will then begin to love the Lord. What drew my attention first to these questions was the doctrine of eternal punishment. This was so abhorrent to my mind that I began to hate the book in which it was taught. Then, in reading law, going back to find the origin of laws, I found one had to go but a little way before the legislator and priest united. This led me to study a good many of the religions of the world. At first I was greatly astonished to find most of them better than ours. I then studied our own system to the best of my ability, and found that people were palming off upon children

and upon one another as the inspired words of God a book that upheld slavery, polygamy, and almost every other crime. Whether I am right or wrong, I am convinced that the Bible is not an inspired book; and then the only question for me to settle was as to whether I should say what I believed or not. This really was not the question in my mind, because, before even thinking of such a question, I expressed my belief; and I simply claim that right, and expect to exercise it as long as I live. I may be damned for it in the next world, but it is a great source of pleasure to me in this.

R.—It is reported that you are the son of a Presbyterian minister.

Col. I.—Yes, I am the son of a New School Presbyterian minister.

R.—About what age were you when you began this investigation which led to your present convictions?

Col. I.—I can't remember when I believed the Bible doctrine of eternal punishment. I have a dim recollection of hating Jehovah when I was exceedingly small.

R.—I suppose this gossip about a change in your religious views arose or was created by the expression used at your brother's funeral: "In the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

Col. I.—I never willingly will destroy a solitary human hope. I have always said that I did not know whether man was or was not immortal; but years before my brother died, in a lecture entitled "The Ghosts," which has since been published, I used the following words: "The idea of immortality, which like a sea ebbs and flows in the human heart, beating against the sands and rocks of time and fate, was not born to any book, nor to any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death."

R.—The great objection to your teaching, urged by your enemies, is that you constantly tear down and never build up.

Col. I.—I have just published a little book, entitled "Some Mistakes of Moses," in which I have endeavored to give most of the arguments I have urged against the Pentateuch in a lecture delivered under that title. The motto on the title page is "A destroyer of weeds, thistles and thorns is a benefactor, whether he soweth grain or not." I cannot for my life see why one should be charged with tearing down and not rebuilding simply because he exposes a sham or detests a lie. I do not feel any obligation to build something in the place of a detested falsehood. All I think I am under obligation to put in the place of a detected lie is the detection. Most religionists talk as if mistakes were valuable things, and they did not wish to part with them without a consideration. Just how much they regard lies worth a dozen I don't know. If the price is reasonable I am willing to give it, rather than to see them live and give their lives to the defense of delusions. I am firmly convinced that to be happy here will not in the least detract from our happiness in another world, should we be so fortunate as to reach another world; and I cannot see the value of any philosophy that reaches beyond the intelligent happiness of the present. There may be a God who will make us happy in another world. If he does, it will be more than he has accomplished in this. I suppose that He will never have more than infinite power, and never have less than infinite wisdom; and why people should expect that He should do better in another world than He has in this is something that I have never been able to explain. A being who has the power to prevent it, and yet who allows thousands and millions of His children to starve; who devours them with earthquakes; who allows whole nations to be enslaved, cannot, in my judgment, be implicitly depended upon to do justice in another world.

R.—How do the clergy generally treat you?

Col. I.—Well, of course, there are the same distinctions among clergymen as among other people. Some of them are quite respectable gentlemen, especially those with whom I am not acquainted. I think that since the loss of my brother nothing could exceed the heartlessness of the remarks made by the average clergyman. There have been some noble exceptions, to whom I feel not only thankful but grateful; but a very large majority have taken this occasion to say most unfeeling and brutal things. I do not ask the clergy to forgive me, but I do request that they will so act that I will not have to forgive them. I have always insisted that those who have their enemies should at least tell the truth about their friends; but I suppose, after all, that religion must be supported by the same means as those by which it was founded. Of course, there are thousands of good ministers, men who are endeavoring to make the world better, and whose failure is no particular fault of their own. I have

always been in doubt as to whether the clergy were a necessary or an unnecessary evil.

R.—I would like to have a positive expression of your views as to a future state.

Col. I.—Somebody asked Confucius about another world, and his reply was: "How should I, who know so little about this, know anything about another?" For my part, I know nothing of any other state of existence, either before or after this, and I have never become personally acquainted with anybody that did. There may be another life; and if there is, the best way to prepare for it is by making somebody happy in this. God certainly cannot afford to put a man in hell who has made a little heaven in this world. I propose simply to take my chances with the rest of the folks, and prepare to go where the people I am best acquainted with will probably settle. I can't afford to leave the great ship and sneak off to shore in some orthodox canoe; I hope there is another life, for I would like to see how things come out in this world when I am dead. There are some people I would like to see again, and hope there are some who would not object to seeing me; but if there is no other life I shall never know it. I don't remember the time when I did not exist; and if, when I die, that is the end, I shall not know it, because the last thing I will know is that I am alive, and if nothing is left, nothing will be left to know that I am dead; so that so far as I am concerned I am immortal; that is to say, I can't recollect when I did not exist, and there never will be a time when I will remember that I do not exist. I would like to have several millions of dollars, and I may say I have a lively hope that some day I may be rich; but to tell you the truth I have very little evidence of it. Our hope of immortality does not come from any religions, but nearly all religions come from that hope. The Old Testament, instead of telling us that we are immortal, tells us how we lost immortality. You will recollect that if Adam and Eve could have gotten to the tree of life, they would have eaten of its fruit and would have lived forever, but for the purpose of preventing immortality God turned them out of the Garden of Eden, and put certain angels with swords or sabers at the gate to keep them from getting back. The Old Testament proves, if it proves anything—which I do not think it does—that there is no life after this; and the New Testament is not very specific on the subject. There were a great many opportunities for the Savior and his apostles to tell us about another world, but they didn't improve them to any great extent; and the only evidence, so far as I know about another life is, first, that we have no evidence; and, secondly, that we are rather sorry that we have not, and wish we had. That is about my position.

R.—According to your observation of men, and your reading in relation to the men and women of the world and of the church, if there is another world divided according to orthodox principles between the orthodox and heterodox, which of the two that are known as heaven and hell would contain, in your judgment, the most good society?

Col. I.—Since hanging has got to be a means of grace, I would prefer hell. I had a thousand times rather associate with the pagan philosophers than with the inquisitors of the Middle Ages. I certainly should prefer the worst man in Greek or Roman history to John Calvin; and I can imagine no man in the world that I would not rather sit on the same bench with than the Puritan fathers and the founders of orthodox churches. I would trade off my harp any minute for a seat in the other country. All the poets will be in perdition, and the greatest thinkers, and, I should think, most of the women whose society would tend to increase the happiness of man; nearly all the painters, nearly all the sculptors, nearly all the writers of plays, nearly all the great actors, most of the best musicians, and nearly all the good fellows—the persons who know stories, who can sing songs, or who will loan a friend a dollar. They will mostly all be in that country, and if I did not live there permanently, I certainly would want it so I could spend my winter months there. But, after all, what I really want to do is to destroy the idea of eternal punishment. That doctrine subverts all ideas of justice. That doctrine fills hell with honest men and heaven with intellectual and moral paupers. That doctrine allows people to sin on a credit. That doctrine allows the basest to be eternally happy and the most honorable to suffer eternal pain. I think of all doctrines it is the most infinitely infamous, and would disgrace the lowest savage, and any man who believes it, and has imagination enough to understand it, has the heart of a serpent and the conscience of a hyena.

R.—There is a good deal of talk about the case of D. M. Bennett and your connection with it. What had you to do in that matter?

Col. I.—Bennett was indicted for sending through the mails a pamphlet called "Cupid's Yokes." After he was tried and convicted, I read a report of the trial, as well as the pamphlet, and became convinced that the book was not obscene, but simply a foolish argument against the institution of marriage. Bennett asked me to make an argument before the president in favor of his pardon. Feeling that his conviction was an outrage, and feeling that it was my duty to act in accordance with my convictions, irrespective of what the effect might be upon myself, I did so. The pamphlet was submitted to the attorney-general, and he decided that it was not an obscene book. The president decided the same way, and every sensible man who will read it will also say that it is not an obscene book. I believe that I am as strongly in favor of the institution of marriage as any man in the world, yet I admit that people have a right to discuss that question, and when we say that persons have a right to discuss a question, of course we admit that they have a right to discuss the other side. Now, while I hold the writer of that pamphlet in almost infinite contempt, I hold that his rights are as sacred as mine. Since the imprisonment of Bennett, a paper in Chicago has published what it claimed to be extracts from letters written by Bennett to some young lady. I was not well acquainted with Bennett, and never have seen him, I think but twice in my life, and, of course, never knew anything about these letters. If he wrote them, I am wasting my sympathy on the wrong man; but I am waiting to hear from him. I think he made a mistake in having anything to do with the pamphlet spoken of, but he did not, in that regard, commit a crime, and ought not to have been convicted. If, however, it turns out that he is a bad person it will simply show that even a person who edits an infidel paper is liable to take his place in history with the Daniels and Solomons, and with the popes, cardinals, priests, and ministers whose names are so familiar to most of your readers. So far as I am concerned I would rather err a thousand times through sympathy and through a love of justice than to be right forever through selfishness and a kind of base prudence born of fear.

Heretics and Heresies

"Liberty, a word without which all other words are vain."

Whoever has an opinion of his own, and honestly expresses it, will be guilty of heresy. Heresy is what the minority believe; it is a name given by the powerful to the doctrine of the weak. This word was born of the hatred, arrogance, and cruelty of those who love their enemies, and who, when smitten on one cheek, turn the other. This word was born of intellectual slavery in the feudal ages of thought. It was an epithet used in the place of argument. From the commencement of the Christian era, every art has been exhausted, and every conceivable punishment inflicted to force all people to hold the same religious opinions. This effort was born of the idea that a certain belief was necessary to the salvation of the soul. Christ taught, and the church still teaches, that unbelief is the blackest of crimes. God is supposed to hate with an infinite and implacable hatred every heretic upon earth, and the heretics who have died are supposed, at this moment, to be suffering the agonies of the damned. The Church persecutes the living, and her God burns the dead.

It is claimed that God wrote a book called the Bible, and it is generally admitted that this book is somewhat difficult to understand. As long as the Church had all the copies of this book, and the people were not allowed to read it, there was comparatively little heresy in the world; but when it was printed and read, people began honestly to differ as to its meaning. A few were independent and brave enough to give the world their real thoughts, and for the extermination of these men the Church used all her power. Protestants and Catholics vied with each other in the work of enslaving the human mind. For ages they were rivals in the infamous effort to rid the earth of honest people. They infested every country, every city, town, hamlet, and family. They appealed to the worst passions of the human heart. They sowed the seeds of discord and hatred in every land. Brother denounced brother, wives informed against their husbands, mothers accused their children, dungeons were crowded with the innocent; the flesh of the good and the true rotted in the clasp of chains, the flames devoured the heroic, and in the name of the most merciful God his children were exterminated with famine, sword and fire. Over the wild waves of battle rose and fell the banner of Jesus Christ. For sixteen hundred years the robes of the Church were red with innocent blood. The ingenuity of Christians was exhausted in devising punishment severe enough to be inflicted upon other Christians who honestly and sincerely differed with them upon any point whatever.

Give any orthodox church the power, and to-day they would punish heresy with whip, and chain, and fire. As long as a church deems a certain belief essential to salvation, just so long it will kill and burn if it has the power. Why should the Church pity a man whom her God hates? Why should she show mercy to a kind and noble heretic whom her God will burn in eternal fire? Why should a Christian be better than his God? It is impossible for the imagination to conceive of a greater atrocity than has been perpetrated by the Church.

Let it be remembered that all churches have persecuted heretics to the extent of their power. Every nerve in the human body capable of pain has been sought out and touched by the Church. Toleration has increased only when and where the power of the Church has diminished. From Augustine until now the spirit of the Christian has remained the same. There has been the same intolerance, the same undying hatred of all who think for themselves, the same determination to crush out of the human brain all knowledge inconsistent with the ignorant creed.

Every church pretends that it has a revelation from God, and that this revelation must be given to the people through the church, that the church acts through its priests, and that ordinary mortals must be

content with a revelation—not from God—but from the church. Had the people submitted to this preposterous claim, of course there could have been but one church, and that church never could have advanced. It might have retrograded, because it is not necessary to think, or investigate, in order to forget. Without heresy there could have been no progress.

The highest type of the orthodox Christian does not forget. Neither does he learn. He neither advances nor recedes. He is a living fossil, imbedded in that rock called faith. He makes no effort to better his condition, because all his strength is exhausted in keeping other people from improving theirs. The supreme desire of his heart is to force all others to adopt his creed, and in order to accomplish this object he denounces all kinds of freethinking as a crime, and this crime he calls heresy. When he had the power, heresy was the most terrible and formidable of words. It meant confiscation, exile, imprisonment, torture, and death.

In those days the cross and rack were inseparable companions. Across the open Bible lay the sword and fagot. Not content with burning such heretics as were alive, they even tried the dead, in order that the church might rob their wives and children. The property of all heretics was confiscated, and on this account they charged the dead with being heretical—indicted, as it were, their dust—to the end that the church might clutch the bread of orphans. Learned divines discussed the propriety of tearing out the tongues of heretics before they were burned, and the general opinion was that this ought to be done, so that the heretics should not be able, by uttering blasphemies, to shock the Christians who were burning them. With a mixture of ferocity and Christianity, the priests insisted that heretics ought to be burned at a slow fire, giving as a reason that more time was given them for repentance.

No wonder that Jesus Christ said, "I came not to bring peace but a sword!"

Every priest regarded himself as the agent of God. He answered all questions by authority, and to treat him with disrespect was an insult offered to God. No one was asked to think, but all were commanded to obey.

In 1208 the Inquisition was established. Seven years afterward, the fourth council of the Lateran enjoined the kings and rulers to swear on oath that they would exterminate heretics from their dominions. The sword of the church was unsheathed, and the world was at the mercy of ignorant and infuriated priests, whose eyes feasted upon the agonies they inflicted. Acting as they believed, or pretended to believe under the command of God, stimulated by the hope of infinite reward in another world—hating heretics with every drop of their bestial blood—savage beyond description—merciless beyoud conception—these infamous priests in a kind of frenzied joy, leaped upon the helpless victims of their rage. They crushed their bones in iron boots, tore their quivering flesh with iron hooks and pincers, cut off their lips and eyelids, pulled out their nails, and into the bleeding quick thrust needles; tore out their tongues, extinguished their eyes, stretched them upon racks, flayed them alive, crucified them with their heads downward, exposed them to wild beasts, burned them at the stake, mocked their cries and groans, ravished their wives, robbed their children, and then prayed God to finish the holy work in hell.

Millions upon millions were sacrificed upon the altars of bigotry. The Catholic burned the Lutheran, the Lutheran burned the Catholic; the Episcopalian tortured the Presbyterian, the Presbyterian tortured the Episcopalian. Every denomination killed all it could of every other; and each Christian felt in duty bound to exterminate every other Christian who denied the smallest fraction of his creed.

In the reign of Henry the VIII., that pious and moral founder of the Apostolic Episcopal Church, there was passed by the Parliament of England an act entitled, "An act for abolishing diversity of opinion." And in this act was set forth what a good Christian was obliged to believe.

First, that in the sacrament was the real body and blood of Jesus Christ.

Second, that the body and blood of Jesus Christ was in the bread, and the blood and body of Jesus Christ was in the wine.

Third, that priests should not marry.

Fourth, that vows of chastity were of perpetual obligation.

Fifth, that private masses ought to be continued.

And sixth, that auricular confession to a priest must be maintained.

This creed was made by law, in order that all men might know just what to believe by simply reading the statute. The church hated to see the people wearing out their brains in thinking upon these subjects. It was thought far better that a creed should be made by Parliament, so that whatever might be lacking in evidence might be made up in force. The punishment for denying

the first article was death by fire. For the denial of any other article, imprisonment, and for the second offense—death.

Your attention is called to these six articles established during the reign of Henry VIII., and by the Church of England, simply because not one of these articles is believed by that Church to-day. If the law then made by the church could be enforced now every Episcopalian would be burned at the stake.

Similar laws were passed in most Christian countries, as all orthodox churches firmly believed that mankind could be legislated into heaven. According to the creed of every church, slavery leads to heaven, liberty leads to hell. It was claimed that God had founded the Church, and that to deny the authority of the Church was to be a traitor to God, and consequently an ally of the Devil. To torture and destroy one of the soldiers of Satan was a duty no good Christian cared to neglect. Nothing can be sweeter than to earn the gratitude of God by killing your own enemies. Such a mingling of profit and revenge, of heaven for yourself and damnation for those you dislike, is a temptation that your ordinary Christian never resists.

According to the theologians, God, the Father of us all, wrote a letter to his children. The children have always differed somewhat as to the meaning of this letter. In consequence of these honest differences these brothers began to cut out each other's hearts. In every land where this letter from God has been read the children to whom and for whom it was written have been filled with hatred and malice. They have imprisoned and murdered each other and the wives and children of each other. In the name of God every possible crime has been committed, every conceivable outrage has been perpetrated. Brave men, tender and loving women, beautiful girls, prattling babes have been exterminated in the name of Jesus Christ. For more than fifty generations the church has carried the black flag. Her vengeance has been measured only by her power. During all these years of infamy no heretic has ever been forgiven. With the heart of a fiend she has hated; with the clutch of avarice she has grasped; with the jaws of a dragon she has devoured, pitiless as famine, merciless as fire, with the conscience of a serpent. Such is the history of the Church of God.

I do not say, and I do not believe, that Christians are as bad as their creeds. In spite of church and dogma, there have been millions and millions of men and women true to the loftiest and most generous promptings of the human heart. They have been true to their convictions, and with a self-denial and fortitude excelled by none, have labored and suffered for the salvation of men. Imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, believing that by personal effort they could rescue at least a few souls from the infinite shadows of hell, they have cheerfully endured every hardship and scorned danger and death. And yet, notwithstanding all this, they believed that honest error was a crime. They knew that the Bible so declared, and they believed that all unbelievers would be eternally lost. They believed that religion was of God, and all heresy of the Devil. They killed heretics in defense of their own souls and the souls of their children. They killed them, because, according to their idea, they were the enemies of God, and because the Bible teaches that the blood of the unbeliever is a most acceptable sacrifice to heaven. Nature never prompted a loving mother to throw her child into the Ganges.

Nature never suggested that mankind should slay each other for a difference of opinion concerning the baptism of infants. These crimes have been produced by religions filled with all that is illogical, cruel and hideous. These religions were produced from the most part by ignorance, tyranny, and hypocrisy. Under the impression that the infinite ruler and creator of the universe had commanded the destruction of heretics and infidels, the church perpetrated all these crimes.

Men and women have been burned for thinking there was but one God; that there was none; that the Holy Ghost is younger than God; that God was somewhat older than his son; for insisting that good works will save a man, without faith; that faith will do without good works; for declaring that the sweet babe will be burned eternally, because its parents failed to have its head wet by a priest; for speaking of God as though he had a nose; for denying that Christ was his own father; for contending that three persons, rightly added together, make more than one; for believing in purgatory; for denying the reality of hell; for pretending that priests can forgive sins; for preaching that God is an essence; for denying that witches rode through the air on sticks; for doubting the total depravity of the human heart; for laughing at irresistible grace, predestination, and particular redemption; for denying that good bread could be made of the body of a dead

man; for pretending that the Pope was not managing this world for God, and in place of God; for disputing the efficacy of a vicarious atonement; for thinking that the Virgin Mary was born like other people; for thinking that a man's rib was hardly sufficient to make a good size woman; for denying that God used his finger for a pen; for asserting that prayers are not answered, for denying the authority of the Bible; for having a Bible in their possession; for attending mass, and for refusing to attend; for wearing a surplice; for carrying a cross, and for refusing; for being a Catholic, and for being a Protestant, for being an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and for being a Quaker. In short, every virtue has been a crime, and every crime a virtue. The Church has burned honesty and rewarded hypocrisy, and all this she did because it was commanded by a book—a book that man had been taught implicitly to believe, long before they knew one word that was in it. They had been taught that to doubt the truth of this book, to examine it, even, was a crime of such enormity that it could not be forgiven, either in this world or the next.

The Bible was the real persecutor. The Bible burned heretics, built dungeons, founded the Inquisition, and trampled upon all the liberties of men.

How long, O how long will mankind worship a book? How long will they grovel in the dust before the ignorant legends of the barbaric past? How long, O how long will they pursue phantoms in a darkness deeper than death?

Unfortunately for the world, about the beginning of the sixteenth century a man by the name of Gerard Chauvin was married to Jeanne Lefranc, and still more unfortunately for the world, the fruit of this marriage was a son, called John Chauvin, who afterward became famous as John Calvin, the founder of the Presbyterian church.

This man forged five fetters for the brain. These fetters he called points. That is to say, predestination, particular redemption, total depravity, irresistible grace, and the perseverance of the saints. About the neck of each follower he put a collar, bristling with these five iron points. The presence of all these points on the collar is still the test of orthodoxy in the Church he founded. This man, when in the flush of youth, was elected to the office of preacher in Geneva. He at once, in union with Farel, drew up a condensed statement of the Presbyterian doctrine, and all the citizens of Geneva, on pain of banishment, were compelled to take an oath that they believed this statement. Of this proceeding Calvin very innocently remarked, that it produced great satisfaction. A man by the name of Caroli had the audacity to dispute with Calvin. For this outrage he was banished.

To show you what great subjects occupied the attention of Calvin, it is only necessary to state, that he furiously discussed the question, as to whether the sacramental bread should be leavened or unleavened. He drew up laws regulating the cut of the citizens' clothes, and prescribing their diet, and all whose garments were not in the Calvin fashion were refused the sacrament. At last, the people becoming tired of this petty, theological tyranny, banished Calvin. In a few years, however, he was recalled and received with great enthusiasm. After this, he was supreme, and the will of Calvin became the law of Geneva.

Under the benign administration of Calvin, James Gruet was beheaded because he had written some profane verses. The slightest word against Calvin or his absurd doctrine was punished as a crime.

In 1553, a man was tried at Vienne by the Catholic church for heresy. He was convicted and sentenced to death by burning. It was his good fortune to escape. Pursued by the sleuth hounds of intolerance he fled to Geneva for protection. A dove flying from hawks, sought safety in the nest of a vulture. This fugitive from the cruelty of Rome asked shelter from John Calvin, who had written a book in favor of religious toleration. Servetus had forgotten that this book was written by Calvin when in the minority; that it was written in weakness to be forgotten in power; that it was produced for fear instead of principle. He did not know that Calvin had caused his arrest at Vienne, in France, and had sent a copy of his work, which was claimed to be blasphemous, to the archbishop. He did not then know that the Protestant Calvin was acting as one of the detectives of the Catholic Church, and had been instrumental in procuring his conviction for heresy. Ignorant of all this unspeakable infamy, he put himself in the power of this very Calvin. The maker of the Presbyterian creed caused the fugitive Servetus to be arrested for blasphemy. He was tried; Calvin was his accuser. He was convicted and condemned to death by fire. On the morning of the fatal day, Calvin saw him, and Servetus, the victim, asked forgiveness of Calvin the murderer, for anything he might have said that had

wounded his feelings. Servetus was bound to the stake, the fagots were lighted. The wind carried the flames somewhat away from his body, so that he slowly roasted for hours. Vainly he implored a speedy death. At last the flame climbed around his form; through smoke and fire his murderers saw a white, heroic face. And there they watched until a man became a charred and shriveled mass.

Liberty was banished from Geneva, and nothing but Presbyterianism was left. Honor, justice, mercy, reason and charity were all exiled; but the five points of predestination, particular redemption, irresistible grace, total depravity, and the certain perseverance of the saints remained instead.

Calvin founded a little theocracy in Geneva, modeled after the Old Testament, and succeeded in erecting the most detestable government that ever existed, except the one from which it was copied.

Against all this intolerance, one man, a minister, raised his voice. The name of this man should never be forgotten. It was Castellio. This brave man had the goodness and the courage to declare the innocence of honest error. He was the first of the so-called reformers to take this noble ground. I wish I had the genius to pay a fitting tribute to his memory. Perhaps it would be impossible to pay him a grander compliment than to say, Castellio was in all things the opposite of Calvin. To plead for the right of individual judgment was considered as a crime, and Castellio was driven from Geneva by John Calvin. By him he was denounced as a child of the Devil, as a dog of Satan, as a beast from Hell, and as one who, by this horrid blasphemy of the innocence of honest error, crucified Christ afresh, and by him he was pursued until rescued by the hand of death.

Upon the name of Castellio, Calvin heaped every epithet, until his malice was satisfied and his imagination exhausted. It is impossible to conceive how human nature can become so frightfully perverted as to pursue a fellow man with the malignity of a fiend, simply because he is good, just and generous.

Calvin was of a pallid, bloodless complexion, thin, sickly, irritable, gloomy, impatient, egotistical, tyrannical, heartless and infamous. He was a strange compound of revengeful morality, malicious forgiveness, ferocious charity, egotistic humility, and a kind of hellish justice. In other words, he was as near like the God of the Old Testament as his health permitted.

The best thing, however, about the Presbyterians of Geneva was, that they denied the power of the Pope, and the best thing about the Pope was, that he was not a Presbyterian.

The doctrines of Calvin spread rapidly, and were eagerly accepted by multitudes on the continent. But Scotland, in a few years, became the real fortress of Presbyterianism. The Scotch rivaled the adherents of Calvin, and succeeded in establishing the same kind of theocracy that flourished in Geneva. The clergy took possession and control of everybody and everything. It is impossible to exaggerate the slavery, the mental degradation, the abject superstition of the people of Scotland during the reign of Presbyterianism. Heretics were hunted and devoured as though they had been wild beasts. The gloomy insanity of Presbyterianism took possession of a great majority of the people. They regarded their ministers as the Jews did Moses and Aaron. They believed that they were the especial agents of God, and that whatsoever they bound in Scotland would be bound in heaven. There was not one particle of intellectual freedom. No one was allowed to differ from the Church, or to even contradict a priest. Had Presbyterianism maintained its ascendancy Scotland would have been peopled by savages to-day. The revengeful spirit of Calvin took possession of the Puritans and caused them to redden the soil of the new world with the brave blood of honest men. Clinging to the five points of Calvin, they, too, established governments in accordance with the teachings of the Old Testament. They, too, attached the penalty of death to the expression of honest thought. They, too, believed their Church supreme and exerted all their power to curse this continent with a spiritual despotism as infamous as it was absurd. They believed with Luther that universal toleration is universal error, and universal error is universal hell. Toleration was denounced as a crime.

Fortunately for us, civilization has had a softening effect upon the Presbyterian church. To the ennobling influence of the arts and sciences the savage spirit of Calvinism has, in some slight degree, succumbed. True, the old creed remains substantially as it was written, but by a kind of tacit understanding it has come to be regarded as a relic of the past. The cry of "heresy" has been growing fainter and fainter, and, as a consequence, the ministers of the denomination have ventured now and then to express doubts as to the damnation of infants and the doctrine of total

depravity. The fact is, the old ideas became a little monotonous to the people. The fall of man, the scheme of redemption, and irresistible grace began to have a familiar sound. The teachers told the old stories while the congregation slept. Some of the ministers became tired of these stories themselves. The five points grew dull, and they felt that nothing short of irresistible grace could bear the endless repetition. The outside world was full of progress, and in every direction men advanced, while the Church, anchored to a creed, idly rotted at the shore. Other denominations, imbued some little with the spirit of investigation, were springing up on every side, while the old Presbyterian ark rested on the Ararat of the past, filled with the theological monsters of another age.

Lured by the splendors of the outer world, tempted by the achievements of science, longing to feel the throb and beat of the mighty march of the human race, a few of the ministers of this conservative denomination were compelled by irresistible sense to say a few words in harmony with the splendid ideas of to-day.

These utterances have upon several occasions, soon nearly awakened some of the members, that, rubbing their eyes, they have feebly inquired whether these grand ideas were not somewhat heretical? These ministers found that just in proportion as their orthodoxy decreased their congregations increased. Those who dealt in the pure, unadulterated article found themselves demonstrating the five points to a less number of hearers than they had points. Stung to madness by this bitter truth, this galling contrast, this harassing fact, the really orthodox have raised the cry of heresy, and expect with this cry to seal the lips of honest men. One of these ministers, and one who has been enjoying the luxury of a little honest thought, and the real rapture of expressing it, has already been indicted, and is about to be tried by the Presbytery of Illinois.

He has been charged:

First, with speaking in an ambiguous language in relation to that dear old doctrine of the fall of man. With having neglected to preach that most comforting and consoling truth, the eternal damnation of the soul.

Surely, than man must be a monster who could wish to blot this blessed doctrine out and rob earth's wretched children of this blissful hope!

Who can estimate the misery that has been caused by this most infamous doctrine of eternal punishment? Think of the lives it has blighted—of the tears it has caused—of the agony it has produced. Think of the millions who have been driven to insanity by this most terrible of dogmas. This doctrine renders God the basest and most cruel being in the universe. Compared with him, the most frightful deities of the most barbarous and degraded tribes are miracles of goodness and mercy. There is nothing more degrading than to worship such a God. Lower than this the soul can never sink. If the doctrine of eternal damnation is true, let me have my portion in hell, rather than in heaven with a God infamous enough to inflict eternal misery upon any of the sons of men.

Second, with having spoken a few kind words of Robert Collyer and John Stuart Mill.

I have the honor of a slight acquaintance with Robert Collyer. I have read with pleasure some of his exquisite productions. He has a brain full of the dawn, the head of a philosopher, the imagination of a poet, and the sincere heart of a child.

Is a minister to be silenced because he speaks fairly of a noble and candid adversary? Is it a crime to compliment a lover of justice, an advocate of liberty; one who devoted his life to the elevation of man, the discovery of truth, and the promulgation of what he believed to be right?

Can that tongue be palsied by a Presbytery that praises a self-denying and heroic life? Is it a sin to speak a charitable word over the grave of John Stuart Mill? Is it heretical to pay a just and graceful tribute to departed worth? Must the true Presbyterian violate the sanctity of the tomb, dig open the grave and ask his God to curse the silent dust? Is Presbyterianism so narrow that it conceives of no excellence, of no purity of intention, of no spiritual and moral grandeur outside of its barbaric creed? Does it still retain within its stony heart all the malice of its founder? Is it still warming its fleshless hands at the flames that consumed Servetus? Does it still glory in the damnation of infants, and does it still persist in emptying the cradle in order that perdition may be filled? Is it still starving the soul and famishing the heart? Is it still trembling and shivering, crouching and crawling before its ignorant Confession of Faith?

Had such men as Robert Collyer and John Stuart Mill been present at the burning of Servetus they would have extinguished the flames with their tears. Had the Presbytery of Chicago been there they

would have quietly turned their backs, divided their coat-tails and warmed themselves.

Third, with having spoken disparagingly of the doctrine of predestination.

If there is any dogma that ought to be protected by law, predestination is that doctrine. Surely it is a cheerful, joyous thing to one who is laboring, struggling, and suffering in this weary world to think that before he existed, before the earth was, before a star had existed in the heavens, before a ray of light had left the quiver of the sun, his destiny had been irrevocably fixed, and that for an eternity before his birth he had been doomed to bear eternal pain!

Fourth, with having failed to preach the efficacy of "vicarious sacrifice."

Suppose a man had been convicted of murder, and was about to be hanged—the Governor acting as the executioner. And suppose that just as the doomed man was to suffer death some one in the crowd should step forward and say: "I am willing to die in the place of that murderer. He has a family, and I have none." And suppose further that the Governor should reply: "Come forward, young man, your offer is accepted. A murder has been committed, and somebody must be hanged, and your death will satisfy the law just as well as the death of the murderer." What would you then think of the doctrine of "vicarious sacrifice"?

This doctrine is the consummation of two outrages—forgiving one crime and committing another.

Fifth, with having inculcated a phase of the doctrine commonly known as "Evolution" or "Development."

The Church believes and teaches the exact opposite of the doctrine. According to the philosophy of theology, man has continued to degenerate for 6,000 years. To teach that there is that in Nature which impels to higher forms and grander ends is heresy, of course. The deity will damn Spencer and his "Evolution," Darwin and his "Origin of Species," Bastin and his "Spontaneous Generation," Huxley and his "Protoplasm," Tyndall and his "Prayer Gauge," and will save those, and those only who declare that the universe has been cursed from the smallest atom to the grandest star; that everything tends to evil, and to that only, and that the only perfect thing in Nature is the Presbyterian Confession of Faith.

Sixth, with having intimated that the reception of Socrates and Penelope at heaven's gate was, to say the least, a trifle more cordial than that of Catherine II.

Penelope waiting patiently and trustfully for her lord's return, delaying her suitors, while sadly weaving and unweaving the shroud of Laertes, is the most perfect type of wife and woman produced by the civilization of Greece.

Socrates, whose life was above reproach, and whose death was beyond all praise, stands to-day, in the estimation of every thoughtful man, at least the peer of Christ.

Catherine II. assassinated her husband. Stepping upon his corpse, she mounted the throne. She was the murderess of Prince Ivan, the grandnephew of Peter the Great, who was imprisoned for eighteen years and who during all that time saw the sky but once. Taken all in all, Catherine was probably one of the most intellectual beasts that ever wore a crown.

Catherine, however, was the head of the Greek Church; Socrates was a heretic, and Penelope lived and died without having once heard of "particular redemption" or "irresistible grace".

Seventh, with repudiating the idea of a "call" to the ministry, and pretending that men were "called" to preach as they were to the other avocations of life.

If this doctrine is true, God, to say the least of it, is an exceedingly poor judge of human nature. It is more than a century since a man of true genius has been found in an orthodox pulpit. Every minister is heretical just to the extent that his intellect is above the average. The Lord seems to be satisfied with mediocrity; but the people are not.

An old deacon, wishing to get rid of an unpopular preacher, advised him to give up the ministry and turn his attention to something else. The preacher replied that he could not conscientiously desert the pulpit, as he had a "call" to the ministry. To which the deacon replied: "That may be so, but it's mightily unfortunate for you that when God called you to preach he forgot to call anybody to hear you."

There is nothing more stupidly egotistic than the claim of the clergy that they are, in some divine sense, set apart to the service of the Lord; that they have been chosen and sanctified; that there is an infinite difference between them and persons employed in secular affairs. They teach us that all other professions must take care of themselves; that God allows anybody to be a doctor, a lawyer, statesman, soldier, or artist; that the Motts and Coopers, the Mansfields and Marshalls, the Wilberforces and

Summers, the Angelos and Raphaels, were never honored by a "call". These chose their professions and won their laurels without the assistance of God. All these men were left free to follow their own inclinations, while God was busily engaged selecting and "calling" priests, elders, ministers and exhorters.

Eighth, with having doubted that God was the author of the 109th Psalm.

The portion of that Psalm which carried with it the clearest and most satisfactory evidences of inspiration and which has afforded almost unspeakable consolation to the Presbyterian church, is as follows:

"Set thou a wicked man over him; and he Satan stands at his right hand.

"When he shall be judged, let him be condemned, and let his prayer become sin.

"Let his days be few, and let another take his office.

"Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow.

"Let his children be continually vagabonds and beg; let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places.

"Let the extortioner catch all that he hated; and let the strangers spoil his labor.

"Let there be none to extend mercy unto him; neither let there be none to favor his fatherless children.

"Let his posterity be cut off; and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.

* * * * * * *

"But do thou for me, O God the Lord, for Thy name's sake: because Thy mercy is good, deliver thou to me. * * * I will praise the Lord with my *mouth.*"

Think of a God wicked and malicious enough to inspire this prayer. Think of one infamous enough to answer it.

Had this inspired Psalm been found in some temple erected for the worship of snakes or in the possession of some cannibal king, written with blood upon the dried skins of babes, there would have been a perfect harmony between its surroundings and its sentiments.

No wonder that the author of this inspired Psalm coldly received Socrates and Penelope and reserved his sweetest smiles for Catherine II.!

Ninth, with having said that the battles in which the Israelites engaged with the approval and command of Jehovah surpassed in cruelty those of Julius Caesar.

Was it Julius Caesar who said: "And the Lord our God delivered him before us; and he smote him, and his sons, and all his people. And we took all his cities, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones, of every city we left none to remain"?

Did Julius Caesar send the following report to the Roman Senate: "And we took all his cities at that time, and there was not a city which we took not from them, threescore city, all the region of Argob, the kingdom of Og, in Bashan. All these cities were fenced with high walls, gates and bars; besides unwalled towns a great many. And we utterly destroyed them, as we did unto Sihon, king of Heshbon, utterly destroying the men, women, and children of every city"?

Did Caesar take the city of Jericho "and utterly destroy all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old"? Did he smite "all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings, and leave none remaining that breathed, as the Lord God had commanded"?

Search the records of the whole world, find out the history of every barbarous tribe, and you can find no crime that touches a lower depth of infamy than those the Bible's God commanded and approved. For such a God I have no words to express my loathing and contempt, and all the words in all the languages of man would scarcely be sufficient. Away with such a God! Give me Jupiter rather, with Io and Europa, or even Siva, with his skulls and snakes, or give me none.

Tenth, with having repudiated the doctrine of "total depravity".

What a precious doctrine is that of the total depravity of the human heart! How sweet it is to believe that the lives of all the good and great were continual sins and perpetual crimes; that the love a mother bears her child is, in the sight of God, a sin; that the gratitude of the natural heart is simple meanness; that the tears of pity are impure; that for the unconverted to live and labor for others is an offense to heaven; that the noblest aspirations of the soul are low and groveling in the sight of God; that man should fall upon his knees and ask forgiveness simply for loving his wife and child, and that even the act of asking forgiveness is in fact a crime.

Surely it is a kind of bliss to feel that every woman and child in the wide world, with the exception of those who believe the five points or some other equally cruel creed, and such children as have been baptized, ought at this very moment to be dashed down to the lowest glowing gulf of the hell!

Take from the Christian the history of his own Church; leave that entirely out of the question, and he has no argument left with which to substantiate the total depravity of man.

A minister once asked an old lady, a member of his church, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity, and the dear old soul replied that she thought it a mighty good doctrine if the Lord would only give the people grace enough to live up to it!

Eleventh, with having doubted the "perseverance of the saints".

I suppose the real meaning of this doctrine is that Presbyterians are just as sure of going to heaven as all other folks are of going to hell. The real idea being that it all depends upon the will of God and not upon the character of the person to be damned or saved—that God has the weakness to send Presbyterians to paradise and the justice to doom the rest of mankind to eternal fire.

It is admitted that no unconverted brain can see the least sense in this doctrine; that it is abhorrent to all who have not been the recipients of a "new heart"; that only the perfectly good can justify the perfectly infamous.

It is contended that the saints do not persevere of their own free will—that they are entitled to no credit for persevering, but that God forces them to persevere; while, on the other hand, every crime is committed in accordance with the secret will of God, who does all things for his own glory.

Compared with this doctrine, there is no other idea that has ever been believed by man that can properly be called absurd.

As to the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, I wish with all my heart that it may prove to be a fact. I really hope that every saint, no matter how badly he may break on the first quarter, nor how many shoes he may cast at the half-mile post, will foot it bravely down the long homestretch and win eternal heaven by at least a neck.

Twelfth, with having spoken and written somewhat lightly of the idea of converting the heathen with doctrinal sermons.

Of all the failures of which we have any history or knowledge the missionary effort is the most conspicuous. The whole question has been decided here in our own country and conclusively settled. We have nearly exterminated the Indians, but we have converted none. From the days of John Eliot to the execution of the last Modoc, not one Indian has been the subject of irresistible grace or particular redemption. The few red men who roam the Western wilderness have no thought or care concerning the five points of Calvin. They are utterly oblivious to the great and vital truths contained in the Thirty-Nine articles, the Saybrook platform, and the resolutions of the Evangelical Alliance. No Indian has ever scalped another on account of his religious belief. This of itself shows conclusively that the missionaries have had no effect.

Why should we convert the heathen of China and kill our own? Why should we send missionaries across the seas and soldiers over the plains? Why should we send Bibles to the East and muskets to the West? If it is impossible to convert Indians, who have no religion of their own, no prejudice for or against the "eternal procession of the Holy Ghost," how can we expect to convert a heathen who has a religion; who has plenty of gods and Bibles and prophets and Christs, and who has a religious literature far grander than our own? Can we hope, with the story of Daniel in the lion's den to rival the stupendous miracles of India? Is there anything in our Bible as lofty and loving as the prayer of the Buddhist? Compare your "Confession of Faith" with the following:

"Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation—never enter into final peace alone; but forever and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds. Until all are delivered, never will I leave the world of sin, sorrow and struggle, but will remain where I am."

Think of sending an average Presbyterian to convert a man who daily offers this tender, this infinitely generous and incomparable prayer! Think of reading the 109th Psalm to a heathen who has a Bible of his own in which is found this passage: "Blessed is that man and beloved of all the gods who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid"!

Why should you read even the New Testament to a Hindoo, when his own Christna has said: "If a man strike thee, and in striking drop his staff, pick it up and hand it to him again"? Why send a Presbyterian to a Sufi, who says: "Better one moment of silent contemplation and inward love, than seventy thousand years of outward worship?" "Whoso would carelessly tread one worm that crawls on earth, that heartless one is darkly alienate from God; but he that, living, embraceth all

things in his love, to live with him God bursts all bounds above, below."

Why should we endeavor to thrust our cruel and heartless theology upon one who prays this prayer: "O God, show pity toward the wicked; for on the good thou hast already bestowed thy mercy by having created them virtuous"?

Compare this prayer with the curses and cruelties of the Old Testament—with the infamies commanded and approved by the being whom we are taught to worship as a God, and with the following tender product of Presbyterianism: "It may seem absurd to human wisdom that God should harden, blind, and deliver up some men to a reprobate sense; that he should first deliver them over to evil, and then condemn them for that evil; but the believing spiritual man sees no absurdity in all this, knowing that God would never be a whit less good, even though he should destroy all men."

Of all the religions that have been produced by the egotism, the malice, the ignorance and ambition of man, Presbyterianism is the most hideous.

But what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of Sabellianism of a "model trinity," and the "eternal procession of the Holy Ghost"?

Upon these charges a minister is to be tried here in Chicago; in this city of pluck and progress—this marvel of energy and this miracle of nerve. The cry of "heresy" here sounds like a wail from the Dark Ages—a shriek from the Inquisition, or a groan from the grave of Calvin.

Another effort is being made to enslave a man.

It is claimed that every member of the Church has solemnly agreed never to outgrow the creed; that he has pledged himself to remain an intellectual dwarf. Upon this condition the Church agrees to save his soul, and he hands over his brains to bind the bargain. Should a fact be found inconsistent with the creed, he binds himself to deny the fact and curse the finder. With scraps of dogmas and crumbs of doctrine he agrees that his soul shall be satisfied forever. What an intellectual feast the Confession of Faith must be! It reminds one of the dinner described by Sidney Smith, where everything was cold except the water and everything sour except the vinegar.

Every member of a church promises to remain orthodox—that is to say, stationary. Growth is heresy. Orthodox ideas are the feathers that have been molted by the eagle of progress. They are the dead leaves under the majestic palm, while heresy is the bud and blossom at the top.

Imagine a vine that grows at one end and decays at the other. The end that grows is heresy; the end that rots is orthodox. The dead are orthodox, and your cemetery is the most perfect type of a well-regulated church. No thought, no progress, no heresy there. Slowly and silently, side by side, the satisfied members peacefully decay. There is only this difference—the dead do not persecute.

And what does a trial for heresy mean? It means that the Church says to a heretic: "Believe as I do or I will withdraw my support. I will not employ you; I will pursue you until your garments are rags; until your children cry for bread; until your cheeks are furrowed with tears. I will hunt you to the very portals of the tomb, and then my God will do the rest. I will not imprison you. I will not burn you. The law prevents my doing that. I helped make the law—not, however, to protect you, nor deprive me of the right to exterminate you, but in order to keep other churches from exterminating me."

A trial for heresy means that the spirit of persecution still lingers in the Church; that it still denies the right of private judgment; that it still thinks more of creed than truth; that it is still determined to prevent the intellectual growth of man. It means that churches are shambles in which are bought and sold the souls of men. It means that the church is still guilty of the barbarity of opposing thought with force. It means that if it had the power, the mental horizon would be bounded by a creed, that it would bring again the whips, and chains, and dungeon keys, the rack and fagot of the past.

But let me tell the church it lacks the power. There have been, and still are, too many men who own themselves—too much thought, too much knowledge for the Church to grasp again the sword of power. The Church must abdicate. For the Eglon of superstition, science has a message from Truth.

The heretics have not thought and suffered, and died in vain. Every heretic has been, and is, a ray of light. Not in vain did Voltaire, that great man, point from the foot of the Alps the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. Not in vain were the splendid utterances of the infidels, while beyond all price are the discoveries of science.

The church has impeded, but it has not and it cannot stop the onward march of the human race. Heresy cannot be burned

nor imprisoned, nor starved. It laughs at presbyteries and synods, at ecumenical councils, and the impotent thunders of Sinai. Heresy is the eternal dawn, the morning star, the glittering herald of the day. Heresy is the last and best thought. It is the perpetual new world; the unknown sea toward which the brave all sail. It is the eternal horizon of progress. Heresy extends the hospitalities of the brain to new thoughts. Heresy is a cradle; orthodoxy a coffin.

Why should a man be afraid to think, and why should he fear to express his thoughts?

Is it possible that an infinite Deity is unwilling that man should investigate the phenomena by which he is surrounded? Is it possible that a god delights in threatening and terrifying man? What glory, what honor and renown a god must win in such a field! The ocean raving at a drop; a star envious of a candle; the sun jealous of a firefly!

Go on, presbyteries and synods, go on! Thrust the heretics out of the Church. That is to say, throw away your brains—put out your eyes. The infidels will thank you. They are willing to adopt your exiles. Every deserter from your camp is a recruit for the army of progress. Cling to the ignorant dogma of the past; read the 109th Psalm; gloat over the slaughter of mothers and babes; thank God for total depravity! shower your honors upon hypocrites, and silence every minister who is touched with that heresy called genius.

Be true to your history. Turn out the astronomers, the geologists, the naturalists, the chemists, and all the honest scientists. With a whip of scorpions, drive them all out. We want them all. Keep the ignorant, the superstitious, the bigoted, and the writers of charges and specifications. Keep them, and keep them all. Repeat your pious platitudes in the drowsy ears of the faithful, and read your Bible to heretics, as kings read some forgotten riot-act to stop and stay the waves of revolution. You are too weak to excite anger. We forgive your efforts, as the sun forgives a cloud—as the air forgives the breath you waste.

How long, O how long will man listen to the threats of God and shut his ears to the splendid promises of Nature? How long, O how long, will man remain the cringing slave of a false and cruel creed?

By this time the whole world should know that the real Bible has not yet been written; but it is being written, and that it will never be finished until the race begins its downward march or ceases to exist. The real Bible is not the work of inspired men, nor prophets, nor apostles, nor evangelists, nor of Christ. Every man who finds a fact adds, as it were, a word to this great book. It is not attested by prophecy, by miracles, or by signs. It makes no appeal to faith, to ignorance, to credulity or fear. It has no punishment for unbelief, and no reward for hypocrisy. It appears to man in the name of demonstration. It has nothing to conceal. It has no fear of being read, of being investigated and understood. It does not pretend to be holy or sacred; it simply claims to be true. It challenges the scrutiny of all, and implores every reader to verify every line for himself. It is incapable of being blasphemed. This book appeals to all the surroundings of man. Each thing that exists testifies to its pefection. The earth with its heart of fire and crown of snow; with its forests and plains; its rocks and seas; and with its every wave and cloud, with its every leaf and bud, and flower, confirms its every word, and the solemn stars, shining in the infinite abysses, are the eternal witnesses of its truth.

Ingersoll's Vindication of Thomas Paine

In a lecture in San Francisco in the summer of 1877 Col. Ingersoll offered to give $1,000 in gold to any clergyman who would prove that Thomas Paine "died in terror because of religious opinions he had expressed, or that Voltaire did not pass away as serenely as the coming of the dawn." The *New York Observer*, a Presbyterian paper published in New York, Irenaeus Prime, editor, called upon him to put up the money, characterizing his offer as "infidel buncombe," upon which the following correspondence ensued:

To the Editor of the *New York Observer:*

I have been informed that you accepted, in your paper, an offer made by me to any clergyman in San Francisco. That offer was that I would pay $1,000 in gold to any minister in that city who would prove that Thomas Paine died in terror because of religious opinions he had expressed, or that Voltaire did not pass away serenely as the coming of the dawn.

For many years religious journals and ministers have been circulating certain pretended accounts of the frightful agonies endured by Paine and Voltaire when dying; that these great men at the moment of death were terrified because they had given their honest opinions upon the subject of religion to their fellowmen. The imagination of the religious world has been taxed to the utmost in inventing absurd and infamous accounts of the last moments of these intellectual giants. Every Sunday-school paper, thousands of idiotic tracts, and countless stupidities called sermons have been filled with these calumnies.

Paine and Voltaire were both believers in God—both hoped for immortality—both believed in special Providence. But both denied the inspiration of the Scriptures—both denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. While theologians most cheerfully admit that most murderers die without fear, they deny the possibility of any man who has expressed his disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible dying except in an agony of terror. These stories are used in revivals and in Sunday-schools, and have long been considered of great value.

I am anxious that these slanders should cease. I am desirous of seeing justice done, even at this late day, to the dead.

For the purpose of ascertaining the evidence upon which these deathbed accounts really rest, I make you the following proposition:

First—As to Thomas Paine: I will deposit with the First National Bank of Peoria, Ill., $1,000 in gold upon the following conditions: This money shall be subject to your order when you shall, in the manner hereinafter provided, substantiate that Thomas Paine admitted the Bible to be an inspired book, or that he recanted his infidel opinions—or that he died regretting that he had disbelieved the Bible—or that he died calling upon Jesus in any religious sense whatever.

In order that a tribunal may be created to try this question, you may select one man, I will select another, and the two thus chosen shall select a third, and any two of the three may decide the matter.

As there will be certain costs and expenditures on both sides, such costs and expenditures shall be paid by the defeated party.

In addition to the $1,000 in gold, I will deposit a bond with good and sufficient security in the sum of $2,000, conditioned for the payment of all costs in case I am defeated. I shall require of you a like bond.

From the date of accepting this offer you may have ninety days in which to collect and present your testimony, giving me notice of time and place of taking depositions. I shall have a like time to take evidence upon my side, giving you like notice, and you shall then have thirty days to take further testimony in reply to what I may offer. The case shall then be argued before the persons chosen; and their decisions shall be final as to us.

If the arbitrator chosen by me shall die I shall have the right to choose another. You shall have the same right. If the

third one, chosen by our two, shall die, the two shall choose another; and all vacancies, from whatever cause, shall be filled upon the same principle.

The arbitrators shall sit when and where a majority shall determine, and shall have full power to pass upon all questions arising as to competency of evidence and upon all subjects.

Second—As to Voltaire: I make the same proposition, if you will substantiate that Voltaire died expressing remorse or showing in any way that he was in mental agony because he attacked Catholicism—or because he had denied the inspiration of the Bible—or because he had denied the divinity of Christ.

I make these propositions because I want you people to stop slandering the dead.

If the propositions do not suit you in any particular, please state your objections, and I will modify them in any way consistent with the object in view.

If Paine and Voltaire died filled with childish and silly fear, I want to know it. On the other hand, if the believers in superstition have made and circulated these cruel slanders concerning the mighty dead I want the world to know that.

As soon as you notify me of the acceptance of these propositions, I will send you the certificate of the bank that the money has been deposited upon the foregoing conditions, together with copies of bonds for costs. Yours truly,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

From the *New York Observer* of Sept. 27, 1877.

We have received a copy of a printed letter, addressed "To the Editor of the *New York Observer*," signed R. G. Ingersoll—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, we presume—referring to a paragraph published some weeks since in the *Observer*, in which we offered to produce the evidence "that Tom Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death." The letter, after complaining in an exaggerated style that Paine and Voltaire have been grossly slandered, and that "for many years religious journals and ministers have been circulating certain pretended accounts of the frightful agonies endured by Paine and Voltaire when dying," etc., proposes to establish a court of arbitration to consider certain propositions in regard to the deaths of Paine and Voltaire. The letter further proposes that we shall have ninety days in which to collect and present the testimony in the affirmative of these propositions; the respondent to have ninety days to present the evidence on the other side; the affirmative then to have thirty days more for producing further testimony, the case then to be argued before this court, whose decision shall be final to us.

As not one of the affirmations, in the form stated in this letter, was contained in the offer that we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them. But we are prepared to produce the evidence of the truth of our own statement, and even go farther; to show not only "that Tom Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death," but that for many years previous and up to that event he lived a drunken and beastly life.

And we are the more impelled to do this because we have received within the last few months numerous letters asking information and facts in regard to the character and habits of Paine. These letters have come chiefly from the West, where infidels appear to be making a desperate effort to rescue his name from the infamy into which it had sunk long before he died. The word beastly, so often applied to Paine, though far from being elegant, most fitly expresses his real character. So debauched, degraded and filthy had he become before his death that he was a fit companion only for the "beasts that perish," and he was in consequence excluded from all decent society, and even from that of respectable infidels.

We have in our possession abundant testimony to the facts in the case, and chiefly from our own correspondents. The direct testimony we preface with an extract from a sketch of the life of Paine, in a volume entitled "Our Countrymen," by B. J. Lossing, Esq., the well-known historian. A portion of this sketch we published in the *Observer* of June 21, 1855, in which Mr. Lossing says:

"In 1802 he (Paine) returned to America and resided a part of the time upon a farm at New Rochelle, presented to him by the State of New York for his Revolutionary services. Paine became very intemperate and fell low in the social scale, not only on account of his beastly habits but because of his blasphemous tirade against Christianity."

In the year 1851 Grant Thorburn of this city, who was personally acquainted with the man of whom he wrote, furnished for the *New York Observer* two articles—"Reminiscences of Thomas Paine"—from which we make some extracts. Grant Thorburn, who was the reputed hero of Galt's "Lawrie Todd," was personally and well known to hundreds of persons still living

in this city. His statements, so far as we know, were nowhere called in question at the time they were published.

From the *New York Observer*, April 17, 1851

Messrs. Editors.—A few years ago I entered my seventy-ninth year. For the last sixty of these years I have been only one day confined by sickness. I am not sensible of decay, in either body or mind, spectacles excepted. I have not a pain or a stiff joint in my body. I walk as far and as fast, and my personal feelings are as comfortable as when in my twentieth year, thank God, who gave me a sound constitution, and common sense to take care of it.

I think it is the duty of the aged to tell the generation that is to follow what they have seen with their own eyes and heard with their ears of the wonders the Lord has wrought in their days. In his providential arrangements he brought me into close contact with Paine and Carver, two of his most open and inveterate enemies. Carver and I blew the bellows in the same shop; Paine lodged with Carver; hence our intimacy. My days are numbered, and but few remain. I owe it to my God and to the world to tell what I have seen, felt and heard in their company.

The past sixty years have been styled emphatically *the age of Infidelity*. I was in my nineteenth year at the commencement of that period, and have been in contact, and, in some case, in confidential intimacy, with some of the most prominent actors in the important events embraced in that period. One of the most prominent in his day was Mr. Thomas Paine. His public history is before the world, but his secret history, as they say in St. Cloud, is probably now known only to myself. Of the truth of this remark you will judge in the sequel.

Thomas Paine was born in 1737 in Norfolk county, Old England. He was brought up to the business of staymaking with his father, who was a member of the Society of Friends. He was afterward an exciseman in the town of Lewes, where he married the daughter of the Collector of the Custom House. After three years she obtained a divorce from him for neglect and cruel treatment. (Ladies, this mortal was the author of the "Rights of Man.") Shortly after this he became a *defaulter* and fled to America at the commencement of the Revolution. In 1789 Paine went to France. In 1792 he was chosen a member of the bloody Convention, and sat on the trial of Louis XVI. In the Reign of Terror and of Robespierre he was thrown into prison and narrowly escaped the guillotine by a miracle of Providence. While in France he published letters to Washington—a scurrilous libel, which was bought, read and extolled by Deists, Jacobins, and Infidels, but burned and destroyed by true Americans. God willing, I will give the account of his escape from the guillotine, in a future number, as I heard it from his own lips.

Paine arrived at New York in the spring of 1802. On the next day I was introduced to him at the City Hotel. On the day after he started for Washington. There he was received with open arms by Jefferson, Aaron Burr, and a wholé phalanx of Deists and Jacobins from every section of the country. A public dinner was got up to welcome the author of the "Age of Reason" and the same man who tried to deface the fair fame of Washington. As easily might Paine darken the sun of midday by throwing at it a handful of mud. But the dinner! Here was expected a feast of reason and flow of soul. Alas! tell it not in Gath! Paine entered—his feet covered with a preparation of mud and compost; his pants having a rent both wide and unseemly; his vest, which had once been black, was now the color of gold dust, from a thick covering of Scotch snuff. His coat had a ventilator at the elbow of each sleeve. His fine linen looked as if not mollified by Colgate's soap since the last fourth of July. He reeled to and fro like a drunken man at his wits' end. Thus he entered the room. The Freethinkers were confounded, and thought it was a hoax; they, no doubt mentally exclaimed, "He is no company for gentlemen." He received instructions in a few days, and left the purlieus of the court forever.

Arriving in New York, he was set down at the City Hotel; but his habits being an outrage on all the common decencies of life, at the end of the week he was politely informed there was no room for *him* in that inn. His trunk was carried from hotel to tavern, from tavern to boarding house, and still the answer was, "We have no room." Inquiry for accommodation was made at a dwelling whose inmates were wretchedness personified; but it was written on the door as with the point of a diamond, "No admittance for Thomas Paine." In this dilemma, Wm. Carver received him into his own house. It was here our intimacy commenced, and it continued with a few interruptions, seven years thereafter.

GRANT THORBURN

The following extract is made from a subsequent number of the "Reminiscences of Thomas Paine," by the same hand:

From the *New York Observer*, May 1, 1851.

It was in Carver's house, that by the movements of Providence, I sat down between two of the most inveterate Infidels that ever beheld the light of the sun. They were both mechanics—Carver a blacksmith, Paine a stay-maker. They were both unlearned men, but were of strong mind; for the Devil, having made human nature his study for six thousand years, will never employ a fool when he needs a journeyman. Carver, his wife, and Paine having been inhabitants of the same town in England, at their fireside, he being present, I learned his history from his cradle; and I saw him in all his native deformity, and traced him with my own eyes to his grave.

Carver kept a porter-house on a small scale on the corner of Thames and Temple streets; at the same time he doctored horses and mended their shoes. It was noised about that Mr. Paine kept his headquarters in this domicile, a small two-story building whose outside had not seen a whitewash or paint brush since the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Hundreds of his old political and Freethinking friends resorted hither to meet him. I witnessed some of their interviews; but oh, what consternation! Instead of the pale-faced man of thirty-six, when he wrote "Common Sense," they beheld an old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated and half asleep. Very few of the better sort ever returned.

Mr. Paine was sensible of his forbidding appearance, and generally was very morose when strangers were introduced. An old lady from Scotland wished an introduction. We entered his room. Said I, "Mr. Paine, this is Mrs. Bruce, from Scotland." "Scotland," he repeated, "a country of bigots and fanatics." "Yes," said I, "but it's the only country in Europe where every man, woman and child can read the Bible and write their own name." Our stay was short. When we got on the pavement, "What do you think of Mr. Paine?" I inquired. "I think he is *fou* (drunk), but och man," she added, "what an *awfu' judgment looking face* he's got."

His chief companions were journeymen, mechanics of the baser sort. One evening I stepped into his room. He was setting forth the Bible to a dozen of these characters, and painting it in its blackest colors. When he had ceased, I said, "Mr. Paine, you have been in Ireland and Scotland." He had. "Scotland comparatively speaking, is full of Bibles; everyone reads it, and it is their chief school-book." This he conceded. "They have few Bibles in Ireland, and those who can read are prohibited by the priests from looking in the Bible." This also was conceded. "Now," said I, "Mr. Paine, if the Bible was a bad book, those who use it most would be the *worst members of society*, but the contrary is the fact, for while our jails, penitentiaries, State prisons and almshouses are filled from Ireland, this day there is not a Scotsman or woman in any of them," and such was a fact at that time. Observe that this was forty-five years ago. "Besides," I continued, "I see in this room a few of my own shopmates. In months past, when they read the Bible, they went to church with their families. There they rested from the labors of the last week and kept their children under eye, rose early on Monday morning, and entered on the labors of the week with a sound head and a quiet conscience. And what are they now? Having heard the lectures of blind Palmer and read your 'Age of Reason,' they became Freethinkers; and if they continue in the same course they are now following, they will soon be free-drinkers also." "And what are they following?" said Paine. Said I "They now go to the tavern on Sunday, sit drinking, smoking and talking politics, their children in the streets or fields learning everything that is wicked; having spent fifty or sixty cents, each one comes home late, and better than half drunk; he has a headache next morning, and perhaps is unable to work till 2 P. M., thus losing a half-day's wages. Disease and death soon follow, when his widow and orphans are sent to the almshouse."

I continued: "Mr. Paine, Hume, yourself and other Freethinkers profess to write for the good of society." He assented, "Well," said I, "which is the most useful member of society; he who spends his time and money in the tavern, leaving his children to grow up a curse to the world, or the man who leads his children to church on Sunday, keeps them in sight through the day, and thus preserves them from the path of the destroyer, besides saving of his money, and the preservation of his own health?" The clock in the room struck ten as I spoke the last sentence; two candles were burning on the table; he took one, and walked off to bed without saying a word. His disciples and I looked on one another for a moment after; after a few friendly remarks on the same subject, each man went to his own house. They never all re-

turned, and some of them walked no more with him.

On a subsequent evening he told me the particulars of his remarkable escape from death, but the narrative is too long for this article. I will state the particulars in my next, only remarking, by the way, that when he stopped speaking, I said, "What did you think at the time of this wonderful preservation?" He said the *Fates* had ordained that he was not to die at that time. Said I, "Mr. Paine, I will tell you what I think; you know you have written and spoken much against the religion of the Bible; you have extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by priestcraft and superstition. The God in whom you live and move, and have your being, has spared your life, that you might give to the world a living comment on your own doctrines. You now show to the world what human nature is, when left to itself, to wander in its own counsels. Here you sit, in an obscure uncomfortable dwelling, powdered with snuff, and stupefied with brandy. You who were once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton; but are now deserted by every good man and even respectable Deists cross the street to avoid you." He said he cared not a straw for the opinions of the world. Said I, "I envy not your feelings, for I wish so to conduct, that I may gain the esteem of my fellow men."

He died on the 8th of June, 1809. Few knew that he was alive that month, till they saw his death announced in the papers of the 9th; but had he died on the day when he was chalked for the guillotine in Paris, his name would have stood high in the temple of fame. But he was spared ten years longer, till his profane and hateful life put a veto on his infidel writings.

GRANT THORBURN.

The subject of Paine's character having come up more than a year ago, we received the following letter from the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., of Manchester, Vt., a gentleman of the highest character, with whom we have been acquainted from our boyhood. He is an uncle to ex-Mayor Wickham, of the city of New York. The following is an extract from his letter, as published in the *Observer* at that time:

From the *New York Observer*, Feb. 17, 1876.

A writer in one of the daily papers said of Paine's habits: "The stories of his drunkenness and licentiousness are the wicked invitation of the clergy whose path he has dared to cross, and who only refrain from practicing the abominable cruelties of past ages upon those who differ from them, not because of want of will, but because their strength is shorn."

The Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., replies to this statement as follows:

"The writer of this communication was more than fifty years ago a resident of New Rochelle, N. Y., where the body of Paine was buried. His grave was in one corner of a farm, which having been confiscated as the property of a Tory during the Revolutionary war, had been presented to Paine by the State of New York for his patriotic service in aid of the Revolution. On this farm he spent his latter days with a solitary female attendant. I have heard the physician who visited him describe the condition in which he was accustomed to find his patient, and to which his vicious habits, and especially his habitual drunkenness, had reduced him. This he represented as revolting to his sensibilities, making even his necessary calls to prescribe for his relief exceedingly unwelcome and repulsive. This physician was an esteemed elder in the church of which I was at that time pastor, highly regarded not only for skill in his profession, but as a man of sound judgment and unimpeachable veracity. He has been dead many years. But the name of Matson Smith, M. D., is still held in honored remembrance by all who knew him."

On the appearance of the letter of Dr. Wickham, we received a communication from the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., then and now the distinguished pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Auburn, N. Y., confirming Dr. W.'s statements in regard to the character and habits of Paine.

From *New York Observer*, March 9, 1876.

"The statement of Rev. Dr. Wickham, who preceded me in the Presbyterian church of that place (New Rochelle) some twenty years, accords entirely with the well known facts concerning Paine's habits as given me by the older residents, and which, until quite recently, have remained uncontradicted. The venerable Matson Smith, whom Dr. W. gives as his principal authority, was an elder in the church at New Rochelle from its organization until his death, a period of more than thirty years, esteemed and trusted by all for his Christian integrity and professional skill. I have heard from him substantially the same account of Paine's degradation, from personal knowledge as his physician, the particulars of which are too loathsome to be described in print. He came to lose all self-respect and regard for decency in his personal habits, which were at times simply beastly. His drunkenness became habitual and notorious

before he left New Rochelle and he was not infrequently found lying by the roadside so helplessly intoxicated that he had to be carried home, as I have been told by persons who had befriended him in that miserable condition.

"There were some who, in spite of the shame and degradation into which he fell, still cherished a lingering respect for what he had been, and in consideration of the service he had rendered the Revolutionary cause by his political writings, but no one in that vicinity, so late as thirty years ago, would have had the temerity to deny these things, much less to call them wicked inventions of the clergy. Dr. Smith was accustomed to refer to Paine's powers of conversation as somewhat remarkable, and even fascinating, when he was himself; and never gave me the impression that he spoke from religious prejudice, but rather with regret that one so capable of better things should have sunken so low."

This much for the life of Paine. Now for his death. The testimony contained in the following article we copied from the New York *Tribune* of March 27, 1876. It has been published again and again, and so far as we know has never been impeached. The extract from the Journal of Stephen Grellet was also printed in the *Observer* of Jan. 29, 1863, with a note stating that it was from the Memoirs of Stephen Grellet, a Quaker, whose "Life and Gospel Labors" were published in Philadelphia, 1860. Mr. Grellet at that time alluded to resided in Greenwich, then a suburb of New York, where Paine resided and where he died.

New York *Tribune* of March 27, 1876.

THOMAS PAINE.

His last hours—Extracts from an old Journal.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir: I am much pleased with your editorial, "Thomas Paine's Bust." In the Journal of Stephen Grellet, a noted and most worthy minister of the Society of Friends, I find the following record made in the Fall of 1803:

"I may not omit recording here the death of Thomas Paine. A few days previous to my leaving home on my last religious visit, on hearing that he was ill and in a very destitute condition, I went to see him, and found him in a wretched state, for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his sufferings. A nurse was provided for him and some needful comforts were supplied. He was mostly in a state of stupor, but something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him that some time after my departure he sent for me, and on being told that I was gone from home, he sent for another friend. This induced a valuable young friend (Mary Roscoe), who has resided in my family and continued at Greenwich during a part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshment suitable for an invalid, furnished by a neighbor. Once when she was there, three of his deistical associates came to the door, and, in a loud, unfeeling manner, said, 'Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived,' and then went away. On which, turning to Mary Roscoe, he said, 'You see what miserable comforters they are.' Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'From such a one as you I expect a correct answer.' She told him that when very young his 'Age of Reason' was put into her hands, but that the more she read in it the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book into the fire. 'I wish all had done as you,' he replied; 'for if the devil had any agency in any work, he has had it in my writing that book.' When going to carry him some refreshments, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, 'Oh, Lord!' 'Lord God!' or 'Lord Jesus have mercy upon me!'"

Thus the poor Infidel, wretched in body and mind, received at the last his only ministrations of comfort from hands prompted by hearts filled with the love of the Lord Jesus, whom he had denied and reviled.

Very truly, &c., W. H. Ladd.

Brooklyn, 3d month, 25th day, 1876.

We have verified the above extract, and have corrected one or two unimportant verbal errors from the second edition of the "Memoirs of the Life and Gospel Labors of Stephen Grellet," published in London in 1861 (see vol. i. p. 125). That so little is known in regard to the last days of Paine is explained by the fact that he had been deserted by all decent people, excepting those who, like Stephen Grellet and the nurse he employed, ministered to the wretched man out of Christian compassion. Stephen Grellet, in his Journal, states that Paine wrote much during his last illness, but nothing of what he wrote at that time remains. His Infidel executors may have

had their own reasons for not giving to the world "The Last Words of Thomas Paine."

We are quite sure all candid readers will acknowledge that we have proved our propositions, that Paine lived a drunken, beastly life, and that he "died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death." That the proof will be accepted by Infidels, we can only hope. Some would not be persuaded even though Tom Paine should rise from the dead and confirm it all. Those of the same character with Paine can be expected to renounce their admiration for such a specimen of Infidelity and blasphemy and of beastly living, only through the enlightening influences of God's grace, which has opened the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands of Infidels, and made them humble believers in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Savior of sinners. We wish even to the bitterest enemies of the cross nothing worse than this. And in the hope that this statement of facts may be blessed of God to the farther illustration of the fruits of Infidelity as exhibited in the life of one of its chief apostles, we do not regret having been called to devote so much space to the subject.

INGERSOLL'S REPLY TO THE OBSERVER.

"To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason is like administering medicine to the dead."—*Thomas Paine.*

PEORIA, October 8, 1877.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Observer:

SIR: Last June in San Francisco, I offered a thousand dollars in gold—not as a wager, but as a gift—to any one who would substantiate the absurd story that Thomas Paine died in agony and fear, frightened by the clanking chains of devils. I also offered the same amount to any minister who would prove that Voltaire did not pass away as serenely as the coming of the dawn. Afterward I was informed that you had accepted the offer, and called upon me to deposit the money. Acting upon this information, I sent you the following letter:

(This is the letter printed at the beginning of this article.)

In your paper of September 27, 1877, you acknowledge the receipt of the foregoing letter, and after giving an outline of its contents, say: "As not one of the affirmations, in the form stated in this letter, was contained in the offer we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them. But we are prepared to produce the evidence of the truth of our own statement, and even to go further: to show not only that Tom Paine 'died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death,' but that for many years previous, and up to that event he lived a drunken and beastly life."

In order to refresh your memory as to what you published, I call your attention to the following, which appeared in the *New York Observer,* the 19th of July, 1877.

"PUT DOWN THE MONEY.

"Col. Bob Ingersoll, in a speech full of ribaldry and blasphemy, made in San Francisco recently, said:

"I will give $1,000 in gold coin to any clergyman who can substantiate that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the dawn; and of Tom Paine whom they assert died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact, frightened to death by God. I will give $1,000 likewise to any one who can substantiate this 'absurd story'—a story without a word of truth in it."

"We have published the testimony, and the witnesses are on hand to prove that Tom Paine died a drunken, cowardly, and beastly death. *Let the Colonel deposit the money with any honest man, and the absurd story, as he terms it, shall be shown to be an ower true tale. But he won't do it. His talk is Infidel 'buncombe' and nothing more."*

On the 31st of August I sent you my letter, and on the 27th of September you say in your paper: "As not one of the affirmations in the form stated in this letter was contained in the offer we made, we have no occasion to substantiate them."

What were the affirmations contained in the offer you made? I had offered a thousand dollars in gold to any one who would substantiate *"the absurd story" that Thomas Paine died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact, frightened to death by God.*

In response to this offer you said: "Let the Colonel deposit the money with an honest man and the 'absurd story,' as he terms it, shall be shown to be an 'ower true tale.' But he won't do it. His talk is Infidel 'buncombe' and nothing more."

Did you not offer to prove that Paine died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils? Did you not ask me to deposit the money that you might prove the "absurd story" to be an "ower true tale" and obtain the money? Did you not in your paper of the 27th of September in effect deny that you had offered to prove

this "absurd story"? As soon as I offered to deposit the gold and give bonds besides to cover costs, did you not publish a falsehood?

You have eaten your own words, and, for my part, I would rather have dined with Ezekiel than with you.

You have not met the issue. You have knowingly avoided it. The question was not as to the personal habits of Paine. The real question was and is, whether Paine was filled with fear and horror at the time of his death on account of his religious opinions. That is the question. You avoid this. In effect, you abandon that charge and make others.

To you belongs the honor of having made the most cruel and infamous charges against Thomas Paine that have ever been made. Of what you have said you cannot prove the truth of one word.

You say that Thomas Paine died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death.

I pronounce this charge to be a cowardly and beastly falsehood.

Have you any evidence that he was in a drunken condition when he died?

What did he say or do of a *cowardly* character just before, or at about the time of his death?

In what way was his death cowardly? You must answer these questions, and give your proof, or all honest men will hold you in abhorrence. You have made these charges. The man against whom you make them is dead. He cannot answer you. I can. He cannot compel you to produce your testimony, or admit by your silence that you have cruelly slandered the defenseless dead. I can and I will. You say that his death was cowardly. In what respect? Was it cowardly in him to hold the Thirty-nine Articles in contempt? Was it cowardly *not* to call on your Lord? Was it cowardly not to be afraid? You say that his death was beastly. Again I ask, in what respect? Was it beastly to submit to the inevitable and tranquillity? Was it beastly to look with composure upon the approach of death? Was it beastly to die without a complaint, without a murmur—to pass from life without fear?

Mr. Paine had prophesied that fanatics would crawl and cringe around him during his last moments. He believed they would put a lie in the mouth of Death.

When the shadow of the coming dissolution was upon him, two clergymen, Messrs. Milledollar and Cunningham, called to annoy the dying man. Mr. Cunningham had the politeness to say, "You have now a full view of death—you cannot live long, and whosoever does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ will assuredly be damned." Mr. Paine replied, "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Get away with you. Good morning."

On another occasion a Methodist minister obtruded himself when Willet Hicks was present. This minister declared to Mr. Paine "that unless he repented of his unbelief he would be damned." Paine, although at the door of death, rose in his bed and indignantly requested the clergyman to leave his room. On another occasion, two brothers by the name of Pigott sought to convert him. He was displeased and requested their departure. Afterwards Thomas Nixon and Captain Daniel Pelton visited him for the express purpose of ascertaining whether he had, in any manner, changed his religious opinions. They were assured by the dying man that he still held the principles he had expressed in his writings.

Afterwards, these gentlemen hearing that William Cobbett was about to write a life of Paine sent him the following note:

NEW YORK, April 24, 1818.

Sir: We have been informed that you have a design to write a history of the life and writings of Thomas Paine. If you have been furnished with materials in respect to his religious opinions, or rather of his recantation of his former opinions before his death, all you have heard of his recanting is false. Being aware that such reports would be raised after his death by fanatics which infested his house at the time it was expected he would die, we, the subscribers, intimate acquaintances of Thomas Paine since the year 1776, went to his house. He was sitting up in a chair, and apparently in full vigor and use of all his mental faculties. We interrogated him upon his religious opinions, and if he had changed his mind, or repented of anything he had said or wrote on that subject. He answered, "not at all," and appeared rather offended at our supposition that any change should take place in his mind. We took down in writing the questions put to him and his answers thereto before a number of persons then in his room, among whom were his doctor, Mrs. Bonneville, etc. This paper is mislaid and cannot be found at present, but the above is the substance which can be attested by many living witnesses.

THOMAS NIXON,
DANIEL PELTON.

Mr Jarvis, the artist, saw Mr. Paine one or two days before his death. To Mr. Jarvis he expressed his belief in his written opinions upon the subject of religion. B. F. Haskin, an attorney of the city of New

York, also visited him and inquired as to his religious opinions. Paine was then upon the threshold of death, but he did not tremble. He was not a coward. He expressed his firm and unshaken belief in the religious ideas he had given to the world.

Dr. Manley was with him when he spoke his last words. Dr. Manley asked the dying man if he did not wish to believe that Jesus was the Son of God, and the dying philosopher answered: "I have no wish to believe on that subject." Amasa Woodsworth sat up with Thomas Paine the night before his death. In 1869 Gilbert Vale hearing that Mr. Woodsworth was living in or near Boston, visited him for the purpose of getting his statement. The statement was published in the *Beacon* of June 5, 1839, while thousands who had been acquainted with Mr. Paine were living.

The following is the article referred to:

"We have just returned from Boston. One object of our visit to that city, was to see a Mr. Amasa Woodsworth, an engineer, now retired in a handsome cottage and garden at East Cambridge, Boston. This gentleman owned the house occupied by Paine at his death—while he lived next door. As an act of kindness Mr. Woodsworth visited Mr. Paine every day for six weeks before his death. He frequently sat up with him, and did so on the last two nights of his life. He was always there with Dr. Manley, the physician, and assisted in removing Mr. Paine while his bed was prepared. He was present when Dr. Manley asked Mr. Paine "if he wished to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God," and he describes Mr. Paine's answer as animated. He says that lying on his back he used some action and with much emphasis, replied, "I have no wish to believe on that subject." He lived some time after this, but was not known to speak, for he died tranquilly. He accounts for the insinuating style of Dr. Manley's letter, by stating that that gentleman just after its publication joined a church. He informs us that he has openly reproved the doctor for the falsity contained in the spirit of that letter, boldly declaring before Dr. Manley, who is yet living, that nothing which he saw, justified the insinuations. Mr. Woodsworth assures us that he neither heard nor saw anything to justify the belief of any mental change in the opinions of Mr. Paine previous to his death; but that being very ill and in pain, chiefly arising from the skin being removed in some parts by long lying, he was generally too uneasy to enjoy conversation on the abstract subjects. This, then, is the best evidence that can be procured on this subject and we publish it while the contravening parties are yet alive, and with the authority of Mr. Woodsworth."

GILBERT VALE.

A few weeks ago I received the following letter, which confirms the statement of Mr. Vale:

Near STOCKTON, CAL., GREENWOOD COTTAGE,
July 9, 1877.

COL. INGERSOLL: In 1842 I talked with a gentleman in Boston. I have forgotten his name; but he was then an engineer of the Charlestown navy yard. I am thus particular so you can find his name on the books. He told me that he had nursed Thomas Paine in his last illness, and closed his eyes when dead. I asked him if he recanted and called upon God to save him. He replied: "No. He died as he had taught. He had a sore upon his side, and when we turned him over it was very painful and he would cry out, 'O God!' or something like that." "But," said the narrator, "that was nothing, for he believed in a God." I told him that I had often asserted from the pulpit that Mr. Paine had recanted in his last moments. The gentleman said that it was not true, and appeared to be an intelligent, truthful man. With respect, I remain, &c., PHILIP GRAVES, M. D.

The next witness was Willet Hicks, a Quaker preacher. He says that during the last illness of Mr. Paine he visited him almost daily, and that Paine died firmly convinced of the truth of the religious opinions he had given to his fellowmen. It was this same Willet Hicks that Paine applied to for permission to be buried in the cemetery of the Quakers. Permission was refused. This settles the question of recantation. If he had recanted, of course there would have been no objection to his body being buried by the side of the best hypocrites on earth. If Paine recanted, why should he be denied "a little earth for charity"? Had he recanted, it would have been regarded as a vast and splendid triumph for the gospel. It would, with much noise and ostentation, have been heralded about the world.

I received the following letter to-day. The writer is well known in this city and is a man of high character:

PEORIA, OCT. 8th, 1877.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL—Esteemed Friend: My parents were Friends (Quakers). The elderly and middle-aged Friends visited at my mother's house. We lived in the city of New York. Among the number I distinctly remember Elias Hicks, Willet Hicks, and a Mr. Day, who was a bookseller in Pearl street. There were many others

whose names I do not remember. The subject of the recantation by Thomas Paine of his views about the Bible in his last illness, or at any other time, was discussed by them in my presence at different times. I learned from them that some of them had attended upon Thomas Paine in his last sickness and administered to his wants up to the time of his death. And upon the question of whether he did recant there was but one expression. They all said that he did not recant in any manner. I often heard them say they wished he had recanted. In fact, according to them, the nearer he approached death the more positive he appeared to be in his convictions.

These conversations were from 1820 to 1822. I was at that time from ten to twelve years old, but these conversations impressed themselves upon me because many thoughtless people then blamed the Society of Friends for their kindness to that "arch Infidel," Thomas Paine. Truly yours,

A. C. HANKINSON.

A few days ago I received the following letter:

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1867.

Dear Sir: It is over twenty years ago that professionally I made the acquaintance of John Hogeboom, a Justice of the Peace of the County of Rensselaer, New York. He was then over seventy years of age and had the reputation of being a man of candor and integrity. He was a great admirer of Paine. He told me that he was personally acquainted with him, and used to see him frequently during the last years of his life in the city of New York, where Hogeboom then resided. I asked him if there was any truth in the charge that Paine was in the habit of getting drunk. He said that it was utterly false; that he never heard of such a thing during the lifetime of Mr. Paine, and did not believe anyone else did. I asked him about the recantation of his religious opinions on his deathbed and revolting deathbed scenes that the world has heard so much about. He said there was no truth in them; but he had received his information from persons who attended Paine in his last illness, "and that he passed peacefully away, as we may say, in the sunshine of a great soul." Yours truly,

W. J. HILTON.

The witnesses by whom I substantiate the fact that Thomas Paine did not recant, and that he died holding the religious opinions he had published, are:

1st—Thomas Nixon, Captain Daniel Pelton, B. F. Haskin. These gentlemen visited him during his last illness for the purpose of ascertaining if he had in any respect changed his views upon religion. He told them he had not.

2d—James Cheetham. This man was the most malicious enemy Mr. Paine had, and yet he admits that "Thomas Paine died placidly and almost without a struggle" (see Life of Thomas Paine by James Cheetham).

3d—The ministers Milledollar and Cunningham. These gentlemen told Mr. Paine that if he died without believing in the Lord Jesus Christ he would be damned, and Paine replied, "Let me have none of your popish stuff. Good morning" (see Sherwin's Life of Paine, p. 220.)

4th—Mrs. Hedden. She told these same preachers when they attempted to obtrude themselves upon Mr. Paine again, that the attempt to convert Mr. Paine was useless —"that if God did not change his mind no human power could."

5th—Andrew A. Dean. This man lived upon Paine's farm at New Rochelle and corresponded with him upon religious subjects (see Paine's Theological Works, page 308.)

6th—Mr. Jarvis, the artist with whom Paine lived. He gives an account of an old lady coming to Paine and telling him that God Almighty had sent her to tell him that unless he believed in the blessed Savior he would be damned. Paine replied that God would not send such a foolish woman with such an impertinent message (see Clio Hickman's life of Paine.)

7th—William Carver, with whom Paine boarded. Mr. Carver said again and again that Paine did not recant. He knew him well, and had every opportunity of knowing (see Life of Paine by Vale).

8th—Dr. Manley, who attended him in his last sickness, and to whom Paine spoke his last words. Dr. Manley asked him if he did not wish to believe in Jesus Christ, and he replied: "I have no wish to believe on that subject."

9th—Willet Hicks and Elias Hicks, who were with him frequently during his last sickness, and both of whom tried to persuade him to recant. According to their testimony, Mr. Paine died as he had lived —a believer in God and a friend of man. Willet Hicks was offered money to say something false against Thomas Paine. He was even offered money to remain silent and allow others to slander the dead. Mr. Hicks, speaking of Thomas Paine, said: "He was a good man—an honest man" (Vale's Life of Paine).

10th—Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him every day for some six weeks imme-

diately preceding his death, and sat up with him the last two nights of his life. This man declares that Paine did not recant and that he died tranquilly. The evidence of Mr. Woodsworth is conclusive.

11th—Thomas Paine himself. The will of Thomas Paine, written by himself, commences as follows:

"The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, Thomas Paine, reposing confidence in my creator God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other," and closes in these words: "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good, and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator God."

12th—If Thomas Paine recanted, why do you pursue him? If he recanted, he died substantially in your belief, for what reason, then, do you denounce his death as cowardly? If, upon his deathbed, he renounced the opinions he had published, the business of defaming him should be done by infidels, not by Christians.

I ask you if it is honest to throw away the testimony of his friends—the evidence of fair and honorable men—and take the putrid words of avowed and malignant enemies?

When Thomas Paine was dying he was infested with fanatics—by the snaky spies of bigotry. In the shadows of death were the unclean birds of prey waiting to tear with beak and claw the corpse of him who wrote the "Rights of Man." And there, lurking and crouching in the darkness, were the jackals and hyenas of superstition, ready to violate his grave.

These birds of prey—these unclean beasts—are the witnesses produced and relied upon by you.

One by one the instruments of torture have been wrenched from the cruel clutch of the Church, until within the armory of orthodoxy there remains but one weapon —Slander.

Against the witnesses that I have produced you can bring just two—Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. The first is referred to in the memoir of Stephen Grellet. She had once been a servant in his house. Grellet tells what happened between this girl and Paine. According to this account, Paine asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and on being told that she had read very *little* of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding that from such an one he expected a correct answer.

Let us examine this falsehood. Why would Paine expect a correct answer from one who had read very little of them? Does not such a statement devour itself? This young lady further said that the "Age of Reason" was put into her hands, and that the more she read in it the more dark and distressed she felt, and that she threw the book into the fire. Whereupon Mr. Paine remarked: "I wish all had done as you did, for if the devil ever had any agency in any work he had it in my writing that book."

The next is Mary Hinsdale. She was a servant in the family of Willet Hicks. She, like Mary Roscoe, was sent to carry some delicacy to Mr. Paine. To this young lady Paine, according to her account, said precisely the same thing that he did to Mary Roscoe, and she said the same thing to Mr. Paine.

My opinion is that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale are one and the same person, or the same story has been by mistake put into the mouth of both.

It is not possible that the same conversation should have taken place between Paine and Mary Roscoe and between him and Mary Hinsdale.

Mary Hinsdale lived with Willet Hicks, and he pronounced her story a pious fraud and fabrication He said that Thomas Paine never said any such thing to Mary Hinsdale (see Vale's Life of Paine).

Another thing about this witness. A woman by the name of Mary Lockwood, a Hocksite Quaker, died. Mary Hinsdale met her brother about this time and told him that his sister had recanted, and wanted her to say so at her funeral. This turned out to be false.

It has been claimed that Mary Hinsdale made her statement to Charles Collins. Long after the alleged occurrence Gilbert Vale, one of the biographers of Paine, had a conversation with Collins concerning Mary Hinsdale. Vale asked him what he thought of her. He replied that some of the Friends believed that she used opiates, and that they did not give credit to her statements. He also said that he believed what the Friends said, but thought that when a young woman she *might* have told the truth.

In 1818 William Cobbett came to New York. He began collecting materials for a life of Thomas Paine. In this he became acquainted with Mary Hinsdale and Charles Collins. Mr. Cobbett gave a full account of what happened in a letter addressed to the Norwich *Mercury* in 1819. From this account it seems that Charles Collins told Cobbett that Paine had recanted. Cobbett called for the testimony, and told Mr. Col-

lins that he must give time, place and the circumstances. He finally brought a statement that he stated had been made by Mary Hinsdale. Armed with this document, Cobbett, in October of that year, called upon the said Mary Hinsdale at No. 10 Anthony street, New York, and showed her the statement. Upon being questioned by Mr. Cobbett she said: "That it was so long ago that she could not speak positively to any part of the matter—that she would not say that any part of the paper was true—that she had never seen the paper—and that she had never given Charles Collins authority to say anything about the matter in her name." And so, in the month of October, in the year of grace 1818, in the mist and fog of forgetfulness disappeared forever one Mary Hinsdale—the last and only witness against the intellectual honesty of Thomas Paine.

DID THOMAS PAINE LIVE THE LIFE OF A DRUNKEN BEAST, AND DID HE DIE A DRUNKEN, COWARDLY DEATH?

Upon you rests the burden of substantiating these infamous charges.

You have I suppose, produced the best evidence in your possession, and that evidence I will now proceed to examine. Your first witness is Grant Thorburn. He makes three charges against Thomas Paine. 1st. That his wife obtained a divorce from him in England for cruelty and neglect. 2nd. That he was a defaulter and fled from England to America. 3rd. That he was a drunkard. These three charges stand upon the same evidence—the word of Grant Thorburn. If they are not all true, Mr. Thorburn stands impeached.

The charge that Mrs. Paine obtained a divorce on account of the cruelty and neglect of her husband is utterly false. There is no such record in the world, and never was. Paine and his wife separated by mutual consent, each respecting the other. They remained friends. This charge is without any foundation in fact. I challenge the Christian world to produce the record of this decree of divorce. According to Mr. Thorburn, it was granted in England. In that country public records are kept of all such decrees. Have the kindness to produce this decree, showing that it was given on account of cruelty, or admit that Mr. Thorburn was mistaken.

Thomas Paine was a just man. Although separated from his wife, he always spoke of her with tenderness and respect, and frequently sent her money without letting her know the source from whence it came. Was this the conduct of a drunken beast?

The second charge, that Paine was a defaulter in England and fled to America, is equally false. He did not flee from England. He came to America not as a fugitive but as a free man. He came with a letter of introduction signed by another infidel, Benjamin Franklin. He came as a soldier of freedom—an apostle of Liberty.

In this second charge there is not one word of truth.

He held a small office in England. If he was a defaulter, the records of that country will show that fact.

Mr. Thorburn, unless the record can be produced to substantiate him, stands convicted of at least two mistakes.

Now, as to the third: He says that in 1802 Paine was an "old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated, and half asleep."

Can anyone believe this to be a true account of the personal appearance of Mr. Paine in 1802? He had just returned from France. He had been welcomed home by Thomas Jefferson, who had said that he was entitled to the hospitality of every American.

In 1802 Mr. Paine was honored with a public dinner in the City of New York. He was called upon and treated with kindness and respect by such men as DeWitt Clinton.

In 1806 Mr. Paine wrote a letter to Andrew A. Dean upon the subject of religion. Read that letter and then say that the writer of it was an "old remnant of mortality, drunk, bloated, and half asleep." Search the files of the *New York Observer*, from the first issue to the last, and you will find nothing superior to this letter. In 1803 Mr. Paine wrote a letter of considerable length, and of great force, to his friend, Samuel Adams. Such letters are not written by drunken beasts, nor by old remnants of mortality, nor by drunkards. It was about the same time that he wrote his "Remarks on Robert Hall's Sermons." These "Remarks" were not written by a drunken beast but by a clear-headed and thoughtful man.

In 1804 he published an essay on the invasion of England and a treatise on gunboats, full of valuable maritime information; in 1805 a treatise on yellow fever, suggesting modes of prevention. In short, he was an industrious and thoughtful man. He sympathized with the poor and oppressed of all lands. He looked upon monarchy as a species of physical slavery. He had the goodness to attack that form of government. He regarded the religion of

his day as a kind of mental slavery. He had the courage to give his reasons for his opinion. His reasons filled the churches with hatred. Instead of answering his arguments they attacked him. Men who were not fit to blacken his shoes blackened his character.

There is too much religious cant in the statement of Mr. Thorburn. He exhibited too much anxiety to tell what Grant Thorburn said to Thomas Paine. He names Thomas Jefferson as one of the disreputable men who welcomed Paine with open arms. The testimony of a man who regarded Thomas Jefferson as a disreputable person as to the character of anybody is utterly without value. In my judgment, the testimony of Mr. Thorburn should be thrown aside as wholly unworthy of belief.

Your next witness is the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., who tells what an elder in his church said. This elder said that Paine passed his last days on his farm at New Rochelle with a solitary female attendant. This is not true. He did not pass his last days at New Rochelle. Consequently this pious elder did not see him during his last days at that place. Upon this elder we prove an alibi. Mr. Paine passed his last days in the City of New York, in a house upon Columbia street. The story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., is simply false.

The next competent false witness is the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., who proceeds to state that the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D. D., is corroborated by older citizens of New Rochelle. The names of these ancient residents are withheld. According to these unknown witnesses, the account given by the deceased elder was entirely correct. But as the particulars of Mr. Paine's conduct "was too loathsome to be described in print," we are left entirely in the dark as to what he really did.

While at New Rochelle Mr. Paine lived with Mr. Purdy—with Mr. Dean—with Captain Pelton, and with Mr. Staple. It is worthy of note that all of these gentlemen give the lie direct to the statements of "older residents" and ancient citizens spoken of by the Rev. Charles Hawley, D. D., and leave him with his "loathsome particulars" existing in his own mind.

The next gentleman you bring upon the stand is W. H. Ladd, who quotes from the memoirs of Stephen Grellet. This gentleman also has the misfortune to be dead. According to his account, Mr. Paine made his recantation to a servant girl of his by the name of Mary Roscoe; to this girl, according to the account, Mr. Paine uttered the wish that all who read his book had burned it. I believe there is a mistake in the name of this girl. Her name was probably Mary Hinsdale, as it was once claimed that Paine made the same remarks to her; but this point I shall notice hereafter.

These are your witnesses, and the only ones you bring forward to support your charge that Thomas Paine lived a drunken and beastly life, and died a drunken, cowardly and beastly death. All these calumnies are found in a life of Paine by a Mr. Cheetham, the convicted libeler already referred to. Mr. Cheetham was an enemy of the man whose life he pretended to write.

In order to show you the estimation in which Mr. Cheetham was held by Mr. Paine, I will give you a copy of a letter that throws light upon this point:

October 28, 1807.

Mr. Cheetham: Unless you make a public apology for the abuse and falsehood in your paper of Tuesday, October 27th, respecting me, I will prosecute you for lying.

THOMAS PAINE.

In another letter, speaking of the same man, Mr. Paine says: "If an unprincipled bully cannot be reformed, he can be punished. Cheetham has been so long in the habit of giving false information, that truth is to him like a foreign language."

Mr. Cheetham wrote the life of Paine to gratify his malice and to support religion. He was prosecuted for libel—was convicted and fined.

Yet the life of Paine written by this man is referred to by the Christian world as the highest authority.

As to the personal habits of Mr. Paine, we have the testimony of William Carver, with whom he lived; of Mr. Jarvis, the artist, with whom he lived; of Mr. Staple, with whom he lived; of Mr. Purdy, who was a tenant of Paine's; of Mr. Burger, with whom he was intimate; of Thos. Nixon and Captain Daniel Pelton, both of whom knew him well; of Amasa Woodsworth, who was with him when he died; of John Fellows, who boarded at the same house; of James Wilburn, with whom he boarded; of B. F. Haskin, a lawyer who was well acquainted with him and called *upon* him during his last illness; of Walter Morton, a friend; of Clio Rickman, who had known him many years; of Willet and Elias Hicks, Quakers, who knew him intimately and well; of Judge Herttell, H. Margary, Elihu Palmer, and many others.

All these testified to the fact that Mr. Paine was a temperate man. In those days nearly everybody used spirituous liquors. Paine was not an exception; but he did not drink to excess. Mr. Lovett, who kept the City Hotel, where Paine stopped, in a note to Caleb Bingham, declared that Paine drank less than any boarder he had.

Against all this evidence you produce the story of Grant Thorburn—the story of the Rev. J. D. Wickham that an elder in his church told him that Paine was a drunkard, corroborated by the Rev. Charles Hawley, and an extract from Lossing's history to the same effect. The evidence is overwhelmingly against you. Will you have the fairness to admit it? Your witnesses are merely the repeaters of the falsehoods of James Cheetham, the convicted libeler.

After all, drinking is not as bad as lying. An honest drunkard is better than a calumniator of the dead. "A remnant of old mortality, drunk, bloated, and asleep," is better than a perfectly sober defender of human slavery.

To become drunk is a virtue compared with stealing a babe from the breast of its mother.

Drunkenness is one of the beatitudes compared with editing a religious paper devoted to the defense of slavery upon the ground that it is a divine institution.

Do you really think that Paine was a drunken beast when he wrote "Common Sense"—a pamphlet that aroused three millions of people as people were never aroused by a pamphlet before? Was he a drunken beast when he wrote the "Crisis"? Was it to a drunken beast that the following letter was addressed:

ROCKY HILL, September 10, 1783.

I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy, I know not. Be it for either or both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it. Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country: and if it is in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself your sincere friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Did any of your ancestors ever receive a letter like that?

Do you think that Paine was a drunken beast when the following letter was received by him?

You express a wish in your letter to return to America in a national ship. Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty and who will present you with this letter, is charged with orders to the captain of the Maryland to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will in general find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times; in *these it will be your glory to have steadily labored and with as much effect as any man living.* That you may live long to continue your useful labors, and reap the reward in the *thankfulness of nations,* is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Did any of your ancestors ever receive a letter like that?

"It has been very generally propagated through the continent that I wrote the pamphlet 'Common Sense.' I could not have written anything in so manly and striking a style."—JOHN ADAMS.

"A few more such *flaming* arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense,' will not leave numbers at a loss to decide on the propriety of separation."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"It is not necessary for me to tell you how much all your countrymen—I speak of the great mass of the people—are interested in your welfare. They have not forgotten the history of their own Revolution and the difficult scenes through which they passed; nor do they review its several stages without reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility of the merits of those who served them in that great and arduous conflict. The crime of ingratitude has not yet stained, and I trust never will stain, our national character. You are considered by them as not only having rendered important services in our own Revolution but as being on a more extensive scale the friend of human rights and a distinguished and able defender of public liberty. To the welfare of Thomas Paine the Americans are not, nor can they, be indifferent? * *

"JAMES MONROE."

Did any of your ancestors ever receive a letter like that?

"No writer has exceeded Paine in ease and familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

Was ever a letter like that written about an editor of the *New York Observer?*

Was it in consideration of the services of a drunken beast that the legislature of Pennsylvania presented Thomas Paine with five hundred pounds sterling?

Did the state of New York feel indebted to a drunken beast, and confer upon Thomas Paine an estate of several hundred acres?

"I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."

"My own mind is my own church."

"It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself."

"Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

"The Word of God is the creation which we behold."

"The age of ignorance commenced with the Christian system."

"It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action—it begets a calamitous necessity of going on."

"To read the Bible without horror, we must undo everything that is tender, sympathizing and benevolent in the heart of man."

"The man does not exist who can say I have persecuted him, or that I have in any case returned evil for evil."

"Of all tyrannies that afflict mankind, tyranny in religion is the worst."

"The belief in a cruel god makes a cruel man."

"My own opinion is that those whose lives have been spent in doing good and endeavoring to make their fellow-mortals happy will be happy hereafter."

"The intellectual part of religion is a private affair between every man and his Maker, and in which no third party has any right to interfere. The practical part consists in our doing good to each other."

"No man ought to make a living by religion. One person cannot act religion for another—every person must perform it for himself."

"One good schoolmaster is of more use than a hundred priests."

"Let us propagate morality unfettered by superstition."

"God is the power, or first cause; Nature is the law, and matter is the subject acted upon."

"I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life."

"The key of heaven is not in the keeping of any set nor ought the road to it to be obstructed by any."

"My religion, and the whole of it, is the fear and love of the Deity and universal philanthropy."

"I have yet, I believe, some years in store, for I have a good state of health and a happy mind. I take care of both, by nourishing the first with *temperance* and the latter with abundance."

"He lives immured within the Bastille of a word."

How perfectly that sentence describes you! The Bastille in which you are immured is the word "Calvinism."

"Man has no property in man."

What a splendid motto that would have made for the *New York Observer* in the olden time!

"The world is my country; to do good, my religion."

I ask you again whether these splendid utterances came from the lips of a drunken beast?

DID THOMAS PAINE DIE IN DESTITUTION AND WANT?

The charge has been made, over and over again, that Thomas Paine died in want and destitution—that he was an abandoned pauper—an outcast without friends and without money. This charge is just as false as the rest.

Upon his return to this country in 1802 he was worth $30,000, according to his own statement made at that time in the following letter aldressed to Clio Rickman:

My Dear Friend: Mr. Monroe, who is appointed minister extraordinary to France, takes charge of this, to be delivered to Mr. Este, banker in Paris, to be forwarded to you. I arrived at Baltimore the 30th of October, and you can have no idea of the agitation which my arrival occasioned. From New Hampshire to Georgia (an extent of 1,500 miles) every newspaper was filled with applause or abuse.

My property in this country has been taken care of by my friends, and is now worth six thousand pounds sterling; which, put in the funds will bring me £400 sterling a year.

Remember me in affection and friendship to your wife and family, and in the circle of your friends. Thomas Paine.

A man in those days worth thirty thousand dollars was not pauper. That amount would bring an income of at least two thousand dollars per annum. Two thousand dollars then would be fully equal to five thousand dollars now.

On the 12th of July, 1809, the year in which he died, Mr. Paine made his will. From this instrument we learn that he was

the owner of a valuable farm within twenty miles of New York. He also was the owner of thirty shares in the New York Phœnix Insurance Company, worth upwards of fifteen hundred dollars. Besides this, some personal property and ready money. By his will he gave to Walter Morton, and Thomas Addis Emmet, brother of Robert Emmet, two hundred dollars each, and one hundred to the widow of Elihu Palmer.

Is it possible that this will was made by a pauper—by a destitute outcast—by a man who suffered for the ordinary necessaries of life?

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that he was poor and he died a beggar, does that tend to show that the Bible is an inspired book and that Calvin did not burn Servetus? Do you really regard poverty as a crime? If Paine had died a millionaire, would you have accepted his religious opinions? If Paine had drank nothing but cold water, would you have repudiated the five cardinal points of Calvinism? Does an argument depend for its force upon the pecuniary condition of the person making it? As a matter of fact, most reformers—most men and women of genius, have been acquainted with poverty. Beneath a covering of rags have been found some of the tenderest and bravest hearts.

Owing to the attitude of the churches for the last fifteen hundred years, truth telling has not been a very lucrative business. As a rule, hypocrisy has worn the robes, and honesty the rags. That day is passing away. You cannot now answer the arguments of a man by pointing at holes in his coat. Thomas Paine attacked the church when it was powerful—when it had what was called honors to bestow—when it was the keeper of the public conscience—when it was strong and cruel. The church waited till he was dead, then attacked his reputation and his clothes. Once upon a time a donkey kicked a lion. The lion was dead.

CONCLUSION.

From the persistence with which the orthodox have charged for the last sixty-eight years that Thomas Paine recanted, and that when dying he was filled with remorse and fear; from the malignity of the attack upon his personal character, I had concluded that there must be some evidence of some kind to support these charges. Even with my ideas of the average honor of believers in superstition—the disciples of fear—I did not quite believe that all these infamies rested solely upon poorly attested lies. I had charity enough to suppose that something had been said or done by Thomas Paine capable of being tortured into a foundation for these calumnies. And I was foolish enough to think that even you would be willing to fairly examine the pretended evidence said to sustain these charges, and give your honest conclusion to the world. I supposed that you, being acquainted with the history of your country, felt under a certain obligation to Thomas Paine for the splendid services rendered by him in the darkest days of the Revolution. It was only reasonable to suppose that you were aware that in the midnight of Valley Forge the "Crisis," by Thomas Paine, was the first star that glittered in the wide horizon of despair. I took it for granted that you knew of the bold stand taken and the brave words spoken by Thomas Paine, in the French convention, against the death of the king. I thought it probable that you, being an editor, had read the "Rights of Man"; that you knew that Thomas Paine was a champion of human liberty; that he was one of the founders and fathers of this republic; that he was one of the foremost men of his age; that he had never written a word in favor of injustice; that he was a despiser of slavery; that he abhorred tyranny in all its forms; that he was in the widest and highest sense a friend of his race; that his head was as clear as his heart was good, and that he had the courage to speak his honest thoughts. Under these circumstances I had hoped that you would for a moment forget your religious prejudices and submit to the enlightened judgment of the world the evidence you had, or could obtain, affecting in any way the character of so great and so generous a man. This you have refused to do. In my judgment, you have mistaken the temper of even your own readers. A large majority of the religious people of this country have, to a considerable extent, outgrown the prejudices of their fathers. They are willing to know the truth, and the whole truth, about the life and death of Thomas Paine. They will not thank you for having presented them the moss-covered, the maimed and distorted traditions of ignorance, prejudice and credulity. By this course you will convince them not of the wickedness of Paine, but of your own unfairness.

What crime had Thomas Paine committed that he should have feared to die? The only answer you can give is, that he denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. If this is a crime, the civilized world is filled with criminals. The pioneers of human thought—the intellectual readers of the world—the foremost men in every science—the kings

of literature and art—those who stand in the front rank of investigation—the men who are civilizing, elevating, instructing and refining mankind, are to-day unbelievers in the dogma of inspiration. Upon this question the intellect of Christendom agrees with the conclusions reached by the genius of Thomas Paine. Centuries ago a noise was made for the purpose of frightening mankind. Orthodoxy is the echo of that noise.

The man who now regards the Old Testament as in any sense a sacred or inspired book is, in my judgment, an intellectual and moral deformity. There is in it so much that is cruel, ignorant and ferocious that it is to me a matter of amazement that it was ever thought to be the work of a most moral Deity.

As it was a question of inspiration Thomas Paine gave his honest opinion. Can it be that to give an honest opinion causes a man to die in terror and despair? Why should it be taken for granted that Thomas Paine, who devoted his life to the sacred cause of freedom, should have been hissed at in the hour of death by the snakes of conscience, while editors of Presbyterian papers who defended slavery as a divine institution, and cheerfully justified the stealing of babes from the breasts of mothers, are supposed to have passed smilingly from the earth to embraces of angels? Why should you think that the heroic author of the "Rights of Man" should shudderingly dread to leave this "bank and the shoal of time," while Calvin, dripping with the blood of Servetus, was anxious to be judged of God? Is it possible that the persecutors—the instigators of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the inventors and users of thumb-screws, and iron boots, and iron racks—the burners and tearers of human flesh—the stealers, whippers and enslavers of men—the buyers and beaters of babes and mothers—the founders of inquisitions—the makers of chains, the builders of dungeons, the slanders of the living and the calumniators of the dead, all died in the odor of sanctity, with white, forgiven hands folded upon the breasts of peace, while the destroyers of prejudice the apostles of humanity—the soldiers of liberty—the breakers of fetters—the creators of light—died surrounded with the fierce fiends of fear?

In your attempt to destroy the character of Thomas Paine you have failed, and have succeeded only in leaving a stain upon your own. You have written words as cruel, bitter and heartless as the creed of Calvin. Hereafter you will stand in the pillory of history as a defamer—a calumniator of the dead. You will be known as the man who said that Thomas Paine, the "Author Hero," lived a drunken, cowardly and beastly life, and died a drunken and beastly death. These infamous words will be branded upon the forehead of your reputation. They will be remembered against you when all else you may have uttered shall have passed from the memory of men.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE OBSERVER'S SECOND ATTACK.

(*New York Observer*, Nov. 1, 1877.)

In the *Observer* of September 27th, in response to numerous calls from different parts of the country for information, and in fulfillment of a promise, we presented a mass of testimony, chiefly from the persons with whom we had been personally acquainted, establishing the truth of our assertions in regard to the dissolute life and miserable end of Paine. It was not a pleasing subject for discussion, and an apology, or at least an explanation, is due to our readers for resuming it, and for occupying so much space, or any space, in exhibiting the truth and the proofs in regard to the character of a man who had become so debased by his intemperance, and so vile in his habits, as to be excluded, for many years before and up to the time of his death, from all decent society.

Our reasons for taking up the subject at all, and for presenting at this time so much additional testimony in regard to the facts of the case, are these: At different periods for the last fifty years, efforts have been made by the Infidels to revive and honor the memory of one whose friends would honor him most by suffering his name to sink into oblivion, if that were possible. About two years since, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, came to their aid, and undertook a sort of championship of Paine, making in a public discourse this statement: "No private character has been more foully calumniated in the name of God than that of Thomas Paine." (Mr. Frothingham, it will be remembered, is the one who recently, in a public discourse announced the downfall of Christianity, although he very kindly made the allowance that, "it may be a thousand years before its decay will be visible to all eyes." It is our private opinion that it will be at least a thousand and one.) Rev. John W. Chadwick, a minister of the same order of unbelief, who signs himself "Minister of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn," has devoted two discourses to the same end, eulogizing Paine. In one of these, which we have before us in a hand-

somely printed pamphlet, entitled "Method and Value of his (Paine's) Religious Teachings," he says, "Christian usage has determined that an Infidel means one who does not believe in Christianity as a supernatural religion; in the Bible as a supernatural book; in Jesus as a supernatural person. And in this sense Paine was an Infidel, and so, thank God, am I." It is proper to add that Unitarians generally decline all responsibility for the utterances of both of these men, and that they compose a denomination, or rather two denominations, of their own.

There is also a certain class of Infidels who are not quite prepared to meet the odium that attaches to the name; they call themselves Christians, but their sympathies are all with the enemies of Christianity, and they are not always able to conceal it. They have not the courage of their opinions, like Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Chadwick, and they work only sideways toward the same end. We have been no little amused since our last article on this subject appeared, to read some of the articles that have been written on the other side, though professedly on no side, and to observe how sincerely these men deprecate the discussion of the character of Paine, as an unprofitable topic. It never appeared to them unprofitable when the discussion was on the other side.

Then, too, we have for months past been receiving letters from different parts of the country, asking authentic information on the subject and stating that the followers of Paine are making extraordinary efforts to circulate his writings against the Christian religion, and in order to give currency to these writings they are endeavoring to rescue his name from the disgrace into which it sank during the latter years of his life. Paine spent several of his last years in furnishing a commentary upon his Infidel principles. This commentary was contained in his besotted, degraded life and miserable end, but his friends do not wish the commentary to go out in connection with his writings. They prefer to have them read without the comments by their author. Hence this anxiety to free the great apostle of Infidelity from the obloquy which his life brought upon his name; to represent him as a pure, noble, virtuous man, and to make it appear that he died a peaceful, happy death, just like a philosopher.

But what makes the publication of the facts in the case still more imperative at this time is the wholesale accusation brought against the Christian public by the friends and admirers of Paine. Christian ministers as a class, and Christian Journals are expressly accused of falsifying history, of defaming "the mighty dead!" (meaning Paine,) etc. In the face of all these accusations it cannot be out of place to state the facts and to fortify the statement by satisfactory evidence, as we are abundantly able to do.

The two points on which we proposed to produce the testimony are, the character of Paine's life (referring of course to his last residence in this country, for no one has intimated that he had sunk into such besotted drunkenness until about the time of his return to the United States in 1802), and the real character of his death as consistent with such a life, and as marked further by the cowardliness which has been often exhibited by Infidels in the same circumstances.

It is nothing at all to the purpose to show, as his friends are fond of doing, that Paine rendered important service to the cause of American Independence. This is not the point under discussion and is not denied. No one ever called in question the valuable services that Benedict Arnold rendered to the country in the early part of the Revolutionary War; but this, with true Americans, does not suffice to cast a shade of loveliness or even to spread a mantle of charity over his subsequent career. Whatever share Paine had in the personal friendship of the Fathers of the Revolution he forfeited by his subsequent life of beastly drunkenness and degradation, and on this account as well as on account of his blasphemy he was shunned by all decent people.

We wish to make one or two corrections of misstatements by Paine's advocates, on which a vast amount of argument has been simply wasted. We have never stated in any form, nor have we ever supposed, that Paine actually renounced his Infidelity. The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming Infidel, and his horrible death we regard as one of the fruits, the fitting complement of his Infidelity. We have never seen anything that encouraged the hope that he was not abandoned of God in his last hours. But we have no doubt, on the other hand, that having become a wreck in body and mind through his intemperance, abandoned of God, deserted by his Infidel companions, and dependent upon Christian charity for the attentions he received, miserable beyond description in his condition, and seeing nothing to hope for in the future he was afraid to die, and was ready to call upon God and upon Christ for mercy, and ready perhaps in the next minute to blaspheme. This is what we referred

to in speaking of Paine's death as cowardly. It is shown in the testimony we have produced, and still more fully in that which we now present. The most wicked men are ready to call upon God in seasons of great peril, and sometimes ask for Christian ministrations when in extreme illness; but they are often ready on any alleviation of distress to turn to their wickedness again, in the expressive language of Scripture, "as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

We have never stated or intimated, nor, so far as we are aware, has any one of our correspondents stated, that Paine died in poverty. It has been frequently and truthfully stated that Paine was dependent on Christian charity for the attentions he received in his last days, and so he was. His infidel companions forsook him and Christian hearts and hands ministered to his wants, notwithstanding the blasphemies of the deathbed.

Nor has one of our correspondents stated, as alleged, that Paine died at New Rochelle. The Rev. Dr. Wickham, who was a resident of that place nearly fifty years ago, and who was perfectly familiar with the facts of his life, wrote that Paine spent "his latter days" on the farm presented to him by the State of New York, which was strictly true, but made no reference to it as the place of his death. Such misrepresentations serve to show how much the advocates of Paine admire "truth."

With these explanations we produce further evidence in regard to the manner of Paine's life and the character of his death, both of which we have already characterized in appropriate terms, as the following testimony will show.

In regard to Paine's "personal habits," even before his return to this country, and particularly his aversion to soap and water, Elkana Watson, a gentleman of the highest social position, who resided in France during a part of the Revolutionary War, and who was the personal friend of Washington, Franklin, and other patriots of the period, makes some incidental statements in his "Men and Times of the Revolution."

Though eulogizing Paine's efforts in behalf of American Independence, he describes him as "coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist." On Paine's arrival at Nantes, the Mayor and other distinguished citizens called upon him to pay their respects to the American patriot. Mr. Watson says: "He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust." Mr. W., after much entreaty, and only by promising him a bundle of newspapers to read while undergoing the operation, succeeded in prevailing on Paine to "stew, for an hour, in a hot bath." Mr. W. accompanied Paine to the bath, and "instructed the keeper in French (which Paine did not understand) gradually to increase the heat of the water until *'le Monsieur serait bien bouille'"* (until the gentleman shall be well boiled); and adding that "he became so much absorbed in his reading that he was nearly parboiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and my satisfaction."

William Carver has been cited as a witness in behalf of Paine, and particularly as to his "personal habits." In a letter to Paine, dated December 2, 1776, he bears the following testimony:

"A respectable gentleman from New Rochelle came to see me a few days back, and said that everybody was tired of you there, and no one would undertake to board and lodge you. I thought this was the case, as I found you at the tavern in a most miserable situation, You appeared as if you had not been shaved for a fortnight, and as to the shirt, it could only be said that you had one on. It was only the remains of one, and this, likewise, appeared not to have been off your back for a fortnight, and was nearly the color of tanned leather; and you had the most disagreeable smell possible; just like that of our poor beggars in England. Do you remember the pains I took to clean you? That I got a tub of warm water and soap and washed you from head to foot, and this I had to do three times before I could get you clean." (And then follow most disgusting details.)

"You say, also, that you found your own liquors during the time you boarded with me! but you should have said, 'I found only a small part of the liquor I drank during my stay with you: this part I purchased of John Fellows, which was a demijohn of brandy containing four gallons, and this did not serve me three weeks.' This can be proved, and I mean not to say anything that I cannot prove; for I hold truth as a precious jewel. It is a well-known fact, that you drank one quart of brandy per day, at my expense, during the different times that you have boarded with me, the demijohn above mentioned, excepted, and the last fourteen weeks you were sick. Is not this a supply of liquor for dinner and supper?"

This chosen witness in behalf of Paine, closes his letter, which is full of loathsome

descriptions of Paine's manner of life, as follows:

"Now, sir, I think I have drawn a complete portrait of your character; yet to enter upon every minutia would be to give a history of your life, and to develop the fallacious mask of hypocrisy and deception under which you have acted in your political as well as moral capacity of life.

(Signed), "WILLIAM CARVER."

Carver had the same opinion of Paine to his dying day. When an old man, and an infidel of the Paine type and habits, he was visited by the Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D. D., of this city, who writes to us of his interview with Carver, under date of Sept. 27, 1877:

"I conversed with him nearly an hour. I took special pains to learn from him all that I could about Paine, whose landlord he had been for eighteen months. He spoke of him as a base and shameless drunkard, utterly destitute of moral principle. His denunciations of the man were perfectly fearful, and fully confirmed, in my apprehension, all that had been written of Paine's immorality and repulsiveness."

Cheetham's Life of Paine, which was published the year that he died and which has passed through several editions (we have three of them now before us), describes a man lost to all moral sensibility and to all sense of decency, a habitual drunkard, and it is simply incredible that a book should have appeared so soon after the death of its subject and should have been so frequently republished without being at once refuted, if the testimony were not substantially true. Many years later, when it was found necessary to bolster up the reputation of Paine, Cheetham's Memoirs were called a pack of lies. If only one-tenth part of what he publishes circumstantially in his volume, as facts in regard to Paine, were true, all that has been written against him in later years does not begin to set forth the degraded character of the man's life. And with all that has been written on the subject we see no good reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of Cheetham's portrait of the man whom he knew so well.

Dr. J. W. Francis, well known as an eminent physician of this city, in his Reminiscences of New York, says of Paine:

"He who, in his early days, had been associated with, and had received counsel from Franklin, was, in his old age, deserted by the humblest menial; he, whose pen had proved a very sword among nations, had shaken empires, and made kings tremble, now yielded up the mastery to the most treacherous of tyrants, King Alcohol."

The physician who attended Paine during his last illness was Dr. James R. Manly, a gentleman of the highest character. A letter of his, written in October of the year that Paine died, fully corroborates the account of his statement as recorded by Stephen Grellet in his Memoirs, which we have already printed. He writes:

"New York, October 2, 1809: I was called upon by accident to visit Mr. Paine, on the 25th of February last, and found him indisposed with fever, and very apprehensive of an attack of apoplexy, as he stated that he had that disease before, and at this time felt a high degree of vertigo, and was unable to help himself as he had hitherto done, on account of an intense pain above the eyes. On inquiry of the attendants I was told that three or four days previously he had concluded to dispense with his usual quantity of accustomed stimulus and that he had on that day resumed it. To the want of his usual drink they attributed his illness, and it is highly probable that the usual quantity operating upon a state of system more excited from the above privations, was the cause of the symptoms of which he then complained. * * * And here let me be permitted to observe (lest blame might attach to those whose business it was to pay any particular attention to his cleanliness of person) that it was absolutely impossible to effect that purpose. Cleanliness appeared to make no part of his comfort; he seemed to have a singular aversion to soap and water; he would never ask to be washed, and when he was he would always make objections; and it was not unusual to wash and to dress him clean very much against his inclinations. In this deplorable state, with confirmed dropsy, attended with frequent cough, vomiting and hiccough, he continued growing from bad to worse till the morning of the 8th of June, when he died. Though I may remark that during the last three weeks of his life his situation was such that his decease was confidently expected every day, his ulcers having assumed a gangrenous appearance, being excessively fetid, and discolored blisters having taken place on the soles of his feet without any ostensible cause, which baffled the usual attempts to arrest their progress; and when we consider his former habits, his advanced age, the feebleness of his constitution, his constant habit of using ardent spirits *ad libitum* till the commencement of his last illness, so far from wondering that he died so soon, we are constrained to ask,

How did he live so long? Concerning his conduct during his disease I have not much to remark, though the little I have may be somewhat interesting. Mr. Paine professed to be above the fear of death, and a great part of his conversation was principally directed to give the impression that he was perfectly willing to leave this world, and yet some parts of his conduct were with difficulty reconcilable with his belief. In the first stages of his illness he was satisfied to be left alone during the day, but he required some person to be with him at night, urging as reason that he was afraid that he should die when unattended, and at this period his deportment and his principle seemed to be consistent, so much so that a stranger would judge from some of the remarks he would make that he was an Infidel. I recollect being with him at night, watching; he was very apprehensive of a speedy dissolution, and suffered great distress of body, and perhaps of mind (for he was waiting the event of an application to the Society of Friends for permission that his corpse might be deposited in their grave ground, and had reason to believe that the request might be refused), when he remarked in these words, 'I think I can say what *they* made Jesus Christ to say—"My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"' He went on to observe on the want of that respect which he conceived he merited, when I observed to him that I thought his corpse should be matter of least concern to him; that those whom he would leave behind him would see that he was properly interred, and, further, that it would be of little consequence to *me* where I was deposited provided I was buried; upon which he answered that he had nothing else to talk about, and that he would as lief talk of his death as of anything, but that he was not so indifferent about his corpse as I appeared to be.

"During the latter part of his life, though his conversation was equivocal, his conduct was singular; he could not be left alone night or day; he not only required to have some person with him, but he must see that he or she was there, and would not allow his curtain to be closed at any time; and if, as it would sometimes unavoidably happen, he was left alone, he would scream and halloo until some person came to him. When relief from pain would admit, he seemed thoughtful and contemplative, his eyes being generally closed, and his hands folded upon his breast, although he never slept without the assistance of an anodyne. There was something remarkable in his conduct about the period (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death), particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was the author of the 'Age of Reason.'

"He would call out during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, 'O Lord help me! God help me! Jesus Christ help me! Lord help me!' etc., repeating the same expression without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. It was this conduct which induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions, and I was more inclined to that belief when I understood from his nurse (who is a very serious and, I believe, pious woman), that he would occasionally inquire, when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading, and, being answered, and at the same time asked whether she would read aloud, he assented, and would appear to give particular attention.

"I took occasion during the nights of the 5th and 6th of June to test the strength of his opinions respecting revelation.

"I purposely made him a very late visit; it was a time which seemed to suit exactly with my errand; it was midnight, he was in great distress, constantly exclaiming in the words above mentioned; when, after a considerable preface, I addressed him in the following manner, the nurse being present: 'Mr. Paine, your opinions, by a large portion of the community, have been treated with deference, you have never been in the habit of mixing in your conversation words of coarse meaning; you have never indulged in the practice of profane swearing; you must be sensible that we are acquainted with your religious opinions as they are given to the world. What must we think of your present conduct? Why do you call upon Jesus Christ to help you? Do you believe that He can help you? Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ? Come, now, answer me honestly. I want an answer from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe that you will not live twenty-four hours'; I waited some time at the end of every question; he did not answer, but ceased to exclaim in the above manner. Again I addressed him: 'Mr. Paine, you have not answered my questions; will you answer them? Allow me to ask again, do you believe? or let me qualify the question, do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?' After a pause of some minutes, he answered, 'I have no wish to believe on that subject.' I then left him, and knew not whether he afterward spoke to any person on any subject, though he

lived, as I before observed, till the morning of the 8th. Such conduct, under usual circumstances, I conceive absolutely unaccountable, though, with diffidence, I would remark, not so much so in the present instance; for though the first necessary and general result of conviction be a sincere wish to atone for evil committed, yet it may be a question worthy of able consideration whether excessive pride of opinion, consummate vanity, and inordinate self-love might not prevent or retard that otherwise natural consequence. For my own part, I believe that had not Thomas Paine been such a distinguished Infidel he would have left less equivocal evidence of a change of opinion. Concerning the persons who visited Mr. Paine in his distress as personal friends, I heard very little, though I may observe that their number was small, and of that number there were not wanting those who endeavored to support him in his deistical opinions, and to encourage him to 'die like a man,' to 'hold fast his integrity,' lest Christians, or as they were pleased to term them, hypocrites, might take advantage of his weakness, and furnish themselves with a weapon by which they might hope to destroy their glorious system of morals. Numbers visited him from motives of benevolence and Christian charity, endeavoring to effect a change of mind in respect to his religious sentiments. The labor of such was apparently lost, and they pretty generally received such treatment from him as none but good men would risk a second time, though some of those persons called frequently."

The following testimony will be new to most of our readers. It is from a letter written by Bishop Fenwick (Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston), containing a full account of a visit which he paid Paine in his last illness. It was printed in the *United States Catholic Magazine* for 1846; in *the Catholic Herald* of Philadelphia, October 15, 1846; in a supplement to the *Hartford Courant*, October 23, 1847; and in *Littell's Living Age* for January 22, 1848, from which we copy. Bishop Fenwick writes:

"A short time before Paine died I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him, among other things, that in his wretched condition if anybody could do him any good it would be a Roman Catholic priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress) whom I had received into the Church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of this message to me from Paine. I stated this circumstance to F. Kohlmann, at breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at the time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew, from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most impious as well as infamous of men. We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich, where Paine lodged, and on the way agreed on a mode of proceeding with him.

"We arrived at the house; a decent looking elderly woman (probably his housekeeper) came to the door and inquired whether we were the Catholic priests, for said she, 'Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by other denominations calling upon him that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the clergymen of the Catholic Church.' Upon assuring her that we were Catholic clergymen she opened the door and showed us into the parlor. She then left the room and shortly after returned to inform us that Paine was asleep, and, at the same time, expressed a wish that we would not disturb him, 'For,' said she, 'he is always in a bad humor when roused out of his sleep. It is better we wait a little till he be awake.' We accordingly sat down and resolved to wait a more favorable moment. 'Gentlemen,' said the lady, after having taken her seat also, 'I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine, for he is laboring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his physicians that he cannot possibly live and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day because he was told that if any one could do him good you might. Possibly he may think you know of some remedy which his physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries when he is left alone are heartrending. "O Lord help me!" he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress—"God help me—Jesus Christ help me!" repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say, "O God, what have I done to suffer so much?" then, shortly after, "But there is no God," and again a little after, "Yet, if there should be, what would become of me hereafter?" Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream, as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very fre-

quent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. "Stay with me," he replied, "for God's sake, for I cannot bear to be left alone." I then observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend in the house. "Then," said he, "send even a child to stay with me, for it is hell to be alone." I never saw,' she concluded, 'a more unhappy, a more forsaken man. It seems he cannot reconcile himself to die.'

"Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant, yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the parlor, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining passageway, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke. We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman, and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched sight in appearance I never beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth; his look was that of a man greatly tortured in mind; his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose better days had been one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken, undoubtedly, but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which had also followed in the track and left its mark on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it."

Immediately upon their making known the object of their visit, Paine interrupted the speaker by saying: "That's enough, sir; that's enough," and again interrupted him, "I see what you would be about. I wish to hear no more from you, sir. My mind is made up on that subject. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies, and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor." He drove them out of the room, exclaiming: "Away with you and your God, too, leave the room instantly; all that you uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had a little more time I would prove, as I did about your impostor, Jesus Christ."

This, we think, will suffice. We have a mass of letters containing statements confirmatory of what we have published in regard to the life and death of Paine, but nothing more can be required.

INGERSOLL'S SECOND REPLY.

PEORIA, Nov. 2d, 1877.

To the Editor of the New York Observer:

You ought to have honesty enough to admit that you did, in your paper of July 19th, offer to prove that the absurd story that Thomas Paine died in terror and agony on account of the religious opinions he had expressed, was true. You ought to have fairness enough to admit that you called upon me to deposit one thousand dollars with an honest man, that you might, by proving that Thomas Paine did die in terror, obtain the money.

You ought to have honor enough to admit that you challenged me and that you commenced the controversy concerning Thomas Paine.

You ought to have goodness enough to admit that you were mistaken in the charges you made.

You ought to have manhood enough to do what you falsely asserted that Thomas Paine did—you ought to recant. You ought to admit publicly that you slandered the dead; that you falsified history; that you defamed the defenseless; that you deliberately denied what you had published in your own paper. There is an old saying to the effect that open confession is good for the soul. To you is presented a splendid opportunity of testing the truth of this saying.

Nothing has astonished me more than your lack of common honesty exhibited in this controversy. In your last, you quote from Dr. J. W. Francis. Why did you leave out that portion in which Dr. Francis says *that Cheetham with settled malignity wrote the life of Paine?* Why did you leave out that part in which Dr. Francis says that Cheetham in the same way *slandered Alexander Hamilton and DeWitt Clinton?* Is it your business to suppress the truth? Why did you not publish the entire letter of Bishop Fenwick? Was it because it proved beyond all cavil that Thomas Paine did not recant? Was it because, in the light of that letter, Mary Roscoe, Mary Hinsdale, and Grant Thorburn appeared unworthy of belief? Dr. J. W. Francis says in the same article from which you quoted, *"Paine clung to his infidelity until the last moment of his life."* Why did you not

publish that? It was the first line immediately above what you did quote. You must have seen it. Why did you suppress it? A lawyer doing a thing of this character is denominated a shyster. I do not know the appropriate word to designate a theologian guilty of such an act.

You brought forward three witnesses pretending to have a personal knowledge about the life and death of Thomas Paine —Grant Thorburn, Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale. In my reply I took the ground that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale must have been the same person. I thought it impossible that Paine should have had a conversation with Mary Roscoe, and then one *precisely* like it with Mary Hinsdale. Acting upon this conviction, I proceeded to show that the conversation never could have happened—that it was absurdly false to say that Paine asked the opinion of a girl as to his works who had never read but little of them. I then showed by the testimony of William Cobbett that he visited Mary Hinsdale in 1819, taking with him a statement concerning the recantation of Paine given him by Mr. Collins, and that upon being shown this statement she said that "it was so long ago that she would not speak positively to any part of the matter—that she would not say any part of the paper was true." At that time she knew nothing, and remembered nothing. I also showed that she was a kind of standing witness to prove that others recanted. Willet Hicks denounced her as unworthy of belief.

To-day the following from the New York *World* was received, showing that I was right in my conjecture:

TOM PAINE'S DEATHBED.

To the Editor of the *World:*

Sir—I see by your paper that Bob Ingersoll discredits Mary Hinsdale's story of the scenes which occurred at the deathbed of Thomas Paine. No one who knew that good lady would for one moment doubt her veracity or question her testimony. Both she and her husband were Quaker preachers, and well known and respected inhabitants of New York city. Ingersoll *is right in his conjecture that Mary Roscoe and Mary Hinsdale was the same person.* Her maiden name was Roscoe, and she married Henry Hinsdale. My mother was a Roscoe, a niece of Mary Roscoe, and lived with her for some time. I have heard her relate the story of Tom Paine's dying remorse, as told by her aunt, who was a witness to it. She says (in a letter I have just received from her), "he (Tom Paine) suffered fearfully from remorse and renounced his infidel principles, calling on God to forgive him, and wishing his pamphlets and books to be burned, saying he could not die in peace until it was done."

(Rev.) A. W. Cornell.

Harpersville, New York.

You will notice that the testimony of Mary Hinsdale has been drawing interest since 1809, and has materially increased. If Paine "suffered fearfully from remorse, renounced his infidel opinions and called on God to forgive him," it is hardly generous for the Christian world to fasten the fangs of malice in the flesh of his reputation.

So Mary Roscoe was Mary Hinsdale, and as Mary Hinsdale has been shown by her own admission to Mr. Cobbett to have known nothing of the matter; and as Mary Hinsdale was not, according to Willet Hicks worthy of belief—as she told a falsehood of the same kind about Mary Lockwood, and was, according to Mr. Collins, addicted to the use of opium—this disposes of her and her testimony.

There remains upon the stand Grant Thorburn. Concerning this witness, I received yesterday from the eminent biographer and essayist James Parton the following epistle:

Newburyport, Mass.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll:

Touching Grant Thorburn, I personally know him to have been a dishonest man. At the age of ninety-two he copied with trembling hand a piece from a newspaper and brought it to the office of the *Home Journal as his own.* It was I who received it and detected the deliberate forgery. If you are ever going to continue this subject I will give you the exact facts. Fervently yours, James Parton.

After this, you are welcome to what remains of Grant Thorburn.

There is one thing that I have noticed during this controversy regarding Thomas Paine. In no instance that I now call to mind has any Christian writer spoken respectfully of Mr. Paine. All have taken particular pains to call him "Tom" Paine. Is it not a little strange that religion should make men so coarse and ill-natured?

I have often wondered what these same gentlemen would say if I should speak of the men eminent in the annals of Christianity in the same way. What would they say if I should write about "Tim" Dwight, old "Ad" Cark, "Tom" Scott, "Jim" McKnight, "Bill" Hamilton, "Dick"

Whately, "Bill" Paley, and "Jack" Calvin? They would *say* of me then just what I *think* of them now.

Even if we have religion, do not let us try to get along without good manners. Rudeness is exceedingly unbecoming, even in a saint. Persons who forgive their enemies ought, to say the least, treat with politeness those who have never injured them.

It is exceedingly gratifying to me that I have compelled you to say that "Paine died a blaspheming infidel." Hereafter it is to be hoped nothing will be heard about his having recanted. As an answer to such slander his friends can confidently quote the following from the *New York Observer* of November 1st, 1877: *"We have never stated in any form, nor have we ever supposed that Paine actually renounced his Infidelity. The accounts agree in stating that he died a blaspheming Infidel."*

This for all coming time will refute the slanders of the churches yet to be.

Right here allow me to ask: "If you never supposed that Paine renounced his infidelity, why did you try to prove by Mary Hinsdale that which you believed to be untrue?"

From the bottom of my heart I thank myself for having compelled you to admit that Thomas Paine did not recant.

For the purpose of verifying your own admission concerning the death of Mr. Paine, permit me to call your attention to the following affidavit:

WABASH, INDIANA, October 27, 1877.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll:

Dear Sir: The following statement of facts is at your disposal: In the year 1833 Willet Hicks made a visit to Indiana and stayed over night at my father's house, four miles east of Richmond. In the morning at breakfast my mother asked Willet Hicks the following questions:

"Was thee with Thomas Paine during his last sickness?"

Mr. Hicks said: "I was with him every day during the latter part of his last sickness."

"Did he express any regret in regard to writing the 'Age of Reason,' as the published accounts said he did—those accounts that have the credit of emanating from his Catholic housekeeper?"

Mr. Hicks replied: "He did not in any way, by word or action."

"Did he call on God or Jesus Christ, asking either of them to forgive his sins, or did he curse them or either of them?"

Mr. Hicks answered: "He did not. He died as easy as anyone I ever saw die, and I have seen many die in my time."

WILLIAM B. BARNES.

Subscribed and sworn to before me October 27, 1877.

WARREN BIGLER, Notary Public.

You say in your last that "Thomas Paine was abandoned of God." So far as this controversy is concerned, it seems to me that in that sentence you have most graphically described your own condition.

Wishing you success in all honest undertakings, I remain, Yours truly,

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Plea for Individuality and Arraignment of the Church

Delivered Before the Free Religious Society of Chicago, Dec. 21, 1873.

By way of introduction, Col. Ingersoll stated he had been invited by the Free Religious Society, and supposed he could speak his thoughts freely. He had accepted the invitation in that sense, and would speak under no other conditions.

The speaker chose for his text:

"His soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

"On every hand," he began, "are the enemies of individuality and mental freedom. Custom meets us at the cradle, and leaves us only at the tomb. Our first questions are answered by ignorance, and our last by superstition. We are pushed and dragged by countless hands along the beaten track, and our entire training can be summed up in the word 'suppression.' Our desire to have a thing, or to do a thing, is considered as conclusive evidence that we ought not to have it, and ought not to do it. At every turn we run against a cherubim and a flaming sword, guarding some entrance to the Eden of our desire. We are allowed to investigate all subjects in which we feel no particular interest, and to express the opinions of the majority with the utmost freedom. We are taught that liberty of speech should never be carried to the extent of contradicting the dead witnesses of a popular superstition. Society offers continual rewards for self-betrayal, and they are nearly all earned and claimed, and some are paid.

"We have all read accounts of Christian gentlemen remarking, when about to be hanged, how much better it would have been for them if they had only followed a mother's advice! But, after all, how fortunate it is for the world that the maternal advice has not been followed! How lucky it is for us all that it is somewhat unnatural for a human being to obey! Universal obedience is universal stagnation; disobedience is one of the conditions of progress. Select any age of the world and tell me what would have been the effect of implicit obedience. Suppose the Church had had absolute control over the human mind at any time, would not the words liberty and progress have been blotted from the human speech? In defiance of advice the world has advanced. (Applause.)

Suppose the astronomers had controlled the science of astronomy; suppose the doctors had controlled the science of medicine; suppose kings had been left to fix the form of government; suppose our fathers had taken the advice of Paul, who was subject to the powers that be, "because they are ordained of God"; suppose the Church could control the world to-day, we would go back to chaos and old night. Philosophy would be branded as infamous; Science would again press its pale and thoughtful face against the prison bars, round the limbs of Liberty would climb the bigot's flame.

It is a blessed thing that in every age some one has had individuality enough and courage enough to stand by his own convictions (applause), some one who had the grit to say his say; I believe it was Magellan who said, "the church says the earth is flat, but I have seen its shadow on the moon and I have more than confidence even in a shadow than the church." On the prow of his ship were disobedience, defiance, scorn and success.

The trouble with most people is that they bow to what is called authority; they have a certain reverence for the old because it is old. They think a man is better for being dead, especially if he has been dead a long time, and that the forefathers of their nation were the greatest and best of all mankind. All these things they implicitly believe because it is popular and patriotic, and because they were told so when very small, and remember distinctly of hearing

mother read it out of a book; and they are all willing to swear that mother was a good woman. It is hard to overestimate the influence of early training in the direction of superstition. You first teach children that a certain book is true—that was written by God himself—that to question its truth is sin, that to deny it is a crime, and that should they die without believing that book they will be forever damned without benefit of clergy; the consequence is that before they read that book they believe it to be true. When they do read, their minds are wholly unfitted to investigate its claim. They accept it as a matter of course.

In this way the reason is overcome, the sweet instincts of humanity are blotted from the heart, and while reading its infamous pages even justice throws aside her scales, shrieking for revenge; and charity, with bloody hands, applauds a deed of murder. In this way we are taught that the revenge of man is the justice of God, that mercy is not the same everywhere. In this way the ideas of our race have been subverted. In this way we have made tyrants, bigots, and inquisitors. In this way the brain of man has become a kind of palimpsest upon which, and over the writings of Nature superstition has scribbled her countless lies. Our great trouble is that most teachers are dishonest. They teach as certainties those things concerning which they entertain doubts. They do not say, "*We think* this is so," but "*We know* this is so." They do not appeal to the reason of the pupil, but they command his faith. They keep all doubts to themselves; they do not explain, they assert. All this is infamous. In this way you make Christians, but you cannot make men; you cannot make women. You can make followers but no leaders; disciples, but no Christs. You may promise power, honor and happiness to all those who will blindly follow, but you cannot keep your promise. (Applause.)

An eastern monarch said to a hermit, "Come with me and I will give you power." "I have all the power that I know how to use," replied the hermit. "Come," said the king, "I will give you wealth." "I have no wants that money can supply." "I will give you honor." "Ah! honor cannot be given, it must be earned." "Come," said the king, making a last appeal, "and I will give you happiness." "No," said the man of solitude, "there is no happiness without liberty, and he who follows cannot be free." "You shall have liberty too." "Then I will stay." And all the king's courtiers thought the hermit a fool.

Now and then somebody examines, and, in spite of all, keeps up his manhood and has courage to follow where his reason leads. Then the pious get together and repeat wise saws and exchange knowing nods and most prophetic winks. The stupidly wise sit owl-like on the dead limbs of the tree of knowledge, and solemnly hoot. Wealth sneers, and fashion laughs, and respectability passes on the other side, and scorn points with all her skinny fingers, and like the snakes of superstition writhe and hiss, and slander lends her tongue, and infamy her brand, perjury her oath, and the law its power, and bigotry and tortures and the church kills. (Applause.)

The church hates a thinker precisely for the same reason that a robber dislikes a sheriff, or that a thief despises the prosecuting witness. Tyranny likes courtiers, flatterers, followers, fawners and superstition wants believers, disciples, zealots, hypocrites and subscribers. The church demands worship, the very thing that man should give to no being, human or divine. To worship another is to degrade yourself. Worship is awe, and dread, and vague fear, and blind hope. It is the spirit of worship that elevates the one and degrades the many; and manacles even its own hands. The spirit of worship is the spirit of tyranny. The worshiper always regrets that he is not the worshiped. We should all remember that the intellect has no knees, and that whatever the attitude of the body may be, the brave soul is always found erect. Whoever worships, abdicates. Whoever believes, at the commands of power, tramples his own individuality beneath his feet, and voluntarily robs himself of all that renders man superior to brute.

The despotism of faith is justified upon the ground that Christian countries are the grandest and most prosperous of the world. At one time the same thing could have been truly said in India, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, and in every country that has in the history of the world, swept to empire. This argument proves too much not only, but the assumption upon which it is based is utterly false. Numberless circumstances and countless conditions have produced the prosperity of the Christian world. The truth is that we have advanced in spite of religious zeal, ignorance and opposition. The church has won no victories for the rights of man. Over every fortress of tyranny has waved, and still waves, the banner of the church. Wher-

ever brave blood has been shed the sword of the church has been wet. On every chain has been the sign of the cross. The altar and the throne have leaned against and supported each other. Who can appreciate the infinite impudence of one man assuming to think for others? Who can imagine the impudence of a church that threatens to inflict eternal punishment upon those who honestly reject its claims and scorn its pretensions? In the presence of the unknown we have all an equal right to guess.

Over the vast plain called life we are all travelers, and not one traveler is perfectly certain that he is going in the right direction. True it is, that no other plain is so well supplied with guideboards. At every turn and crossing you find them, and upon each one is written the exact direction and distance. One great trouble is, however, that these boards are all different, and the result is that most travelers are confused in proportion to the number they read. Thousands of people are around each of these signs, and each one is doing his best to convince the traveler that his particular board is the only one upon which the least reliance can be placed, and that if his road is taken the reward for so doing will be infinite and eternal, while all the other roads are said to lead to hell, and all the makers of the other guideboards are declared to be heretics, hypocrites and liars. "Well," says a traveler, "you may be right in what you say, but allow me at least to read a little of the other directions and examine a little into their claims. I wish to rely a little upon my own judgment in a matter of so great importance." "No, sir!" shouted the zealot, "that is the very thing you are not allowed to do. You must go my way without investigation or you are as good as damned already." "Well," says the traveler, "if that is so, I believe I had better go your way." And so most of them go along, taking the word of those who know as little as themselves. Now and then comes one who, in spite of all threats, calmly examines the claims of all, and as calmly rejects them all. These travelers take roads of their own, and are denounced by all the others as Infidels and Atheists.

In my judgment every human being should take a road of his own. (Applause.) Every mind should be true to itself; should think, investigate, and conclude for itself. This is a duty alike incumbent upon pauper and prince. Every soul should repel dictation and tyranny, no matter from what source they come—from earth or heaven, from men or gods. Besides, every traveler upon this vast plain should give to every other traveler his best idea as to the road that should be taken. Each is entitled to the honest opinion of all. And there is but one way to get an honest opinion upon any subject whatever. The person giving the opinion must be free from fear. The merchant must not fear to lose his custom, the doctor his practice, nor the preacher his pulpit. There can be no advance without liberty. Suppression of honest inquiry is retrogression, and must end in intellectual night. The tendency of Orthodox religion to-day is towards mental slavery and barbarism. Not one of the Orthodox ministers dare preach what he thinks if he knows that a majority of his congregation think otherwise. He knows that every member of his church stands guard over his brain with a creed like a club in his hand. He knows that he is not expected to search after the truth, but that he is employed to defend the creed. Every pulpit is a pillory in which stands a hired culprit, defending the justice of his own imprisonment.

Is it desirable that all should be exactly alike in their religious convictions? Is any such thing possible? Do we not know that there are no two persons alike in the whole world? No two trees, no two leaves, no two anything that are alike? Infinite diversity is the law. Religion tries to force all minds into one mold. Knowing that all cannot believe the church endeavors to make all say that they believe. She longs for the unity of hypocrisy, and detests the splendid diversity of individuality and freedom. (Applause.)

Nearly all people stand in great horror of annihilation, and yet to give up your individuality is to annihilate yourself. Mental slavery is mental death and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead soul. In this sense every church is a cemetery and every creed an epitaph. (Applause.)

We should all remember that to be like other folks is to be unlike ourselves, and that nothing can be more detestable in character than servile imitation. The great trouble with imitation is that we are apt to ape those who are in reality far below us. After all, the poorest bargain that a human being can make is to trade off his individuality for what is called respectability.

There is no saying more degrading than this: "It is better to be the tail of a lion than the head of a dog." It is a responsi-

bility to think and act for yourself. Most people hate responsibility; therefore they join something and become the tail of some lion. They say, "My party can act for me—my church can do my thinking. It is enough for me to pay taxes and obey the lion to which I belong, without troubling myself about the right, the wrong, or the why or the wherefore of anything whatever." These people are respectable. They hate reformers, and dislike exceedingly to have their minds disturbed. They regard convictions as very disagreeable things to have. They love forms, and enjoy, beyond everything else, telling what a splendid tail their lion has, and what a troublesome dog their neighbor is. Besides this natural inclination to avoid personal responsibility is and always has been the fact, that every religionist has warned men against the presumption and wickedness of thinking for themselves. The reason has been denounced by all Christians as the only unsafe guide. The church has left nothing undone to prevent man following the logic of his brain. The plainest facts have been covered with the mantle of mystery. The grossest absurdities have been declared to be self-evident facts. The order of nature has been as it were, reversed, in order that the hypocritical few might govern the honest many. The man who stood by the conclusion of his reason was denounced as a scorner and hater of God and his holy church. From the organization of the first church until this moment, to the duties of membership. Every member has borne the marks of collar, and chain, and whip. No man ever seriously attempted to reform a church without being cast out and hunted down by the hounds of hypocrisy. (Applause.) The highest crime against a creed is to change it. Reformation is treason.

Thousands of young men are being educated at this moment by the various churches. What for? In order that they may be prepared to investigate the phenomena by which we are surrounded? No! The object, and the only object, is that they may be prepared to defend a creed. That they may learn the arguments of their respective churches and repeat them in the dull ears of a thoughtless congregation. If one after being thus trained at the expense of the Methodists turns Presbyterian or Baptist, he is denounced as an ungrateful wretch. Honest investigation is utterly impossible within the pale of any church, for the reason that if you think the church is right you will not investigate, and if you think it wrong, the church will investigate you. The consequence of this is, that most of the theological literature is the result of suppression, of fear, of tyranny and hypocrisy.

Every Orthodox writer necessarily said to himself, "If I write, that my wife and children may want for bread, I will be covered with shame and branded with infamy, but if I write this, I will gain position, power and honor. My church rewards defenders and burns reformers." (Applause.)

Under these conditions all your Scotts, Henrys and McKnights have written; and weighed in these scales what are their commentaries worth? They are not the ideas and decisions of honest judges, but the sophisms of the paid attorneys of superstition. Who can tell what the world has lost by this infamous system of suppression? How many grand thinkers died with the mailed hand of superstition on their lips? How many splendid ideas have perished in the cradle of the brain, strangled in the poisonous coils of that Python, the church!

For thousands of years a thinker was hunted down like an escaped convict. To him who had braved the church every door was shut, every knife was open. To shelter him from the wild storm, to give him a crust of bread when dying, to put a cup of water to his cracked and bleeding lips; these were all crimes, not one of which the church ever did forgive; and with the justice taught of God his helpless children were exterminated as scorpions and vipers.

Who at the present day can imagine the courage, the devotion to principle, the intellectual and moral grandeur it once required to be an Infidel, to brave the church, her racks, her fagots, her dungeons, her tongues of fire—to defy and scorn her heaven and her devil and her God? They were the noblest sons of earth. They were the real saviors of our race, the destroyers of superstition and the creation of science. They were the real Titans who bared their grand foreheads to all the thunderbolts of all the gods. The church has been, and still is, the great robber. She has rifled not only the pockets but the brains of the world. She is the stone at the sepulcher of liberty; the upas tree in whose shade the intellect of man has withered; the Gorgon beneath whose gaze the human heart has turned to stone.

Under her influence even the Protestant mother expects to be in heaven, while her brave boy, who fell fighting for the rights of man, shall writhe in hell.

It is said that some of the Indian tribes placed the heads of their children between pieces of bark until the form of the skull is permanently changed. To us this seems a most shocking custom, and yet, after all, is it as bad as to put the souls of our children in the straight jacket of creed, to so utterly deform their minds that they regard the God of the Bible, as a Being of infinite mercy, and really consider it a virtue to believe a thing just because it seems unreasonable? Every child in the Christian world has uttered its wondering protest against this outrage. All the machinery of the church is constantly employed in thus corrupting the reason of children. In every possible way they are robbed of their own thoughts and forced to accept the statements of others. Every Sunday School has for its object the crushing out of every germ of individuality. The poor children are taught that nothing can be more acceptable to God than unreasoning obedience and eyeless faith, and that to believe that God did an impossible act is far better than to do a good one yourself. They are told that all the religions have been simply the John the Baptist of ours; that all the gods of antiquity have withered and sunken into the Jehovah of the Jews; that all the longings and aspirations of every race are realized in the motto of the Evangelical Alliance, "Liberty in non-essentials;" that all there is, or ever was, of religion can be found in the Apostle's creed that there is nothing left to be discovered; that all the thinkers are dead, and all the living should simply be believers! that we have only to repeat the epitaph found on the grave of wisdom; that grave yards are the best possible universities, and that the children must be forever beaten with the bones of the fathers.

It has always seemed absurd to suppose that a God would choose for his companions during all eternity the dear souls whose highest and only ambition is to obey. He certainly would now and then be tempted to make the same remark made by an English gentleman to his poor guest. This gentleman had invited a man in humble circumstances to dine with him. The man was so overcome with honor that to everything the gentleman said he replied, "Yes." Tired at last with the monotony of acquiescence the gentleman cried out, "For God's sake, my good man, say 'No' just once, so there will be two of us."

Is it possible that an infinite God created this world simply to be the dwelling place of slaves and serfs? Simply for the purpose of raising Orthodox Christians, that He did a few miracles to astonish them; that all the evils of life are simply his punishments, and that he is finally going to turn heaven into a kind of religious museum filled with Baptist barnacles, petrified Presbyterians, and Methodist mummies? I want no heaven for which I must give my reason; no happiness in exchange for my liberty, and no immortality that demands the surrender of my individuality. Better rot in the windowless tomb, to which there is no door but the red mouth of the pallid worm, than wear the jeweled collar even of a God.

Religion does not and cannot contemplate man as free. She accepts only the homage of the prostrate, and scorns the offerings of those who stand erect. She cannot tolerate the liberty of thought. The wide and sunny fields belong not to her domain. The starlit heights of genius and individuality are above and beyond her appreciation and power. Her subjects cringe at her feet covered with the dust of obedience. They are not athletes standing posed by rich life and brave endeavor like the antique statues, but shriveled deformities studying with furtive glance the cruel face of power.

No religionist seems capable of comprehending this plain truth. There is this difference between thought and action: For our actions we are responsible to ourselves and to those injuriously affected; for thoughts there can, in the nature of things, be no responsibility to gods or men, here or hereafter. And yet the Protestant has vied with the Catholic in denouncing freedom of thought, and while I was taught to hate Catholicism with every drop of my blood, it is only justice to say that in all essential particulars, it is precisely the same as every other religion. Luther denounced mental liberty with all the coarse and brutal vigor of his nature, Calvin despised from the very bottom of his petrified heart anything that even looked like religious toleration, and solemnly declared to advocate it was to crucify Christ afresh. All the founders of all the orthodox churches have advocated the same infamous tenet. The truth is that what is called religion is necessarily inconsistent with Free Thought.

A believer is a songless bird in a cage, a Freethinker is an eagle parting the clouds with tireless wings.

At present, owing to the inroads that have been made by Liberals and Infidels, most of the churches pretend to be in favor of religious liberty. Of these churches,

we will ask this question: "How can a man who conscientiously believes in religious liberty worship a God who does not?" They say to us, "We will not imprison you on account of your belief, but our God will. We will not imprison you because you throw away the sacred Scriptures; but their Author will." "We think it an infamous crime to persecute our brethren for opinion's sake; but the God whom we ignorantly worship will on that account damn his own children forever." Why is it that these Christians do not only detest the Infidels, but so cordially despise each other? Why do they refuse to worship in the temples of each other? Why do they care so little for the damnation of men, and so much for the baptism of children? Why will they adorn their churches with the money of thieves, and flatter vice for the sake of subscription? Why will they attempt to bribe science to certify to the writings of God? Why do they torture the words of the great into an acknowledgment of the truth of Christianity? Why do they stand with hat in hand before Presidents, Kings, Emperors, and Scientists, begging like Lazarus for a few crumbs of religious comfort? Why are they so delighted to find an allusion to Providence in the message of Lincoln? Why are they so afraid that some one will find out that Paley wrote an essay in favor of the Epicurean Philosophy, and that Sir Isaac Newton was once an Infidel? Why are they so anxious to show that Voltaire recanted? That Paine died palsied with fear; that the Emperor Julian cried out, "Galilean, thou hast conquered;" that Gibbon died a Catholic; that Agassiz had a little confidence in Moses; that the old Napoleon was once complimentary enough to say that he thought Christ greater than himself or Caesar; that Washington was caught on his knees at Valley Forge; that blunt old Ethan Allen told his child to believe the religion of her mother; that Franklin said, "Don't unchain the tiger;" that Colney got frightened in a storm at sea, and that Oakes Ames was a wholesale liar?

Is it because the foundation of their temple is crumbling, because the walls are cracked, the pillars leaning, the great dome swaying to its fall, and because science has written over the high altar its Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin, the old words destined to be the epitaph of all religions?

Every assertion of individual independence has been a step towards Infidelity. Luther started toward Humboldt, Wesley toward Bradlaugh. To really reform the church is to destroy it. Every new religion has a little less superstition than the old, so that the religion of science is but a question of time. It will not say the church has been an unmitigated evil in all respects. Its history is infamous and glorious. It has delighted in the production of extremes. It has furnished murderers for its own martyrs. It has sometimes fed the body, but has always starved the soul. It has been a charitable highwayman, a generous pirate. It has produced some angels and a multitude of devils. It has built more prisons than asylums. It made a hundred orphans while it cared for one. In one hand it carried the alms-dish, and in the other a sword. It has found schools and endowed universities for the purpose of destroying true learning. It filled the world with hypocrites and zealots, and upon the cross of its own Christ it crucified the individuality of man. It has sought to destroy the independence of the soul and put the world upon its knees. This is its crime. The commission of this crime was necessary to its existence. In order to compel obedience it declared that it had the truth and all the truth; that God had made it the keeper of all his secrets; his agent and his viceregent. It declared that all other religions were false and infamous. It rendered all compromises impossible, and all thought superfluous. Thought was an enemy, obedience was its friend. Investigation was suppressed. The holy of holies was behind the curtain. All this was upon the principle that forgers hate to have the signature examined by an expert, and that imposture detests curiosity.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear," has always been one of the favorite texts of the church.

In short, Christianity has always opposed every forward movement of the human race. Across the highway of progress it has always been building breastworks of bibles, tracts, commentaries, prayerbooks, creeds, dogmas, and platforms, and at every advance the Christians have gathered behind these heaps of rubbish and shot the poisoned arrows of malice at the soldiers of freedom. And even the liberal Christian of to-day has his holy of holies, and in the niche of the temple of his heart has his idol. He still clings to a part of the old superstition, and all the pleasant memories of the old belief linger in the horizon of his thoughts like a sunset. We associate the memory of those we love with the religion of our childhood. It seems almost a sacrilege to rudely destroy the idols that

our fathers worshiped, and turn their sacred and beautiful truths into the silly fables of barbarism. Some throw away the Old Testament and cling to the New, while others give up everything except the idea that there is a personal God, and that in some wonderful way we are the objects of His care.

Even this, in my opinion, as science, the great iconoclast, marches onward, will have to be abandoned with the rest. The great ghost will surely share the fate of the little ones. They fled at the first appearance of the dawn, and the other will vanish with the perfect day. Until then, the independence of man is little more than a dream. Overshadowed by an immense personality—in the presence of the irresponsible and the infinite, the individuality of man is lost, and he falls prostrate in the very dust of fear. Beneath the frown of the Absolute, man stands a wretched, trembling slave, beneath His smile he is at best only a fortunate serf. Governed by a being whose arbitrary will is law, chained to the chariot of power, his destiny rests in the pleasure of the Unknown. Under these circumstances what wretched object can he have in lengthening out his aimless life?

And yet, in most minds, there is a vague fear of what the gods may do, and the safe side is considered the best side.

A gentleman walking among the ruins of Athens came upon a fallen statue of Jupiter. Making an exceedingly low bow, he said: "O, Jupiter, I salute thee." He then added: "Should you ever get up in the world again, do not forget, I pray you, that I treated you politely while you were prostrate."

We have all been taught by the church that nothing is so well calculated to excite the ire of Deity as to express a doubt as to His existence, and that to deny it is an unpardonable sin. Numerous well-attested instances were referred to, of Atheists being struck dead for denying the existence of God. According to these religious people God is infinitely above us in every respect, infinitely merciful, and yet He cannot bear to hear a poor finite man honestly question His existence. Knowing as He does that His children are groping in darkness and struggling with doubt and fear; knowing that He could enlighten them if He would, He still holds the expression of a sincere doubt as to His existence the most infamous of crimes.

According to the orthodox logic, God having furnished us with imperfect minds has a right to demand a perfect result. Suppose Mr. Smith should overhear a couple of small bugs holding a discussion as to the existence of Mr. Smith, and suppose one should have the temerity to declare upon the honor of a bug that he had examined the whole question to the best of his ability, including the argument based upon design, and had come to the conclusion that no man by the name of Smith had ever lived. Think then of Mr. Smith flying into an ecstasy of rage, crushing the atheist bug beneath his iron heel, while he exclaimed: "I will teach you, blasphemous wretch, that Smith is a diabolical fact!" what then can we think of God who would open the artillery of heaven upon one of His own children for simply expressing his honest thought? And what man, who really thinks, can help repeating the words of Æneas, "If there are gods they certainly pay no attention to the affairs of man."

In religious ideas and conceptions there has been for ages a slow and steady development. At the bottom of the ladder (speaking of modern times) is Catholicism, and at the top are the Atheism and Science. The intermediate rounds of this ladder are occupied by the various sects, whose name is legion.

But whatever may be the truth on any subject, has nothing to do with our right to investigate that subject, and express any opinion we may form. All that I ask is the right I freely accord to all others.

A few years ago a Methodist clergyman took it upon himself to give me a piece of friendly advice. "Although you may disbelieve the Bible," said he, "you ought not to say so. That you should keep to yourself." "Do you believe the Bible?" said I. He replied, "Most assuredly." To which I retorted, "Your answer conveys no information to me. You may be following your own advice. You told me to suppress my opinions. Of course a man who will advise others to dissimulate will not always be particular about telling the truth himself."

It is the duty of each and every one to maintain his individuality. "This above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." It is a magnificent thing to be the sole proprietor of yourself. It is a terrible thing to wake up at night and say, "There is nobody in this bed!" It is humiliating to know that your ideas are all borrowed and that you are indebted to your memory for your principles, that your religion is simply one of your habits, and that you would have convictions if they were only contagious. It

is mortifying to feel that you belong to a mental mob and cry "crucify him," because the others do. That you reap what the great and brave have sown and that you can benefit the world only by leaving it.

Surely every human being ought to attain the dignity of the *unit*. Surely it is worth something to be *one* and to feel that the census of the universe would not be complete without counting you.

Surely there is grandeur in knowing that in the realm of thought, at least, you are without a chain; that you have the right to explore all the heights and all depth; that there are no walls, nor fences, nor prohibited places, nor sacred corners in all the vast expanse of thought; that your intellect owes no allegiance to any being human or divine; that you hold all in fee and upon no condition and by no tenure whatever, that in the world of mind you are relieved from all personal dictation, and from the ignorant tyranny of majorities.

Surely it is worth something to feel that there are no priests, no popes, no parties, no governments, no kings, no gods to whom your intellect can be compelled to pay a reluctant homage.

Surely it is a joy to know that all the cruel ingenuity of bigotry can devise no prison, no lock, no cell, in which for one instant to confine a thought; that ideas cannot be dislocated by racks, nor crushed in iron boots, nor burned with fire.

Surely it is sublime to think that the brain is a castle, and that within its curious bastions and winding halls the soul in spite of all worlds and all beings is the supreme sovereign of itself.

The Religion of Our Day

Col. Bob Ingersoll lectured last night, at the opera house, on "The Religion of Our Day." The night was a most disagreeable one, sleety snow and fierce winds united in battling with the pedestrians. Indeed, it took a brave heart to venture out of doors.

At 8 o'clock Colonel Ingersoll came to the front in company with Rev. Dr. Cravens, of the Unitarian church. The reverend gentleman in eloquent words introduced the orator as a noble man, a man of genius and brains who was zealously laboring to break the chains that bind the religious freedom of mankind. He rejoiced that liberty and freedom had such a grand champion, who had consecrated his great talent and his unsurpassed eloquence to the noble cause.

Colonel Ingersoll bowed to the audience and was received with great applause.

He said that he was glad that he had lived long enough to see one gentleman in the pulpit brave enough to say that God would not be offended at one who speaks according to the dictates of his conscience; who does not believe that God will give wings to a bird, and then damn the bird for flying. He thanked the pastor and he thanked the church for allowing its pastor to be so brave. He then tackled the subject of discourse announced for the night, and for nearly two hours and half held the close attention of his audience.

He admitted that thousands and thousands of church people, with their pastors and the deacons, are to-day advocating religious principles that they deem right and good. He honored these men, but he did not believe that their method was a good one. He did not want these people to forgive him for the views he entertained, but he wanted them so to act that he would not have to forgive them. He was the friend of every one who preached the gospel of absolute intellectual liberty and that man was his friend.

Is there a God who sang, that if a man does so and so, He will damn him? Can there be such a fiend? I am not responsible to man unless I injure him; nor to God unless I injure Him, but one cannot injure God, for "He is infinite."

When I was young, I was told that the Bible was inspired, written by God, that even the lids of the book were inspired. They say he is a personal God; if so, He has not revealed himself to me. There may be many Gods. As I look around I see that justice does not prevail, that innocence is

not always effectual and a perfect shield. If there be a God these things could not be. If God made us all, why did He not make us all equally well? He had the power of an infinite God. Why did God people the earth with so many idiots. I admit that orthodoxy could not exist without them, but why did God make them? If we believe the Bible then He should have made us all idiots, for the orthodox Christian says the idiots will not be damned, simply transplanted, while the sensible man, who believeth not will be sent to eternal damnation? If there is any God that made us, what right had He to make idiots? Is a man with a head like a pin under any obligation to thank God? Is the black man, born in slavery, under any obligation to thank God for his badge of servitude?

What kind of a God is it that will allow men and women to be put in dungeons and chains simply because they loved Him and prayed to Him? And what kind of a God is it that will allow such men and women to be burned at the stake? If God won't love such men and women, then under what circumstances will He love?

Famine stalks over the land and millions die, not only the bad but the good, and there in the heavens above sits an infinite God who can do anything, can change the rocks and the stones and yet these millions die. I do not say there is no God, but I do ask, what is God doing? Look at the agony, and wretchedness and woe all over the land. Is there goodness, is there mercy in this? I do not say there is not, but I want to know, and I want to know if a man is to be damned for asking the question?

He eloquently recited the agonies that clustered around the French Bastille, where great men and heroic women suffered and died for loving liberty, and said: If there is a God I think, that one word, Bastille, would bring the blush of shame to his face.

I find that the men who have received revelation are the worst; that where the Bible goes, there goes the sword and the fagot. If an infinite God makes a revelation to me He knows how I will understand it. If God wrote the Bible He knew that no two people would understand it alike.

When I read the Bible I found that God, in His infinite wisdom, couldn't control the people He had created, and that He had to drown them. If I had infinite power and couldn't make a people that I could control them and had to drown them, why I'd resign.

Then I read in the Bible such cruel things; and I do not believe that a God can be cruel. Such cruelty may make one afraid, but cannot inspire love. I can't love a God that will inflict pain and sorrow, and I won't.

The preachers say, all unbelievers will go to hell—tidings of great joy. When I confront them they say I'm taking away their consolation. The old Bible does not mention hell or heaven. Now God should have notified Adam and Cain of hell, but He didn't. When He came to drown all those people He didn't tell a single one that He would drown him. He talked all about water—nothing about fire. When He came down on Mt. Sinai, and told Moses how to cut out clothes for a priest, He never said a word on the subject. When God gave to Moses the ten commandments, engraved on stone, he did not say anything to him about hell. There was plenty of room on the stone; why did he not add, "if you don't keep these commandments you will be damned." Through all these ages, when God was talking all the time and when every howling prophet had His ear, not one word did He utter of hell or heaven. For 4000 years God got along without mentioning those places or even hinting of them. It seemes to me that we ought to have been notified by Him.

Here the orator recalled many stories from the old Bible and subjected them to keen irony and ridicule. Reciting the story wherein the she-bears came out of the woods and tore to pieces the forty children who mocked the prophet, he asked: If God did that, what would the devil have done under the same circumstances? Why, he said, did not God give a sure cure for leprosy, unless He wanted His chosen people to have that frightful disease? He continued:

Do you believe that God ever told a widow if her brother-in-law refused to marry her to spit in his face? Do you believe any such nonsense from a God? I call that courting under difficulties. He dwelt pathetically on the sweet, innocent babes eaten by the lions in the den, after Daniel was rescued from their jaws, and asked the question, what kind of a God was it that allowed such horrible deeds?

They say that I picked out all the bad things in the Bible. Well God ought not to have put bad things in the book. If you only read the Bible you will not believe it. Why it is such a bad book that it has to be supported by legislation. In Maine and elsewhere they will send you to jail for two years if you deny the Bible on the judgment day.

So we are told we must not only believe in the God we have been talking about, but must also believe in another one.

Let us look at the church to-day. The orthodox church—that is, all but the Universalist. He is trying to be orthodox but he can't get in. The God of the Universalists, to say the least, is a gentleman.

Now, what is this religion? To believe certain things that we may be saved, that we won't be damned. What are they?

First, that the Old and New Testament are inspired. No matter how kind, how just a man may be, unless he believes in the inspiration, he will be damned.

Second, he must believe in the trinity. That there are three in one. That father and son are precisely of the same age, the son, possibly, a little mite older; that three times one is one, and that once one is three. It is a mercy you don't know how to understand it, but you must believe it or be damned. Therein you see the mercy of the Lord. This trinity doctrine was announced several hundred years after Christ was born.

Do you believe such a doctrine will make a man good or honest? Will it make him more just? Is the man that believes, any better than the man who does not believe?

How is it with nations? Look at Spain, the last slaveholder in the civilized world; she's Christian, she believes in the trinity! And Italy, the beggar of the world. Under the rule of priestcraft money streamed in from every land and yet she did not advance. To-day she is reduced to a hand organ. Take poor Ireland, groaning under the heel of British oppression; could she cast off her priests she would soon be one with America in freedom.

Protestantism is better than Catholicism, because there is less of it. Both dread education. They say, they brought the arts and sciences out of the dark ages, why, they made the dark ages and what did they preserve? Nothing of value, only an account of events that never happened. What did they teach the world? Slavery!

The best country the sun ever shone upon is the northern part of the United States, and there you will find less religion than anywhere else on the face of the earth. You will find here more people that don't believe the Bible, and you will find better husbands, better wives, happier homes, where the women are most respected and where the children get less blows and more huggings and kissings. We have improved just as we have lost this religion and this superstition.

Great Britain is the religious nation par excellence and there you will find the most cant and most hypocrisy. They are always thanking God that they have killed somebody. Look at the opium war with China. They forced the Chinese to open their ports and receive the deadly drug and then had the impudence to send a lot of driveling idiots of missionaries into China.

Go around the world, and where you find the least superstition, there you will find the best men, the best women, the best children. Two powerful levers are at work: love and intelligence. The true test of a man is generosity, that covers a multitude of sins.

They have got so now that they damn a man on a technicality. You must be baptized by immersion, sprinkling or pouring. If you come to the day of judgment and can't show the water mark, you're damned.

What more: That a fellow named Adam, whom you don't know and never voted for, is your representative. You are charged with his sins. Equally abused is the doctrine of atonement, that you are created with the sacrifices of another.

If Christ had more virtue than Adam had meanness, then you are ahead.

Atonement is the corner stone of the Christian religion. But there is one great objection. It saves the wrong man, and it is not honest. In holding up the atonement to ridicule the orator said: "If Judas had failed to betray Christ, the mother of Christ would be in hell to-day."

Then he ridiculed the miracles recorded in the New Testament, pronounced them absurdities. He said that the four apostolic writers were very contradictory in their statements, and did not even agree as to the last word of this great man.

The ascension was the most striking, the grandest of the miracles, if true, yet the ascension is only recorded by two of these writers. If He was God, I know he will forgive somebody for not believing the miracles, unless convinced.

Another contradiction in the book. In one gospel the condition of salvation is "whosoever believeth not shall be damned," and in another we are promised that if we forgive our enemies God will forgive us—and there's sense in this last promise. The first I believe a lie—it was never spoken by God.

Christ said: Love your enemies. Nobody can do that. The doctrine of Confucius is sound—to love one's friend and to do justice to one's enemies without any mixture of revenge.

If Christ was God, did he not know on his cross what crimes would be done in his

name? Why didn't He settle all disputes about the Trinity and about baptism? Why don't He post his disciples? Because He could no more see into the future than I can. Only in this way can you acquit him of the crimes committed in his name.

The way to save our souls is to save another soul. God can't turn into hell a man who makes on this earth a little heaven for himself, his wife and babes.

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Any minister who preaches the doctrine of hell ought to be ashamed. I want, if I can, while I live, to put an end to all belief on this infamous doctrine. That doctrine had done incalculable harm, wrought incalculable injury. I despise it and I defy it.

The orthodox church says that religion does good, that it restrains crime. It restrains a man from artificial, not from natural crimes. A man can be made so religious that he will not eat meat on Friday, yet he will steal.

Did you ever hear of a tramp coming to town and inquiring where the deacon of the Presbyterian church lived?

The Bible says consider the lilies. What good would it do a naked man standing out in the bitter blasts of this night to consider the lilies?

What is the social position of a man in Heaven who through all eternity remembers that if he had had a grain of courage he would never have been there?

The realization of our day does not satisfy the intelligence of the people—the people have outgrown it. It shocks us and we have got to have another religion. We must have a religion of charity; one that will do away with poverty, close the prisons and cover this world with happy homes.

Colonel Ingersoll

James Redpath Tells Some Anecdotes About Him—the Orator's Early Unbelief—Record as a Lawyer and Soldier—His Domestic Life—Oriental Speeches Off the Rostrum—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Chronicle reporter, at his last interview with Mr. Redpath, devoted his inquiries to learning something about Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Reporter—You know Bob Ingersoll?

Mr. Redpath—Well, yes. He has lectured for me 138 times within the last two years under my personal management: that is, I did not make engagements for him with local committees, as I did for other lecturers.

Rep.—Was he not an unusually good card?

J. R.—Ingersoll, by his anti-Christian themes and his reputation as an infidel, necessarily drove from him a very large part of the lecture-goers, because the majority of them are church-going people. But on the other hand he called around him a new class everywhere—mostly men, chiefly young men. The young men wanted to hear him, the old ones were the free-thinkers of the place. The ordinary lecture audience everywhere in the East is composed of about equal numbers of both sexes—generally more women than men; but Ingersoll's audiences were men five to one, and sometimes the disproportion was even greater. Of course there were exceptions; that was the rule; for women are the chief supporters of the church, and they are naturally conservatives in everything. But when women did come and hear his lecture on "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child," they were the most delighted and enthusiastic listeners I have ever seen in any lecture-audience. They forgave his poor opinion of the women. There never has been a more popular lecture than that in my time.

Rep.—Did he draw large audiences in spite of his heterodoxy?

J. R.—In large cities, yes; in smaller cities it varied. Where the church had a strong hold his first audiences were small, but it rarely happened that he did not have a big house when he came a second time. He was the best card in America, no other man could draw such audiences outside of the regular lecture courses, and the regular lecture courses did not dare to take him because the committees are mostly composed of church-members, and so are their patrons. His last house in San Francisco, I am told, had "more money in it" than any lecture ever yielded since lecturing began. Ingersoll's share I believe was over $1,200.

Rep.—It has been reported that since the death of his brother Ingersoll has said that the faith of his father was founded on a rock, and would endure after his had disappeared. Is there any truth in that statement?

J. R.—Not a syllable; he has lectured against Christianity within a month.

When I was at Indianapolis two years since—or a year and a half since—a man sent up his card and was shown into the room. "How are you Bob?" he said, at once; they shook hands cordially. This man had been one of Col. Ingersoll's schoolmates, or one of his playmates. In the course of their talk the newcomer said suddenly, "Bob, do you remember that discussion you had at Cleveland in—(I forget the year), when you were 12 years old, with the minister about religion?"

The Colonel turned to me: he had often astonished me by wonderful memory of names, dates, places, and faces. "Now," he said, "I will show you how well I can remember. I have never thought of that talk since I was a boy, and can recall every argument that was advanced."

He then gave a full account of the discussion that had occurred a generation ago. His friend, as much surprised as I was, exclaimed, in the non-theological term fa-

miliar to Western civilization: "By——, Bob, that's it, word for word, I have told it lots of times on you."

Ingersoll never was a believer either in his father's faith—old school Presbyterianism—or in the inspiration of the Bible. He was a free-thinker from his earliest boyhood. Before he was ten years old he had constant discussions with his father, in which he argued against his father's creed. You know his father was a Presbyterian minister. The theory that it was his father's sternness that made him an Infidel is not correct, either, although the austerity of an old-style Presbyterian household, especially on Sundays, undoubtedly intensified his natural unbelief in any form of faith that causes a man to seek anywhere but in his own heart or in nature for any truth, either scientific or religious or ethical. Col. Ingersoll's brother used to tell me of Robert's talks with his father, when both of them were little boys. The old clergyman once got a little angry at his son's inborn infidelity, but when the boy said, "Well, father, if you want me to lie, you may make me pretend to believe like you; but if you want me to be honest, I must talk as I do," the wise father preferred to have a sincere child rather than a hypocrite.

Rep.—Where was Ingersoll born?

J. R.—In western New York; but his father moved when Robert was very young into Ohio, and then into Illinois, both of them not "howling" wildernesses at the time, because American forests are awfully silent, but into regions almost wholly uninhabited. Robert's early years were passed face to face with the unsubdued forests and prairies, and this life strengthened his habit of independent thought and utterance, and gave him a physical constitution that can endure without breaking, extreme and continuous toil when he chooses to test it. He soon left home—when he was a mere boy—and he wandered about the West a good deal, working at different places, and finally he got an education as a lawyer. He soon became famous in his district—he lived in southern Illinois—as a lawyer of unmatched eloquence and influence with juries. I doubt whether he has an equal as a jury-lawyer in the country to-day. Certainly he has no equal in the West. Stories are told in Illinois of his power over juries that rival the strongest illustrations of the influence of eloquence in any of the annals of the English or American Bar. It is a very tough case that he can't carry.

I recall one anecdote. Once a farmer was on trial for murder. He had shot one of his neighbors dead. I have forgotten the details. The evidence was conclusive as to the killing and who did it; but it could not be constructed to show that the slayer might have had cause to think that he was acting in self-defense.

When Col. Ingersoll was addressing the jury he drew a poetical picture of his client's wife and children at home—he had refused to allow the wife or children to be present, as a less skillful advocate would have done—and then he said that even at that moment the loving wife was standing at the door, with the sunlight on her face, waiting to welcome her husband back to his fireside and the little boys were swinging on the gate and looking from time to time along the road, expecting to see him come, and jump into his arms and kiss him. "And won't you let him go home?" he asked. The jury were listening with moist eyes and leaning forward in their seats. The foreman, a great sturdy farmer, with tears running down his sun-browned cheeks—as if the question had been asked for immediate information—nodded his head and said: "Yes, Bob, we'll let him go home to them!"

Ingersoll had not half finished his argument, but he sat right down at once. The prosecuting attorney made a long speech in reply, but of course it was of no use—the defendant was unanimously acquitted.

Rep.—What was Col. Ingersoll's war record?

J. R.—I know only in a general way. He raised a regiment of cavalry and commanded it, and was assigned to the Western Department. I think he was in the battle of Shiloh, and several other engagements. On one occasion he was ordered to guard a fort, with instructions to delay an advancing army of the Rebels just as long as possible in order that our army might make certain counter-movements. He held his position as long as he could do it, but the enemy came up in such overwhelming force that he had no course left but to give the order to retreat—every man as best he could to save himself. It was devil take the hindmost. As Col. Ingersoll was galloping away with his men as fast as their horses could get over the ground, his horse stumbled in a lane and threw him. Just as he fell several balls struck the logs near him, and on looking up he saw two or three Rebels raising their carbines at him. With characteristic quickness and presence of mind he shouted at the top of his voice: "Hold on there! Don't make—fools of yourselves! I've been doing nothing else for the

last five minutes but wishing for a good chance to recognize your —— —— Confederacy!"

A southern officer ordered the men to stop, and they all laughed at the unknown Yankee's impudence, and then they took him prisoner. At that time he was little known outside of Illinois and Indiana.

As he is one of the wittiest and best talkers in America in private as well as on the stump, he was soon a great favorite; and Forrest, whose command captured him, treated him with the greatest consideration, once telling him that he would get him exchanged the first chance that offered, because he was getting so —— popular that he began to be afraid he would take his own men away from him. He was not exchanged, I believe, but paroled and sent home. This ended his military history. Ingersoll said to me of his career, "I was not fit to be a soldier; I never saw our men fire but I thought of the widows and orphans they would make, and wished that they would miss!"

Rep.—Bob swears a good deal doesn't he?

J. R.—Well, yes. I once heard him say: "Every free-thinker ought to swear as a matter of principle, to show his contempt for the—nonsense."

Rep.—What sort of a fellow is Ingersoll in private?

J. R.—Ingersoll's talk is fully equal to his oratory, and sometimes it is vastly better, except in his great passages, greater in pathos, in rare insight, in poetical imagery, and in delicate fancies. He has often an Oriental style of rhetoric in his most familiar conversations. I mean by Oriental such phrases as you will find in Hafiz and Saadi, and in many of the eastern sacred books, phrases that blend mental states with the memory of familiar things. For instance, suppose we described an ultra conservative, we might say that he is a man of stubborn prejudices, who refuses to listen to argument, and then says that because he never makes any progress the world stands still. The Oriental singer would say something like this: "He stretches himself on the couch of contentment and draws the cap of prejudice over the eyes of reason and swears that the car of progress is shackled by the gods in the streets of eternal repose." Of course that illustration is an absurd exaggeration, but Ingersoll's talk is all of Orientalisms in its imagery. But his humor is Western and wholly American. He is as swift as lightning in repartee, keen and also kind in his wit, unless he is talking of religious dogmas, and then his sarcasm is merciless and meant to wound, and no woman I ever met is quicker to respond to the gentlest breath of pathos. He left criminal practice because "it wore on him so much," as his wife expressed it. When he had an uncertain murder case on hand it absorbed him, all his sympathies were enlisted; he could not sleep or do anything else until his client was safe. This absorption is almost suicidal to an emotional nature, especially if it is a large nature. Often after his lecture of two hours, delivered after traveling a long distance in the cars—he has sat up and talked all the time, sometimes with several friends, and sometimes with no one but myself to listen, until long after midnight, and his talks on such occasions were always better on the average than his best public orations. His talk is full of phrases that would be conceded gems in anybody's writings. He was once speaking of a sanguine man. "Show him an egg," he said, "and instantly the air is full of feathers." He is always getting off bright sayings like this. Then, again, he will use phrases that would not be tolerated in Boston society. You constantly wonder whether it was Burns, or Rabelais, or Voltaire, or Shakespeare who had the greatest influence on the formation of his character. Of course, I can only talk of any man's public traits as they reveal themselves to every one who visits him.

Rep.—Does he really carry out in domestic life as he talks, about the rights of women and children?

J. R.—Absolutely. At home he is absolutely beyond the range of hostile criticism. I have heard men say that he is unscrupulous in his means to win success as a lawyer when he has a bad case on hand. I know nothing about that; as a public man you know how he has been denounced. I know nothing about his political career that is not greatly to his credit; he has his faults like other men, I suppose, for a man sensitive and proud must necessarily at times act on impulse and be unjust; a man who likes his friends is sometimes unduly influenced by them; but in his family and to his immediate relatives and the friends who are his daily companions he is as nearly perfect as any man can be. His home is his heaven, and he wants no other heaven. Between his wife and children and their relatives, and between his brother, when he was alive, and his children, and between his sister and folks and himself there is nothing but affection and the noblest generosity of conduct. They all adore him, and they have

every reason to do so. I don't believe there is a happier family group anywhere than there is in his home. If he had been a Christian, Col. Ingersoll's home would have been held up as a model Christian household.

Rep.—His wife and family share his ideas?

J. R.—Yes; and they, too, always did so. They are all very charming, cultivated, and refined ladies; but I would refuse to say anything about any man's home if the public did not already know something about it. A public man's domestic life ought to be as sacred from the intrusion of public praise as of public censure, and journalism has no right to cross thresholds that are barred against even the power of law. However, in Ingersoll's case the public could see nothing but the most absolute harmony. Ingersoll himself has spoken about his daughters in public, and so I will venture to tell a little more about them. Neither of the two young ladies has ever been inside of a church. The Colonel said that one night when the children—they were quite young at that time—were in bed, and he supposed them to be asleep, he was reading a sermon about the torments of hell to his wife. Suddenly one of the girls rose up in bed and asked, "who said such things about God?" He told her it was a sermon, and that this doctrine was taught in the church. "Then," said the young girl, "I'll never go inside of one." And she has never done so, although in Europe her father advised her to go and see some of the old cathedrals there.

Rep.—He is quite popular with his friends?

J. R.—Very. He has a candid manner that welcomes one at the first introduction, and he has every gift that makes companionship among men delightful.

Rep.—Is he rich?

J. R.—He lives like a rich man. I should say he must spend $20,000 or $30,000 a year. His income since the war has ranged from $30,000 to $70,000, I believe; but I don't think he saves any of it. He has a theory that the moment a man starts out to save he becomes selfish and begins to petrify. He doesn't petrify to any perceptible extent. He was a railroad lawyer chiefly, and president of railroads for several years before he went to Washington, where he now lives.

Rep.—What is he now?

J. R.—Parliamentary lawyer, chiefly, and lecturer. His brother, who died lately, built up quite a law business there. The brothers always were partners.

Rep.—I suppose you have read all of Ingersoll's speeches. Do you regard his oration at his brother's grave as his masterpiece?

J. R.—No, it is too pretty, and shows too much of the artist's hand. If he had trusted to his own heart and made no preparation he would have excelled every other effort of his life, for he tenderly loved his brother; but I presume he was afraid to trust himself. He would have broken down; I suppose, his finest passage is in his Indianapolis speech—the great outburst beginning, "The past rises up before me like a dream." If there is anything in Greek oratory or English oratory that equals the eloquence of that magnificent passage, I have never been able to find it; as for American oratory, there is nothing that even approaches it.

Rep.—Ingersoll, I believe, is regarded by Eastern men as the most radical representative of radical thought now living.

J. R.—That depends on the Eastern men who think so. I don't think so. In theological criticism Ingersoll is not more radical than Voltaire was or Paine. Excepting that they always affirmed the existence of a God infinitely good and wise, and insisted that nature was full of the proofs of his goodness and wisdom. Ingersoll neither affirms nor denies the existence of a God, because he says, we have no proof of it; that nature is as full of the proofs of merciless power and remorseless cruelty as of love and wisdom. "There may be one God or a million." He simply says he does not know anything about it. Scientists do not attack the faith of the Church; Ingersoll does; but they undermine its foundations, and that is the only difference between them. The men who denounce Ingersoll and tolerate Darwin, do not see that they are the twins of radicalism.

Personal Deism Denied

Rochester Morning Tribune.

Whoever attacks the prevailing religious opinion of his time must, in his turn, expect to be attacked. We haven't yet outgrown the barbarism that argument can be answered by personal abuse. The religious world of to-day has not yet outgrown the belief that you have to answer every argument not by showing it is bad, but by showing that the man who makes it is bad. It makes no difference whether the maker of an arithmetic turned out to be a rascal or not, we should still have to believe that ten times ten is a hundred. I expected to be attacked, and I have not been disappointed. I had always supposed religion taught men to love their enemies, or, at least, treat their friends decently, but I never knew of a minister who ever loved me, or who could forgive me. In return, I only want them to act so that I won't have to forgive them. I don't pretend to love my enemies, for I find it hard work to love my friends, and if I have the same feelings towards my enemies as towards my friends, I have no humanity in me. I deny that any man is under obligations to love his enemies. I believe in returning good for good and for evil Confucius' doctrine, exact justice without any admixture of revenge. All I ask of the Christian world is simply to tell the truth, but that is a good deal more than they will ever do. There was a time when falsehood from the pulpit smote like a sword, but it now has become almost an innocent amusement. Lying is now the last weapon left in the arsenal of Theology. They say I am in favor of too much liberty, but I am only in favor of justice, liberty, society. You cannot make men good by slavery; there is no regeneration in the chain. You can't make a man honest by tying his hands behind him. Good laws don't make good people, but good people make good laws. There was no reformation in force or in fear. You might scare a man so that he would not do a thing, but you could not scare him so that he would not want to do it. All the laws in the world won't change the disposition of a human being. It has been charged against me by the Rev. Joseph Cook that I am in favor of the dissemination of obscene literature.

When Cook made that statement he wrote across his reputation the word liar. When he said that, he knew he lied willfully and malignantly, and every man who repeated the slander knew that he lied, and every religious editor who put it into his paper knew that he lied. With one or two exceptions I never knew an honest editor of a religious paper; if truth was red-hot it would never scorch them. I am simply in favor of allowing to the Literature of Science the same rights exactly in the mails of the United States as is allowed to the Literature of Superstition. I despise beyond the power of speech, the man who would read or circulate a book, the tendency of which would be to leave a stain on the fairest of all flowers, the heart of a girl or boy. The Rev. Joseph Cook is said to have spent a year in an insane asylum; that is the way I account for this lie of his. His friends made two mistakes, they were a little too slow in putting him in, and a little too fast in letting him out. If any orthodox clergyman will read to his congregation certain passages in the Bible that I will select, I will pay him $100 in gold. There wouldn't be a lady left in the church, and if a man stayed, it would be to chastise the man for insulting the women; I believe in keeping the family pure, and men who are trying to blacken my reputation are not fit to blacken my shoes. It is one of my arguments against a personal God that such men exist, an infinitely wise God would never have produced them. Nearly everybody is afraid to express his thoughts on the subject of God. They imagine there is some kind of being up yonder who would

be filled with wrath at some poor human being who dared to express his best thoughts. Can you injure this God? No. Why? Because he is infinite. What do you mean by that? Conditionless. How can you injure a man? Only by changing his condition. If there is a God who is conditionless, you can't possibly change his conditions because he hasn't any; therefore you can't interfere with him in any way. You can't commit a single sin against him; therefore, you need have no fear. I can say my say fearlessly, and so can every other man. But all these hundreds of years the clergy have been telling the people there is such a crime as blasphemy. There is a personal God up there that made the world. He made you, and you ought to go down on your knees and thank Him. Thank Him for what? Ought the beggar to thank Him, who is starving in the midst of plenty? Ought the man who is born under some despotism and has to toil hard year after year yet never sees a decent dress on his wife, nor takes a decent meal? Ought the woman whose husband is a drunkard? Ought the poor invalid who is a slave to some hereditary disease? Ought the one who is born deformed? Ought the millions of poor slaves to thank God? Let us be honest? Ought the black man to thank God for having made the white man mean enough to hate him because he was black? Ought the poor widow who lives in misery and destitution? Ought the man who is forced to enter the army of a despot against his will? If you credit God with everything that is good, let us keep a double set of books, so as to keep the accounts straight on the other side and debit him with everything that is bad. Suppose we go to some strange island of 100,000 inhabitants.

We see a gentleman there who tells us all about it. Who do you have for your governor? An infinite being. Does he know everything? Everything. Can he do just what he wants? Exactly. After a little while I see some men dragging a woman along, tearing her child from her, and the poor woman shrieking in agony. I ask, What are they going to do with that woman? They are going to burn her. Does your Governor know it? Oh yes, he knew of it the moment they intended to do it. Could he have stopped it? Perfectly easy. Is that woman an enemy of his? Oh no, just the opposite; she prays and thanks him morn, noon and night, and she will do it in the midst of the flame and smoke. Are the men who are burning her his friends? No, they are his enemies. Such is the God that governs this world. Suppose the next man who tried to commit a murder should drop dead; suppose the hand of the next man who raised it to strike his wife a cruel blow should fall paralyzed at his side; suppose the next man who tried to commit any crime should fall to the ground, how many crimes do you think would be committed when that state of things came round generally? Not many. Is it possible any intelligent person really believes there is some Being who interferes with the affairs of this world? I read extracts from two sermons the other day. How I came to do it I don't know, but I did it. One was a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Moody on the subject of prayer, urging upon people to pray that portion of the Lord's prayer, "Thy will be done," as if it was necessary to coax God to have His own way. He says in his sermon, there was a poor woman who had an exceedingly sick child; the doctor told her it couldn't live. Oh! said the mother, I can't consent that my darling child should die. She prayed to God such a prayer that it was almost a prayer of rebellion, "I can't spare my child, oh, God, spare it to me." She didn't want God's will done, but her own. God heard her prayer and saved the child, but when it got well it was an idiot, and the poor woman had to watch over and take care of that child fifteen long years, and the moral of the story is, how much better it would have been to let God kill that child when he wanted to. Is there any one here who believes in such a God as that? Yes, this doctrine is preached from almost every pulpit in the world. I read in another paper a sermon by the Rev. DeWitt Talmage about Dreams, that God still appears to men in dreams. Just think of it! An infinite being catching some poor fellow asleep and going at him. According to this story there was a poor old woman that had the rheumatism, and another woman nearly as poor that hadn't got rheumatism, and the woman without rheumatism used to wait on the other and take care of her.

All at once the one without the rheumatism died. Then the other old lady said, Where am I going to get anything to eat? That night God left his throne, after having given directions about winding up the sun and the moon, and came to this old woman in a dream. He took her out of her house and carried her to where there was a large mountain of bread on the right hand and a large mountain of butter on the left hand. When I read that I said to myself, What a good place to start a political party. God said to the poor woman,

All these provisions belong to your father; do you think that he will allow one of his children to starve? And the reverend gentleman says that the next day a man was in some mysterious way moved to go to the old lady, and seeing her destitution, he took pity on her and took care of her till she died. Is it possible there is a Being who interferes with the affairs of this world, and interfered to feed that poor woman? Then why don't he feed hundreds and thousands of others? Why show her mountains of bread and butter, and allow millions to die of famine in other parts of the world? Look at that terrible famine in China, which might have been prevented by a slight change in the wind. If God had changed the wind that would have changed the direction of the clouds, and they would have gone over all that parched up district and emptied themselves upon it, and there would have been plenty. But God didn't change the wind, and the clouds emptied into the sea. What would you think of a gardener who had an immense barrel of water in his garden, and when the ground got parched and the flowers and fruit were all dying from drought, took a pail of water from the barrel, carried it round the garden and emptied it into the barrel again. That is what God did to China when he allowed the clouds to empty themselves into the sea. Has God ever interfered in the affairs of this world? This is an all-important question, for, upon it depends the question whether we have any human right at all. If there is an infinite Being who does everything to suit himself, we have no rights, and can't have any. Let him go on and do what he likes, we needn't trouble ourselves any more because we can't alter his plans. No one ever interfered to prevent slavery in any country—at any time or in any place.

No one ever interfered to prevent any other form of human oppression or wrong. Hence you can't start a religion without a miracle. You must show that the facts of nature have been changed. Hence, they have always proved that point, that there is a God who interferes with the affairs of this world. But admit that he is infinite and it matters not whether you pray to him or not. It makes no difference what you do. It is like trying to lift yourself by the straps of your boots; it is no good but you get good exercise from it. So it is with prayer. Let me go back to the time when society was first formed, a long time ago. Blackstone and Lock have always taken the ground that society was first formed by a contract. I don't believe it. They write as though they supposed the trees formed groves by contract; that animals formed themselves in flocks and herds by agreement. How did men originally come to act together? By contract? No. By necessity? Yes. When men first formed themselves into society, they were not equal to the beasts. The latter was superior, and that is the reason why men at first worshiped beasts. No man ever worshiped anything that he didn't believe his superior. Let us get to the foundation of this idea of worship. When man first looked upon the lion he saw an animal that had greater strength than he. When he saw the serpent climb without hands, run without feet, and live apparently without food, it struck him with awe, he saw the powerful eagle flying against the storms and gazing at the blazing sun, he saw something that was superior to him. He didn't know how they got their living. He was filled with wonder and admiration, and the result was he began to worship beasts, and made gods out of lions, snakes and eagles. The story of the serpent in the garden of Eden and of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, are but reminiscences of an old serpent worship. Almost all kinds of animals were deified. The old Jews themselves, including Moses, worshiped Jehovah in the form of a bull. That accounts for the "horns on the altar." They not only worshiped that God but many others. Even in the time of Solomon and Jeroboam there were thirty temples in which other gods were worshiped besides Jehovah. After men found out that one animal by itself was not their superior they began to make gods composed of several animals. They took the lion for strength, the eagle for swiftness and the serpent for cunning, or long life, making together an animal that could not be killed. Take the Mexican Indians. What is their name for God? Stone spirit. One who wore an armor of stone. Where did they get that idea from? The Armadillo, that could not be pierced with their arrows; something they could not kill. I want to convince you all, as we go along, that we manufacture these gods ourselves, and every one of them is a poor job. After men got through worshiping beasts, simple and compound, they began worshiping man, the beautiful qualities in man as well as the good ones. The gods were first beasts, then men. Right here let me tell you that there is not a person in this house who can think of God except in the form of man. Why? Because that is the highest intellectual form you are acquainted with. You can't think

of God on four legs or as a woman. Why? Because man made all the religions. We haven't yet become civilized enough to worship a principle.

If we worshiped God as a woman I should be more apt to join some church myself. Now, having traced the origin of God, the next question, does this God interfere in the affairs of this world, for, upon this depends the great question of human rights. The savage has always believed it. When his poor hut was blown down he thought God was mad with him or with one of his neighbors. Just think of the infinite maker of every shining world getting mad at the poor savage and pulling up his house. I tell you this world has been mightily abused, and it almost makes one die of pity to read its religious history. The priest said, You will have to employ me. I have influence. I am a lobbyist in the legislature of heaven. The priest said to the poor fellow, Divide with me. That was the commencement of slavery. The next point was to teach that God would hold a whole community responsible for what one man did. There could not be a meaner principle. They then taught that this God wanted to be worshiped, and a fine temple must be built to worship him in; that an infinite Being likes to see men go down on their knees and thank him. How gratifying would it be to us to have the millions of little animalculæ every where around us go down on their knees to us! Since God demanded worship, there must be some order to it, and certain gentlemen knew just what this Being wanted, and just the kind of ceremony that would suit him. Hence, the church and all these religious mummeries. All at once some terrible calamity would befall that community. Then what? Somebody has insulted God; has not brought his sacrifice, has not killed his sheep. Let us hunt him up and kill him and then our God will be appeased. They went so far as to say without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins; and they would sacrifice to God the one they loved best. Think of that man in Pocasset, Mass., who read the Old and New Testament so carefully and believingly that he killed his own child as a sacrifice. And no wonder either, if he believed those books. God told Abram to take his son Isaac and kill him; Abram started off to do the inhuman work, and was just going to kill his son when God fortunately stopped him in the nick of time. Jephthah made a bargain with God that if God would let him whip his enemies, he would sacrifice religious liberty; the pilgrim fathers were return. The prayer was granted, and as he neared his home a company of girls met him, and at their head was his own daughter. He sacrificed her. That man in Massachusetts having read these beautiful stories—infamous lies I call them—made up his mind God wanted him to sacrifice one of his children. If God told me to sacrifice one of my children to him, I wouldn't do it though I knew it was God who demanded it. I would say to Him, dash me to the lowest depths of hell and I will go there rather than have the blood of my darling on my hands. This man only followed the example of God himself who sacrificed his own Son. I say there never was and never will be a God who demands a sacrifice. Could it make any infinite Being any better to give up to him that which you love most? It is simply insanity. The next step taken by the priest was to teach not only that all religion came from God, but that all political power came from God also—that God had made priests to tell people what to believe, and had kings to tell them what to do. Only a little time back we find kings claiming that they reigned by divine right. The Bible says, "Be subject to the powers that be, because they are ordained of God." I deny it. If that doctrine had been carried out there never would have been any revolution in the world from that day to this. All political power comes from God, said the priest, consequently if a man said a word against the king or one of his nobles, he was a traitor to the Divine Being. The altar and throne fitted each other like the upper and lower jaw of a hyena and crushed liberty under foot. Just as long as men believed political power came from God they were cringing slaves, and the men who taught such a doctrine were themselves hypocrites and tyrants. After a while people began to think that after all political power didn't always come from God. The kings, however, kept on taking a little more and a little more, and the people grew more and more wretched and downtrodden, till finally they said, Power does not come from God, and in 1776 our fathers retired God from politics altogether. They said, Power comes only from the consent of the governed, and not from God. The true source of power is the will of the people. We are not going above the clouds to look for authority. Did our fathers understand religious liberty? Only two or three of them. How then did they come to leave God out of the Constitution? The colonies were not in favor of not. They left England for conscience's the first thing that greeted him on his

sake; they wanted the right to worship God as they thought best and went over to Holland. There they had to worship God according to their conscience, but other people also had the right to worship in a different way and to preach different doctrines, so the pilgrims came over here. They left England to escape persecution and left Holland to get away from religious liberty. When they got over they were ready to kill all those who differed from them. How then did they come to frame a Constitution without God? Because no three States had the same religion, and they could not agree upon which religion should be the bride of the State, which church should be married to the Constitution, so each church, rather than see some other church the bride of the State, was willing to see the State a bachelor, and God was left out in the cold. It was all owing to the meanness and jealousy of these churches that we have got a Constitution with no superstition in it. There are some lunatics even now-a-days who want to put God in the Constitution. I am opposed to it. If you get one Infinite Being in, there will be no room for other folks, and I don't think God himself would feel much complimented by being put there. These men had no idea of human rights, for they believed that God would hold a community responsible for the deeds of some individual. When that train of cars went down recently in Scotland the pulpit resounded with talk about Divine judgments for violating the Sabbath. One of the passengers was a sailor coming home to see his widowed mother, to take care of her in her declining years. Just think of God killing that man for crossing a bridge on Sunday. Imagine some rosy-cheeked little boys in a boat on Sunday fishing. At the end of their lines are fastened pin hooks, and an Infinite Being descends and keels over their boats because it is Sunday. Our fathers had no idea of religious liberty in their time, and their descendants to-day have not. In many States a man cannot testify in a court of justice because he doesn't believe in their God. If my wife and child were killed before my eyes and I took their corpse into court I would not be permitted to say who did it. This is not only depriving me of testimony, but it deprives the State of testimony. I can't believe in a personal God in any land where there is injustice; where innocence is not safe, where honest men toil and rogues ride in carriages, where hypocrisy is crowned and sincerity degraded. I can't conceive of this world being governed by an infinite being. If any good is to be done, man has got to do it. We must depend on ourselves. We mustn't consider the lilies of the field—we must sow the field and reap and harvest the crops ourselves. I want to show you the extent to which the church has gone. Religion has never relied upon argument. Protestantism never gained an inch of soil except at the mouth of the cannon or the point of the sword; the smallest island in the seas has never been taken by Catholic or Protestant except at the point of the bayonet. Religion of love has always been shot into nations. Who are the most war-like nations in the world to-day? Christian nations. Who invent the best guns and the greatest cannon for killing human beings? Christian nations. Does any one of you wish to be a millionaire and famous for the rest of his life? Then invent a cannon that will blow more Christian brains into froth than the best cannon will, and your fortune is made, and your name will become famous. In the last eight years the national debts of Christendom have increased over $6,000,000,000. What Catholic nation is the most orthodox to-day? Spain. And is there any meaner nation? What next? Portugal. What next? Italy, the land covered with brigands, every one of which carries an image of the Virgin Mary or some favorite saint, and who crosses himself with holy water in the cathedral before he starts on his brigand work. What next? Ireland, poor Ireland, crushed beneath the heels of oppression for hundreds of years. Why? Simply because her oppressor was of a different religion. It is religion which has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ and Ireland to exile. What is the most orthodox Protestant nation to-day? Scotland! and in 1877 there were 12,000 women arrested in Glasgow for drunkenness. What nation is the most prosperous country in Europe to-day? France. There is a Christian nation, Russia. Our President has complimented the Czar that God left watching over the sparrows and watched over his infamous life and saved him from assassination.

Go with me to Siberia. Who are these poor creatures drawing wagons on their hands and knees? Girls of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen and twenty; what are they there for? For having said a word in favor of human liberty. That is all. Do you blame the lovers or the parents of these girls if they endeavored to send a bullet to the heart of the Czar who allows such brutality? In such a case my sympathies are closed around the point of the dagger. I have said that in many of our states an

infidel is not allowed to testify in a court of justice. Let me prove it. (The Lecturer here read extracts from the laws or constitutions of the various states in support of his assertion.) In alluding to the judgment day, he said: Won't the orthodox be happy on that day! I want to show you a little picture I got from the old church where Shakespeare was buried, giving a description of the judgment day. About fifty fellows were coming out of their graves and little devils grabbing them by the heels. There was a great caldron with about twenty fellows in it, and devils pouring boiling pitch into it; five or six more were hung upon hooks by their tongues. Right in the other corner were some saints, and I never saw such a self-satisfied grin on any person's face in my life. They seemed to say to the sinner, "How now, Mr. Smartie, what did I tell you?" I believe there are lots of clergymen in the United States willing to die to see men in hell. I once read a little poem, translated from the Persian, of a good man who worked for seven long years in acts of charity and then mounted the steps of heaven and knocked at the gate. Who is there? cried a voice. Thy slave, O God! No answer. Again he toiled seven long years, in acts of charity and piety, and again ascended to the gate and knocked. Who is there? Thy servant, O God! No answer. Again he went back and toiled seven more years, and then mounted to the gates of heaven and knocked. Who is there? Thyself, O God! The gate opened and he entered heaven. The next great thing for us to do is to get God out of religion. Just so long as God is in religion there will be popes, cardinals, priests, clergy, cathedrals and churches, and all these religious creeds coming down from high for men to swallow. There will be no religious liberty until man himself is the source of religion, and humanity takes the place of superstition. I want to take a "d" from the name of the devil, so as to make it evil, and I want to stick an "o" into the word God, so that it will be the supreme good that men will worship in the future. When we do that there will be perfect religious liberty, and not till then. Hell is rapidly cooling off, and a man will have to take his overcoat with him. The liberty of man is asserting itself and would eventually become the religion of the world.

Humboldt

Cincinnati Times.

Robinson's Opera House was crowded last evening. The renowned lecturer Col. R. G. Ingersoll gave the following highly interesting sketch of the life of the great explorer Alexander Von Humboldt. Mr. Ingersoll was escorted to the stage by a number of prominent citizens and introduced to the audience by the mayor. In doing this, his honor said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: A brilliant, genial gentleman; a man of brains; a man greatly respected and admired by all who know him, and greatly detested by many of those who do not agree with him in opinion; a man who does his own thinking and says what he thinks, but thinks before he says anything, is about to address you in review of a great, celebrated traveler and explorer. He will do this from his own standpoint, free and without reserve. Let me introduce to you Col. R. G. Ingersoll." (Applause and cheers.)

Col. Ingersoll stepped to the front of the stage and began his eloquent oration on Alexander Von Humboldt.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Great minds seem to be a part of the infinite. Those possessing them seem to be brothers of the mountains and the seas.

Humboldt was one of these. He was one of the few, great enough to rise above the superstition and prejudice of his time, and to know that experience, observation and reason are the only basis of knowledge.

He became one of the greatest of men in spite of having been born rich and noble—in spite of position. I say in spite of these things, because wealth and position are generally the enemies of genius and the destroyers of talent. (Applause.)

It is often said of this or that man that he is a self-made man; that he was born of the poorest and humblest parents, and that with every obstacle to overcome he became great. This is a mistake. Poverty is generally an advantage. Most of the intellectual giants of the world have been nursed at the sad but loving breast of poverty. Most of those who have climbed highest on the shining ladder of fame commenced at the lowest round. They were reared in the straw-thatched cottages of Europe; in the log-houses of America, in the factories of the great cities; in the midst of toil; in the smoke and din of labor, and on the verge of want. They were rocked by the feet of mothers whose hands at the same time were busy with the needle or the wheel.

It is hard for the rich to resist the thousand allurements of pleasure; and so I say that Humboldt, in spite of having been born to wealth and high social position became truly and grandly great.

In the antiquated and romantic castle of Tegel, by the side of the pine forest on the shore of the charming lake near the beautiful city of Berlin, the great Humboldt one hundred years ago to-day was born, and there he was educated after the method suggested by Rousseau—Campe, the philologist and critic, and the intellectual Kunth being his tutors. There he received the impressions that determined his career; there the great idea that the universe is governed by law, took possession of his mind, and there he dedicated his life to the demonstration of this sublime truth.

He came to the conclusion that the source of man's happiness is his ignorance of nature.

He longed to give a physical description of the universe—a grand picture of nature; to account for all phenomena; to discover the laws governing the world; to do away with that splendid delusion called special Providence, and to establish the fact that the universe is governed by law. (Applause.)

To establish this truth was, and is, of infinite importance to mankind. That fact is the death-knell of superstition; it gives

liberty to every soul, annihilates fear, and ushers in the Age of Reason.

The object of this illustrious man was to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connection, and to represent nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces.

For this purpose he turned his attention to descriptive botany, traversing distant lands and mountain ranges to ascertain with certainty the geographical distribution of plants. He investigated the laws regulating the differences of temperature and climate, and the changes of the atmosphere. He studied the formation of the earth's crusts, explored the deepest mines, ascended the highest mountains and wandered through the craters of extinct volcanoes.

He became thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, with astronomy, with terrestrial magnetism; and as the investigation of one subject leads to all others, for the reason that there is a mutual dependence and a necessary connection between all facts, so Humboldt became acquainted with the known sciences.

His fame does not depend so much upon his discoveries (although he discovered enough to make hundreds of reputations) as upon his vast and splendid generalizations.

He was to science what Shakespeare was to the drama.

He found, so to speak, the world full of unconnected facts—all portions of a vast system—parts of a machine; he discovered the connection that each bears to all; put them together, and demonstrated beyond all contradiction that the earth is governed by law.

He knew that to discover the connection of phenomena is the primary aim of all natural investigation. He was infinitely practical.

Origin and destiny were questions with which he had nothing to do.

His surroundings made him what he was.

In accordance with a law not fully comprehended, he was a production of his time.

Great men do not live alone; they are surrounded by the great; they are the instruments used to accomplish the tendencies of their generation; they fulfill the prophecies of their age.

Nearly all of the scientific men of the eighteenth century had the same idea entertained by Humboldt, but most of them in a dim and confused way. There was, however, a general belief among the intelligent that the world is governed by law, and that there really exists a connection between all facts, *or that all facts are simply the different aspects of a general fact*, and that the task of science is to discover this connection; to comprehend this general fact or to announce the laws of things. (Applause.)

Germany was full of thought, and her universities swarmed with philosophers and grand thinkers in every department of knowledge.

Humboldt was the friend and companion of the greatest poets, historians, philologists, artists, statesmen, critics and logicians of his time.

He was the companion of Schiller, who believed that man would be regenerated through the influence of the Beautiful; of Goethe, the grand patriarch of German literature; of Wieland, who has been called the Voltaire of Germany; of Herber, who wrote the outlines of a philosophical history of man; of Kotsebue, who lived in the world of romance; of Schleiermacher, the pantheist of Schlegel, who gave to his countrymen the enchanted realm of Shakespeare; of the sublime Kant, author of the first work published in Germany on Pure Reason; of Fichte, the infinite idealist; of Schopenhauer, the European Buddhist, who followed the great Gautama to the painless and dreamless Nirvana, and of hundreds of others, whose names are familiar to and honored by the scientific world.

The German mind had been grandly roused from the long lethargy of the dark ages of ignorance, fear and faith. Guided by the holy light of reason, every department of knowledge was investigated, enriched and illustrated.

Humboldt breathed the atmosphere of investigation; old ideas were abandoned; old creeds, hallowed by centuries, were thrown aside; thought became courageous; the athlete, Reason, challenged to mortal combat the monsters of superstition. (Applause.)

No wonder that under these influences Humboldt formed the great purpose of presenting to the world a picture of nature in order that men might, for the first time, behold the face of their Mother.

Europe becoming too small for his genius, he visited the tropics in the new world, where in the most circumscribed limits he could find the greatest number of plants, of animals and the greatest diversity of climate, that he might ascertain the laws governing the production and distribution of plants, animals and men, and the effects of climate upon them all. He sailed along the gigantic Amazon—the mysterious Ori-

noco—traversed the Pampas—climbed the Andes until he stood upon the crags of Chimborazo, more than eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and climbed on until blood flowed from his eyes and lips. For nearly five years he pursued his investigations in the new world, accompanied by the intrepid Bonpland. Nothing escaped his attentions. He was the best intellectual organ of these new revelations of science. He was calm, reflective and eloquent; filled with a sense of the beautiful, and the love of truth. His collections were immense, and valuable beyond calculation to every science. He endured innumerable hardships, braved countless dangers in unknown and savage lands, and exhausted his fortune for the advancement of true learning.

Upon his return to Europe he was hailed as the second Columbus; as the scientific discoverer of America; as the revealer of a new world; as the great demonstrator of the sublime truth, that universe is governed by law.

I have seen a picture of the old man, sitting upon a mountain side—above him the eternal snow—below, smiling valley of the tropics, filled with vine and palm; his chin upon his breast, his eyes deep, thoughtful and calm—his forehead majestic—grander than the mountains upon which he sat—crowned with the snow of his whitened hair, he looked the intellectual autocrat of this world.

Not satisfied with his discoveries in America, he crossed the steppes of Asia, the wastes of Siberia, the great Ural range, adding to the knowledge of mankind at every step. His energy acknowledged no obstacle, his life knew no leisure; every day was filled with labor and with thought.

He was one of the apostles of science, and he served his divine master with a self-sacrificing zeal that knew no abatement, with an ardor that constantly increased, with a devotion unwavering and constant as the polar star.

In order that the people at large might have the benefit of his numerous discoveries, and his vast knowledge, he delivered at Berlin a course of lectures, consisting of sixty-one free addresses, upon the following subjects:

Five upon the nature and limits of physical geography.

Three were devoted to a history of science.

Two to inducements to a study of nature science.

Sixteen on the heavens.

Five on the form, density, latent heat, and magnetic power of the earth, and to the polar night.

Four were on the nature of the crust of the earth, the hot springs, earthquakes and volcanoes.

Two on mountains and the type of their formation.

Two on the form of the earth's surface, on the connection of continents, and the elevation of soil over ravines.

Three on the sea as a globular fluid surrounding the earth.

Ten on the atmosphere as an elastic fluid surrounding the earth, and on the distribution of heat.

One on the geographic distribution of organized matter in general.

Three on the geography of animals, and

Two on the races of men.

These lectures are what is known as the COSMOS, and present a scientific picture of the world—of infinite diversity in unity—of ceaseless motion in the eternal grasp of law.

These lectures contain the result of his investigation, observation and experience; they furnish the connection between phenomena; they disclose some of the changes through which the earth has passed in the countless ages; the history of vegetation, animals and men, the effects of climate upon individuals and nations, the relation we sustain to other worlds, and demonstrate that all phenomena, whether insignificant or grand, exist in accordance with inexorable law.

There are some truths, however, that we never should forget: Superstition has always been the relentless enemy of science; faith has been a hater of demonstration; hypocrisy has been sincere only in its dread of truth, and all religions are inconsistent with mental freedom.

Since the murder of Hypatia in the fifth century, when the polished blade of Greek philosophy was broken by the club of ignorant Catholicism, until to-day, superstition has detested every effort of reason.

It is almost impossible to conceive of the completeness of the victory that the church achieved over philosophy. For ages science was utterly ignored; thought was a poor slave; an ignorant priest was master of the world; faith put out the eyes of the soul; the reason was a trembling coward; the imagination was set on fire of hell; every human feeling was sought to be suppressed; love was considered infinitely sinful; pleasure was the road to eternal fire, and God was supposed to be happy only when his children were miserable. The world was governed by an Almighty's whim; prayers

could change the order of things, halt the grand procession of nature could produce rain, avert pestilence, famine and death in all its forms. There was no idea of the certain; all depended upon divine pleasure —or displeasure rather; heaven was full of inconsistent malevolence, and earth of ignorance. Everything was done to appease the divine wrath; every public calamity was caused by the sins of the people; by a failure to pay tithes, or for having, even in secret, felt a disrespect for a priest. To the poor multitude the earth was a kind of enchanted forest, full of demands ready to devour, and theological serpents lurking with infinite power to fascinate and torture the unhappy and impotent soul. Life to them was a dim and mysterious labyrinth, in which they wandered weary and lost, guided by priests as bewildered as themselves, without knowing that at every step the Ariadne of reason offered them the long lost clue. (Applause.)

The very heavens were full of death; the lightning was regarded as the glittering vengeance of God, and the earth was thick with snares for the unwary feet of man. The soul was supposed to be crowded with the wild beasts of desire; the heart to be totally corrupt, prompting only to crime; virtues were regarded as deadly sins in disguise; there was a continual warfare being waged between the Deity and the Devil, for the possession of every soul; the latter generally being considered victorious. The flood, the tornado, the volcano, were all evidences of the displeasure of heaven, and the sinfulness of man. The blight that withered, the frost that blackened, the earthquake that devoured; were the messengers of the Creator.

The world was governed by Fear.

Against all the evils of nature, there was known only the defense of prayer, for fasting, of credulity and devotion. *Man in his helplessness endeavored to soften the heart of God.* The faces of the multitude were blanched with fear, and wet with tears: they were the prey of hypocrites, kings and priests. (Applause and cheers.)

My heart bleeds when I contemplate the sufferings endured by the millions now dead; of those who lived when the world appeared to be insane; when the heavens were filled with an infinite HORROR who snatched babes with dimpled hands and rosy cheeks from the white breasts of mothers, and dashed them into an abyss of eternal flames.

Slowly, beautifully, like the coming of the dawn, came the grand truth, that the universe is governed by law; that disease fastens itself upon the good and upon the bad; that the tornado cannot be stopped by counting beads; that the rushing lava pauses not for bended knees, nor the cruel waves of the sea for prayer; that paying tithes causes, rather than prevents famine; that pleasure is not sin, that happiness is the only good; that demons and gods exist only in the imagination; that faith is a lullaby sung to put the soul to sleep; that devotion is a bribe that fear offers to supposed power; that offering rewards in another world for obedience in this, is simply buying a soul on credit; that knowledge consists in ascertaining the laws of nature, and that wisdom is the science of happiness. Slowly, gradually, beautifully, these truths are dawning upon mankind.

From Copernicus we learned that this earth is only a grain of sand on the infinite shore of the universe; that everywhere we are surrounded by shining worlds vastly greater than our own, all moving and existing in accordance with law. True, the earth began to grow small, but man began to grow great. (Applause.)

The moment the fact was established that other worlds are governed by law, it was only natural to conclude that our little world was also under its dominion. The old theological method of accounting for physical phenomena by the pleasure and displeasure of the Deity was, by the intellectual, abandoned. They found that disease, death, life, thought, heat, cold, the seasons, the winds, the dreams of man, the instincts of animals—in short, that all physical and mental phenomena are governed by law, absolute, eternal and inexorable.

Let it be understood by the term LAW is meant the same invariable relation of succession and resemblance predicted of all facts springing from like conditions. Law is a fact—not a cause. It is a fact, that like conditions produce like results: this fact is LAW. When we say that the universe is governed by law, we mean that this fact, called law, is incapable of change; that it is, has been, and forever will be, the same inexorable, immutable, FACT, inseparable from all phenomena. Law, in this sense, was not enacted or made. It could not have been otherwise than as it is. That which necessarily exists has no creator.

Only a few years ago this earth was considered the real center of the universe; all the stars were supposed to revolve around this insignificant atom. The German mind, more than any other, has done away with this piece of egotism. Purbach and Mul-

lerus, in the fifteenth century, contributed most to the advancement of astronomy in their day. To the latter, the world is indebted for the introduction of decimal fractions, which completed our arithmetical notation, and formed the second of the steps by which, in modern times, the science of numbers has been so greatly improved; and yet, both of these men believed in the most childish absurdities, at least in enough of them, to die without their orthodoxy having ever been suspected.

Next came the Great Copernicus, and he stands at the head of the heroic thinkers of his time, who had the courage and the mental strength to break the chains of prejudice, custom, and authority, and to establish truth on the basis of experience, observation and reason. He removed the earth, so to speak, from the center of the universe, and ascribed to it a twofold motion, and demonstrated the true position which it occupies in the solar system.

At his bidding the earth began to revolve. At the command of his genius it commenced its grand flight amid the eternal constellations around the sun.

For fifty years his discoveries were disregarded. All at once, by the exertions of Galileo, they were kindled into so grand a conflagration as to consume the philosophy of Aristotle, to alarm the hierarchy of Rome, and to threaten the existence of every opinion not founded upon experience, observation and reason.

The earth was no longer considered a universe, governed by the caprices of some revengeful Deity, who had made the stars out of what he had left after completing the world, and had stuck them in the sky simply to adorn the night.

I have said this much concerning astronomy because it was the first splendid step forward! The first sublime blow that shattered the lance and shivered the shield of superstition; the first real help that man received from heaven; because it was the first great lever placed beneath the altar of a false religion; the first revelation of the infinite to man; the first authoritative declaration, that the universe is governed by law; the first science that gave the lie direct to the cosmogony of barbarism, and because it is the sublimest victory that the reason has achieved.

In speaking of astronomy, I have confined myself to the discoveries made since the revival of learning. Long ago, on the banks of the Ganges, ages before Copernicus lived, Aryabhatta taught that the earth is a sphere, and revolves on its own axis. This, however, does not detract from the glory of the great German. The discovery of the Hindu had been lost in the midnight of Europe—in the age of faith, and Copernicus was as much a discoverer as though Aryabhatta had never lived.

In this short address there is no time to speak of other sciences, and to point out the particular evidence furnished by each, to establish the dominion of law, nor to more than mention the name of Descartes, the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who formed the vast and philosophic conception of reducing all the phenomena of the universe to the same law; of Montaigne, one of the heroes of common sense; of Galvin, whose experiments gave the telegraph to the world; of Voltaire, who contributed more than any other of the sons of men to the destruction of religious intolerance; of August Comte, whose genius erected to itself a monument that still touches the stars; of Guttenberg, Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, all soldiers of science in the grand army of the dead kings.

The glory of science is, that it is freeing the soul—breaking the mental manacles—getting the brain out of bondage—giving courage to thought—filling the world with mercy, justice and joy. [Applause.]

Science found agriculture plowing with a stick—reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools—man denying the authority of reason, employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals. It found the land filled with malicious monks—with persecuting Protestants, and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance upon its knees; credulity the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation. It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their facts in the stars, and to tell their fortunes by the signs and wonders; generals think to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross, or by telling a rosary. If found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehood, and the Almighty was supposed to spend most of his time turning sticks into snakes, drowning boys for swimming on Sunday, and killing little children for the purpose of converting their parents. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries down-trodden, half naked half starved, without reason in the world.

Such was the condition of man when the morning of science dawned upon his brain, and before he had heard that sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law.

For the change that has taken place we are indebted solely to science—the only lever capable of raising mankind. Abject faith is barbarism; reason is civilization. To obey is slavish; to act from sense of obligation perceived by the reason, is noble. Ignorance worships mystery; Reason explains it: the one grovels, the other soars.

No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries, and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science. (Applause.)

In all ages the people have honored those who dishonored them. They have worshiped their destroyers; they have canonized the most gigantic liars, and buried the great thieves in marble and gold. Under the loftiest monuments sleeps the dust of murder.

Imposture has always worn a crown.

The world is beginning to change because the people are beginning to think. To think is to advance. Everywhere the great minds are investigating the creeds and the superstitions of men—the phenomena of nature, and the laws of things. At the head of this great army of investigators stood Humboldt—the serene leader of an intellectual host—a king by the suffrage of Science, and the divine right of Genius.

And to-day we are not honoring some butcher called a soldier—some wily politician called a statesman—some robber called a king—nor some malicious metaphysician called a saint. We are honoring the grand Humboldt, whose victories were all achieved in the arena of thought; who destroyed prejudice, ignorance and error—not men, who to the knowledge, the wealth, and the happiness of all mankind. (Applause and cheers.)

His life was pure, his aims lofty, his learning varied and profound, and his achievements vast.

We honor him because he has ennobled our race, because he has contributed as much as any man living or dead to the real prosperity of the world. We honor him because he honored us—because he left a legacy of glory to every human being. For these reasons he is honored throughout the world. Millions are doing homage to his genius at this moment, and millions are pronouncing his name with reverence and recounting what he accomplished. (Applause.)

We associate the name of Humboldt with oceans, continents, mountains and volcanoes—with the great plains—the wide deserts—the snow-lipped craters of the Andes—with primeval forests and European capitals—with wildernesses and universities—with savages and savans—with the lonely rivers of unpeopled wastes—with peaks and pampas, and steppes, and cliffs and crags—with the progress of the world—with every science known to man and with every star glittering in the immensity of space.

Humboldt adopted none of the soul-shrinking creeds of his day; wasted none of his time in the stupidities, inanities and contradictions of theological metaphysics; he did not endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology of a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never, for one moment, did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he separated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand tranquil column of Reason. He was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of Nature, and at the age of ninety, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by a world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom—upon the bosom of the universal Mother—and with her loving arms around him, sank into that slumber called Death.

History addded another name to the starry scroll of the immortals.

The world is his monument; upon the eternal granite of her hills he inscribed his name, and there upon everlasting stone his genius wrote this, the sublimest of truths:

"THE UNIVERSE IS GOVERNED BY LAW!"

Declaration of Independence

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The Declaration of Independence is the grandest, the bravest, and the profoundest political document that was ever signed by the representatives of a people. It is the embodiment of physical and moral courage, and of political wisdom.

I say of physical courage because it was a declaration of war against the most powerful nation then on the globe; a declaration of war by thirteen weak, unorganized colonies, a declaration of war by a few people, without military stores, without wealth, without strength, against the most powerful kingdom on the earth; a declaration of war made when the British navy—at that day the mistress of every sea—was hovering along the coast of America, looking after defenseless towns and villages to ravish and destroy. It was made when thousands of English soldiers were upon our soil, and when the principal cities of America were in the substantial possession of the enemy. And so, I say, all things considered, it was the bravest political document ever signed by man. And if it was physically brave, the moral courage of the document is almost infinitely beyond the physical. They had the courage not only, but they had the almost infinite wisdom to declare that all men are created equal. (Applause.)

With one blow, with one stroke of the pen, they struck down all the cruel, heartless barriers that aristocracy, that priestcraft, that kingcraft had raised between man and man. They struck down with one immortal blow that infamous spirit of caste that makes a God almost a beast, and a beast almost a god. With one word, with one blow, they wiped away and utterly destroyed all that had been done by centuries of war—centuries of hypocrisy—centuries of injustice.

What more did they do? They then declared that each man has a right to live. And what does that mean? It means that he has the right to make his living. It means that he has the right to breathe the air, to work the land, that he stands the equal of every other human being beneath the shining stars, entitled to the product of his labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain.

What more? That every man has the right to pursue his own happiness in his own way. Grander words than these have never been spoken by man.

And what more did these men say? They laid down the doctrine that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of preserving the rights of the people. The old idea was that people existed solely for the benefit of the state—that is to say, for kings and nobles.

The old idea was that the people were the wards of king and priest—that their bodies belonged to one and their soles to the other.

And what more? That the people are the source of political power. That was not only a revelation, but it was a revolution. It changed the ideas of people with regard to the source of political power. For the first time it made human beings men. What was the old idea? The old idea was that no political power came from, nor in any manner belonged to the people. The old idea was that the political power came from the clouds; that the political power came in some miraculous way from heaven; that it came down to kings, and queens and robbers. That was the old idea. The nobles lived upon the labor of the people; the people had no rights; the nobles stole what they had and divided with the kings, and the kings pretended to divide what they stole with God Almighty. The source, then, of political power was from above. The people were responsible to the nobles, the nobles to the king, and the people had no political right whatever, no more than the wild beasts of the forest. The kings were responsible to God; not the people. They were responsible to the clouds, not to the toiling millions they robbed and plundered.

And our forefathers, in this declaration of independence, reversed this thing, and said: No, the people, they are the source of political power, and their rulers—these presidents, these kings—are but the agents and servants of the great, sublime people. For the first time, really, in the history of the world, the king was made to get off the throne, and the people were royally seated thereon. The people became the sovereigns, and the old sovereigns became the servants and the agents of the people. It is hard for you and me now to imagine even the immense results of that change. It is hard for you and me, at this day, to understand how thoroughly it had been ingrained in the brain of almost every man, that the king had some wonderful right over him; that in some strange way the king owned him; that in some miraculous manner he belonged, body and soul, to somebody who rode on a horse, to somebody with epaulettes on his shoulders and a tinsel crown upon his brainless head. (Applause.)

Our forefathers had been educated in that idea, and when they first landed on American shores they believed it. They thought they belonged to somebody, and that they must be loyal to some thief, who could trace his pedigree back to antiquity's most successful robber.

It took a long time for them to get that idea out of their heads and hearts. They were three thousand miles away from the despotisms of the old world, and every wave of the sea was an assistant to them. The distance helped to disenchant their minds of that infamous belief, and every mile between them and the pomp and glory of monarchy helped to put republican ideas and thoughts into their minds. Besides that, when they came to this country, when the savage was in the forest, and three thousand miles of waves on the other side, menaced by barbarians on the one side, and famine on the other, they learned that a man who had courage, a man who had thought, was as good as any other man in the world, and they built up, as it were, in spite of themselves, little republics. And the man that had the most nerve and heart was the best man, whether he had any noble blood in his veins or not. (Applause.)

It has been a favorite idea with me that our forefathers were educated by Nature; that they grew grand as the continent upon which they landed; that the great rivers—the wide plains—the splendid lakes—the lonely forests—the sublime mountains—that all these things stole into and became a part of their being, and they grew great as the country in which they lived. They began to hate the narrow, contracted views of Europe. They were educated by their surroundings, and every little colony had to be, to a certain extent, a republic. The kings of the old world endeavored to parcel out this land to their favorites. But there were too many Indians. There was too much courage required for them to take and keep it, and so men had to come here who were dissatisfied with the old country—who were dissatisfied with England, dissatisfied with France, with Germany, with Ireland and Holland. The kings' favorites stayed at home. Men came here for liberty and on account of certain principles they entertained and held dearer than life. And they were willing to work, willing to fell the forests, to fight the savages, willing to go through all the hardships, perils and dangers of a new country, of a new land; and the consequence was that our country was settled by brave and adventurous spirits; by men who had opinions of their own and were willing to live in the wild forests for the sake of expressing these opinions, even if they expressed them only to trees, rocks, and savage men. The best blood of the old world came to the new.

When they first came over they did not have a great deal of political philosophy, nor the best ideas of liberty. We might as well tell the truth. When the Puritans first came, they were narrow. They did not understand what liberty meant—what religious liberty, what political liberty, was; but they found out in a few years. There was one feeling among them that rises to their eternal honor like a white shaft to the clouds—they were in favor of education. Wherever they went they built school houses, introduced books, and ideas of literature. They believed that every man should know how to read and write, and should find out all that his capacity allowed him to comprehend. That is the glory of the Puritan fathers.

They forgot in a little while what they had suffered, and they forgot to apply the principle of universal liberty—of toleration. Some of the colonies did not forget it, and I want to give credit where credit should be given. The Catholics of Maryland were the first people on the continent to declare universal religious toleration. Let this be remembered to their eternal honor. Let it be remembered to the disgrace of the Protestant government of England, that it caused this grand law to be repealed. And to the honor and credit of the Catholics of Maryland let it be remembered, that the

moment they got back into power they re-enacted the old law. The Baptists of Rhode Island also, led by Roger Williams, were in favor of universal religious liberty.

No American should fail to honor Roger Williams. He was the first grand advocate of the liberty of the soul. He was in favor of the eternal divorce of church and state. So far as I know, he was the only man at that time in this country who was in favor of real religious liberty. While the Catholics of Maryland declared in favor of religious *toleration*, they had no idea of religious liberty. They would not allow any one to call in question the doctrine of the Trinity, or the inspiration of the Scriptures. They stood ready with branding iron and gallows to burn and choke out of a man the idea that he had a right to think and to express his thoughts.

So many religions met in our country—so many theories and dogmas came in contact—so many follies, mistakes and stupidities became acquainted with each other, that religion began to fall somewhat into disrepute. Besides this, the question of a new nation began to take precedence of all others.

The people were too much interested in this world to quarrel about the next. The preacher was lost in the patriot. The Bible was read to find passages against kings.

Everybody was discussing the rights of man. Farmers and mechanics suddenly became statesmen, and in every shop and cabin nearly every question was asked and answered.

During these years of political excitement the interest in religion bated to that degree that a common purpose animated men of all sects and creeds. (Applause.)

At last our fathers became tired of being colonists—tired of writing and reading and signing petitions and presenting them on their bended knees to an idiot king. They began to have an aspiration to form a new nation; to be citizens of a new republic instead of subjects of an old monarchy. They had the idea. The Puritans, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Quakers, and a few Free Thinkers, all had the idea that they would form a new nation.

Now, do not understand that all our fathers were in favor of independence. Do not understand that they were all like Jefferson; that they were all like Adams or Lee; that they were all like Thomas Paine or John Hancock. There were thousands and thousands of them who were opposed to American independence. There were thousands and thousands who said: "When you say men are created equal, it is a lie; when you say the political power resides in the great body of the people, it is false." Thousands and thousands of them said: "We prefer Great Britain." But the men who were in favor of independence, the men who knew that a new nation must be born, went on full of hope and courage, and nothing could daunt or stop or stay the heroic, fearless few.

They met in Philadelphia; and the resolution was moved by Lee of Virginia that the colonies ought to be independent states, and ought to dissolve their political connection with Great Britain.

They made up their minds that a new nation must be formed. All nations had been, so to speak, the wards of some church. The religious idea as to the source of power had been at the foundation of all governments and had been the bane and curse of man.

Happily for us, there was no church strong enough to dictate to the rest. Fortunately for us, the colonists not only but the colonies differed widely in their religious views. There were the Puritans, who hated the Episcopalians; and the Episcopalians, who hated the Catholics; and the Catholics, who hated both, while the Quakers held them all in contempt. There they were, of every sort and color and kind, and how was it that they came together? They had a common aspiration. They wanted to form a new nation. More than that, most of them cordially hated Great Britain; and they pledged each other to forget their religious prejudices for a time, at least, and agreed that there should be only one religion until they got through—and that was the religion of patriotism. They solemnly agreed that the new nation should not belong to any particular church but that it should secure the rights of all.

Our fathers founded the first secular government that was ever founded in this world. Recollect that. The first secular government; the first government that said every church has exactly the same rights, and no more; every religion has the same rights, and no more. In other words, our fathers were the first men who had the sense, who had the genius, to know that no church should be allowed to have a sword; that it should be allowed only to exert its moral influence. (Applause.)

You might as well have a government united by force with Art, or with Poetry, or with Oratory as with Religion. Religion should have the influence upon mankind that its goodness, that its morality, its justice, its charity, its reason, and its argument give it, and no more. Religion

should have the effect upon mankind that it necessarily has, and no more. The religion that has to be supported by law is without value not only but a fraud and a curse. The religious argument that has to be supported by a musket is hardly worth making. A prayer that must have a cannon behind it better never be uttered. Forgiveness ought not to go in partnership with shot and shell. Love need not carry knives and revolvers.

So our fathers said: "We will form a secular government, and under the flag which we are going to enrich our air we will allow every man to worship God as he thinks best." They said: "Religion is an individual thing between each man and his Creator, and he can worship as he pleases and as he desires." And why did they do this? The history of the world warned them that the liberty of man was not safe in the clutch and grasp of any church. They had read of and seen the thumb-screws, the racks and the dungeons of the Inquisition. They knew all about the hypocrisy of the olden time. They knew that the church had stood side by side with the throne; that the high priests were hypocrites, and that the kings were robbers. They also knew that if they gave to any church power, it would corrupt the best church in the world. And so they said that power must not reside in a church, nor in a sect, but power must be wherever humanity is—in the great body of the people. And the officers and servants of the people must be responsible to them. And so I say again, as I said in the commencement, this is the wisest, the profoundest, the bravest political document that was ever written.

They turned, as I tell you, everything squarely about. They derived all their authority from the people. They did away forever with the theological idea of government.

And what more did they say? They said that wherever the rulers abused this authority, the power, incapable of destruction, returned to the people. How did they come to say this? I will tell you; they were pushed into it. How? They felt that they were oppressed; and whenever a man feels that he is the subject of injustice, his perception of right and wrong is wonderfully quickened.

Nobody was ever in prison wrongfully who did not believe in the writ of *habeas corpus*. Nobody ever suffered wrongfully without instantly having ideas of justice.

And they began to inquire what rights the king of Great Britain had. They began to search for the charter of his authority. They began to investigate and dig down to the bedrock upon which society must be founded, and when they got down there—forced there, too, by their oppressors; forced against their own prejudices and education—they found at the bottom of things, not lords, not nobles, not pulpits, not thrones, but humanity and the rights of men. (Tremendous cheering.)

And so they said, we are men; we are *men*. They found out they were men. And the next they said was: "We will be free men; we are weary of being colonists; we are tired of being subjects; we are men; and these colonies ought to be states; and these states ought to be a nation; and that nation ought to drive the last British soldier into the sea." And so they signed that brave declaration of independence.

I thank every one of them from the bottom of my heart for signing that sublime declaration. I thank them for their courage —for their patriotism—for their wisdom—for the splendid confidence in themselves and in the human race. I thank them for what they did and for what we have received—for what they suffered and for what we enjoy. (Applause.)

What would we have been if we had remained colonists and subjects? What would we have been to-day? Nobodies—ready to get down on our knees and crawl in the very dust at the sight of somebody that was supposed to have in him some drop of blood that flowed in the veins of that mailed marauder, that royal robber William the Conqueror.

They signed that declaration of independence, although they knew that it would produce a long, terrible and bloody war. They looked forward and saw poverty, deprivation, gloom and death. But they also saw on the wrecked clouds of war the beautiful bow of freedom.

These grand men were enthusiastic; and the world has only been raised by enthusiasts. In every country there has been a few who have given a national aspiration to the people. The enthusiasts of 1776 were the builders and framers of this great and splendid government; and they were the men who saw, although others did not, the golden fringe of the mantle of glory that will finally cover this world. They knew, they felt, they believed that they would give a new constellation to the political heavens—that they would make the Americans a grand people—grand as the continent upon which they lived.

The war commenced. There was little money, and less credit. The new nation

had but few friends. To a great extent each soldier of freedom had to clothe and feed himself. He was poor and pure—brave and good—and so he went to the fields of death to fight for the rights of man.

What did the soldier have when he went? He left his wife and children.

Did he leave them in a beautiful home, surrounded by civilization, in the repose of law, in the security of a great and powerful republic?

No. He left his wife and children on the edge, on the fringe of the boundless forest, in which crouched and crept the red savage, who was at that time the ally of the still more savage Briton. He left his wife to defend herself, and he left the prattling babes to be defended by their mother and by Nature. The mother made the living; she planted the corn and the potatoes and hoed them in the sun, raised the children, and in the darkness of night told them about their brave father and the "sacred cause." She told them that in a little while the war would be over and father would come back covered with honor and glory.

Think of the women, of the sweet children who listened for the footsteps of the dead—who waited through the sad and desolate years for the ones who never came.

The soldiers of 1776 did not march away with music and banners. They went in silence, looked at and gazed after by eyes filled with tears. They went to meet, not an equal but a superior—to fight five times their number—to make a desperate stand—to stop the advance of the enemy—and then, when the ammunition gave out, seek the protection of rocks, of rivers, and of hills.

Let me say here: The greatest test of courage on the earth is to bear defeat without losing heart. That army is the bravest that can be whipped the greatest number of times and fight again.

Over the entire territory, so to speak, then settled by our forefathers, they were driven again and again. Now and then they would meet the English with something like equal numbers, and then the eagle of victory would proudly perch upon the stripes and stars. And so they went on as best they could, hoping and fighting, until they came to the dark and somber gloom of Valley Forge.

There were very few hearts then beneath that flag which did not begin to think that the struggle was useless; that all the blood and treasure had been spent and shed in vain. But there were some men gifted with that wonderful prophecy that fulfills itself, and that wonderful magnetic power that makes heroes of everybody they come in contact with.

And so our fathers went through the gloom of that terrible time and still fought on. Brave men wrote grand words, cheering the despondent; brave men did brave deeds; the rich man gave his wealth; the poor man gave his life, until at last, by the victory at Yorktown, the old banner won its place in the air and became glorious forever. (Applause.)

Seven long years of war—fighting for what? For the principle that all men are created equal—a truth that nobody ever disputed except a scoundrel; nobody, nobody in the entire history of the world. No man ever denied *that* truth who was not a rascal and at heart a thief; never, never, and never will. What else were they fighting for? Simply that in America every man should have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Nobody ever denied that except a villain; never, never. It has been denied by kings; they were thieves. It has been denied by statesmen; they were liars. It has been denied by priests, by clergymen, by cardinals, by bishops, and by popes; they were hypocrites. (Vociferous cheering.)

What else were they fighting for? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of people. The great body of the people make all the money; do all the work. They plow the land; cut down the forests. They produce everything that is produced. Then who shall say what shall be done with what is produced except the producer? Is it the nonproducing thief sitting on a throne surrounded by vermin?

The history of civilization is the history of the slow and painful enfranchisement of the human race. In the olden times the family was a monarchy, the father being the monarch. The mother and children were the veriest slaves. The will of the father was the supreme law. He had the power of life and death. It took thousands of years to civilize this father; thousands of years to make the conditions of wife and mother and child even tolerable. A few families constituted a tribe; the tribe had a chief; the chief was a tyrant; a few tribes formed a nation; the nation was governed by a king, who was also a tyrant. A strong nation robbed, plundered, and took captive the weaker ones. This was the commencement of human slavery.

It is not possible for the human imagination to conceive of the horrors of slavery. It has left no possible crime uncommitted, no possible cruelty unperpetrated. It has been practiced and defended by all nations in some form. It has been upheld by all religions. It has been defended by nearly every pulpit. From the profits derived from the slave trade churches have been built, cathedrals reared, and priests paid. Slavery has been blessed by bishop, by cardinal, and by pope. It has received the sanction of statesmen, of kings, and queens. It has been defended by the throne, the pulpit, and the bench. Monarchs have shared in the profits. Clergymen have taken their part of the spoil, reciting passages of Scripture in its defense at the same time, and judges have taken their portion in the name of equity and law.

Only a few years ago our ancestors were slaves. Only a few years ago they passed with and belonged to the soil, like coal under it and rocks on it. Only a few years ago they were treated like beasts of burden, worse far than we treat our animals at the present day. Only a few years ago it was a crime in England for a man to have a Bible in his house—a crime for which men were hanged and their bodies afterward burned. Only a few years ago fathers could, and did, sell their children. Only a few years ago our ancestors were not allowed to speak or write their thoughts—that being a crime. Only a few years ago to be honest, at least in the expression of your ideas, was a felony. To do right was a capital offense; and in those days chains and whips were the incentives to labor and the prevention of thought. Honesty was a vagrant, Justice a fugitive, and Liberty in chains. Only a few years ago men were denounced because they doubted the inspiration of the Bible—because they denied miracles and laughed at the wonders recounted by the ancient Jews. (Applause.)

Only a few years ago a man had to believe in the total depravity of the human heart in order to be respectable. Only a few years ago people who thought God too good to punish in eternal flames an unbaptised child were considered infamous. (Applause.)

As soon as our ancestors began to get free they began to enslave others. With an inconsistency that defies explanation, they practiced upon others the same outrages that had been perpetrated upon them. As soon as white slavery began to be abolished black slavery commenced. In this infamous traffic nearly every nation of Europe embarked. Fortunes were quickly realized; the avarice and cupidity of Europe was excited; all ideas of justice were discarded; pity fled from the human breast; a few good, brave men recited the horrors of the trade; avarice was deaf; religion refused to hear; the trade went on; the governments of Europe upheld it in the name of commerce—in the name of civilization and of religion.

Our fathers knew the history of caste. They knew that in the despotisms of the old world it was a disgrace to be useful. They knew that a mechanic was esteemed as hardly the equal of a hound, and far below a blooded horse. They knew that a nobleman held a son of labor in contempt; that he had no rights the royal loafers were bound to respect.

The world was changed.

The other day there came shoemakers, potters, workers in wood and iron, from Europe and they were received in the city of New York as though they had been princes. They had been sent by the great republic of France to examine into the arts and manufactures of the great republic of America. They looked a thousand times better to me than the Edward Alberts and Albert Edwards—the royal vermin that live on the body politic. And I would think much more of our government if it would fete and feast them, instead of wining and dining the imbeciles of a royal line. (Loud and long continued applause.)

Our fathers devoted their lives and fortunes to the grand work of founding a government for the protection of the rights of man. The theological idea as to the source of political power has poisoned the web and woof of every government in the world, and our fathers banished it from this continent forever.

What we want today is what our fathers wrote down. They did not attain to their ideal; we approach it nearer, but have not reached it yet. We want not only the independence of state, not only the independence of a nation, but something far more glorious—the absoulte independence of the individual. That is what we want. I want it so that I, one of the children of Nature, can stand on an equality with the rest; that I can say this is *my* air, *my* sunshine, *my* earth, and I have a right to live, and hope, and aspire, and labor and enjoy the fruit of that labor, as much as any individual or any nation on the face of the globe.

We want every American to make to-day, on this hundredth anniversary, a declaration of individual independence. Let each man enjoy his liberty to the utmost—enjoy all he can; but be sure it is not at the expense of another. The French convention gave the best definition of liberty I ever read: "The liberty of one citizen ceases only where the liberty of another citizen commences." I know of no better definition. I ask you to-day to make a declaration of individual independence. Allow your wife, allow your husband, allow your children to make theirs. Let everybody be absolutely free and independent, knowing only the sacred obligation of honesty and affection. Let us be independent of party, independent of everybody and everything except our own consciences and our own brains. Do not belong to any clique. Have the clear title deeds in fee simple to yourselves, without any mortgage on the premises to anybody in the world.

It is a grand thing to be the owner of yourself. It is a grand thing to protect the rights of others. It is a sublime thing to be free and just.

Only a few days ago I stood in Independence Hall—in that little room where was signed the immortal paper. A little room, like any other; and it did not seem possible that from that room went forth ideas, like cherubim and seraphim, which spread their wings over a continent, and touched, as with holy fire, the hearts of men.

In a few moments I was in the park where are gathered the accomplishments of a century. Our fathers never dreamed of the things I saw. There were hundreds of locomotives, with their nerves of steel and breath of flame—every kind of machine, with whirling wheels and curious cogs and cranks, and the myriad thoughts of men that have been wrought in iron, brass and steel. And going out from one little building were wires in the air, stretching to every civilized nation, and they could send a shining messenger in a moment to any part of the world, and would go sweeping under the waves of the sea with thoughts and words within its glowing heart. I saw all that had been achieved by this nation, and I wished that the signers of the Declaration—the soldiers of the Revolution—could see what a century of freedom has produced. I wished they could see the fields we cultivate—the rivers we navigate—the railroads running over the Alleghenies, far into what was then the unknown forest—on over the broad prairies—on over the vast plains—away over the mountains of the West, to the Golden Gate of the Pacific.

All this is the result of a hundred years of freedom. (Applause.)

Are you not more than glad that in 1776 was announced the sublime principle that political power resides with the people—that our fathers then made up their minds nevermore to be colonists and subjects, but that they would be free and independent citizens of America?

I will not name any of the grand men who fought for liberty. All should be named, or none. I feel that the unknown soldier who was shot down without even his name being remembered—who was included only in a report of "a hundred killed" or "a hundred missing," nobody knowing ever the number that attached to his august corpse—is entitled to as deep and heartfelt thanks as the titled leader who fell at the head of the host.

Standing here amid the sacred memories of the first, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask: Will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane. I believe there is more human kindness, more real sweet, human sympathy, a greater desire to help one another, in the United States than in all the world besides. (Applause.)

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine—the telegraph—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. Wait: there will be grander things; there will be a wider and higher culture—a grander standard of character, of literature and art.

We have now half as many millions of people as we have years, and many of us will live until a hundred millions stand beneath the flag. We are getting more real solid sense. The schoolhouse is the finest building in the village. We are writing and reading more books; we are painting and buying more pictures; we are struggling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal Sphinx. We are looking in every direction—investigation; in short, we are thinking and working.

Besides all this, I believe the people are nearer honest than ever before. A few years ago we were willing to live upon the labor of 4,000,000 slaves. Was that honest? At last, we have a national conscience. At last we have carried out the Declaration of Independence. Our fathers wrote it—

we have accomplished it. The black man was a slave—we have made him a citizen. We found 4,000,000 human beings in manacles, and now the hands of a race are held up in the free air without a chain.

I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes filled with tears. I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence—that we had given reality to it and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children—standing straight in the sun—just the same as though he were white and worth a million. I would protect him more, because the rich white man could protect himself. (Applause.)

All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men.

Liberty—Give to every man the fruit of his own labor; the labor of his hands and of his brain.

Fraternity—Every man in the right is my brother.

Equality—The rights of all are equal. Justice poised and balanced in eternal claim will shake from the golden scales in which are weighed the acts of men the very dust of prejudice and caste. No race, no color, no previous conditions, can change the rights of men.

The Declaration of Independence has at last been carried out in letter and spirit.

Fifty millions of people are celebrating this day. To-day the black man looks upon his child and says: "The avenues of distinction are open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath. This day belongs to you."

We are a great people. Three millions have increased to fifty; thirteen states to thirty-eight. We have better homes, better clothes, better food and more of it, and more of the conveniences of life, than any other people upon the globe.

The farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have been given to all. I want every person here to believe in the dignity of labor—to know that the respectable man is the useful man—the man who produces or helps others to produce something of value, whether thought of the brain or work of the mind.

I want you to go away with an eternal hatred in your breast of injustice, of aristocracy, of caste, of the idea that one man has more rights than another because he has better clothes, more land, more money; because he owns a railroad, or is famous and in high position. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the obligation—who has the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself is the best man. I am willing to swear to this.

What has made this country? I say again, liberty and labor. What would we be without labor? I want every farmer, when plowing the rustling corn of June—while mowing in the perfumed fields—to feel that he is adding to the wealth and glory of the United States. I want every mechanic—every man of toil—to know and feel that he is keeping the cars running, the telegraph wires in the air; that he is making the statues and painting the pictures; that he is writing and printing the books; that he is helping to fill the world with honor, with happiness, with love and law.

Our country is founded upon the dignity of labor—upon the equality of man. Ours is the first real republic in the history of the world. Beneath our flag the people are free. We have retired the gods from politics. We have found that man is the only source of political power and that the government should govern. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.

Nominating Jas. G. Blaine for President

At Cincinnati, June, 1876.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Massachusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Bristow; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the State of Massachusetts I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that State. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts by 75,000 majority I would advise them to sell our Faneuil Hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in that great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a reformer after as well as before the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people; with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. (Applause.)

They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money, and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it. (Applause.)

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come, they will come, hand in hand, through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention. (Applause.)

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen, at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is as spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a Confederate Congress. The man who has, in full, heaped and rounded measure, all these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past,

and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brain beneath her flag—such a man is James G. Blaine. (Applause.)

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year—a year filled with recollections of the Revolution; filled with the proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the battlefield; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander—for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat. (Applause.)

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon the fields of battle. (Applause.)

James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred, because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine.

Extract of Speech at Indianapolis, Ind., 1876

The past rises before me, as it were, like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. (Applause.)

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prison of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured. (Applause.)

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite! (Loud cheering.)

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes die. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead; Cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

Life and Deeds of Thomas Paine

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Through all the centuries gone, the mind of man has been beleaguered by the mailed hosts of superstition. Slowly and painfully has advanced the army of deliverance. Hated by those they wished to rescue, despised by those they were dying to save, these grand soldiers, the immortal deliverers, have fought without thanks, labored without applause, suffered without pity, and they have died execrated and abhorred. For the good of mankind they accepted isolation, poverty and calumny. They gave up all, sacrificed all, lost all but truth and self-respect.

One of the bravest soldiers in this army was Thomas Paine; and for one, I feel indebted to him for the liberty we are enjoying this day. Born among the poor, where children are burdens; in a country where real liberty was unknown; where the privileges of class were guarded with infinite jealousy, and the rights of the individual trampled beneath the feet of priests and nobles; where to advocate justice was treason; where intellectual freedom was Infidelity, it is wonderful that the idea of true liberty ever entered his brain.

Poverty was his mother—Necessity his master.

He had more brains than books; more sense than education; more courage than politeness; more strength than polish. He had no veneration for old mistakes—no admiration for ancient lies. He loved the truth for the truth's sake, and for man's sake. He saw oppression on every hand; injustice everywhere; hypocrisy at the altar, venality on the bench; tyranny on the throne; and with a splendid courage he espoused the cause of the weak against the strong—of the enslaved many against the titled few.

At the age of thirty-seven Thomas Paine left England for America, with the high hope of being instrumental in the establishment of a free government. In his own country he could accomplish nothing. Those two Vultures—Church and State—were ready to tear in pieces and devour the heart of anyone who might deny their divine right to enslave the world.

Upon his arrival in this country, he found himself possessed of a letter of introduction signed by another Infidel, the illustrious Franklin. (Applause.) This, and his native genius, constituted his entire capital; and he needed no more. He found the colonies clamoring for justice; whining about their grievances; upon their knees at the foot of the throne, imploring the mixture of idiocy and insanity George the III, by the grace of God, for a restoration of their ancient privileges. They were not endeavoring to become free men, but were trying to soften the heart of their master. They were perfectly willing to make brick if Pharaoh would furnish the straw. The colonists wished for, hoped for and prayed for reconciliation. They did not dream of independence.

Paine gave to the world his "COMMON SENSE." It was the first argument for separation, the first assault upon the British *form* of government, the first blow for a

republic, and it aroused our fathers like a trumpet's blast.

It is simple justice to say that Paine did more to cause the Declaration of Independence than any other man. Neither should it be forgotten that his attacks upon Great Britain were also attacks upon monarchy; and while he convinced the people that the colonies ought to separate from the mother country, he also proved to them that a free government is the best that can be instituted among men.

In my judgment, Thomas Paine was the best political writer that ever lived. "What he wrote was pure nature, and his soul and his pen ever went together." Ceremony, pageantry and all the paraphernalia of power had no effect upon him. He examined into the why and wherefore of things. He was perfectly radical in his mode of thought. Nothing short of the bed-rock satisfied him. His enthusiasm for what he believed to be right knew no bounds. During all the dark scenes of the Revolution, never for one moment did he despair. Year after year his brave words went ringing through the land, and by the bivouac fires the weary soldiers read the inspiring words of "Common Sense," filled with ideas sharper than their swords, and consecrated themselves anew to the cause of freedom.

Paine was not content with having aroused the spirit of independence, but he gave every energy of his soul to keep that spirit alive. He was with the army. He shared its defeats, its dangers, and its glory. When the situation became desperate, when gloom settled upon all, he gave them the "CRISIS." It was a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading the way to freedom, honor, and glory. He shouted to them, "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier, and the sunshine patriot, will, in the crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

To those who wished to put the war off to some future day, with a lofty and touching spirit of self-sacrifice, he said: "Every generous parent should say, 'If there must be war let it be in my day, that my child may have peace.'" To the cry that Americans were rebels, he replied: "He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defense of reason rebels against tryanny, has a better title, 'Defender of the Faith,' than George the Third."

Some said it was not to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying, "To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only this simple, easy question: 'Is it the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?'" He found many who would listen to nothing, and to them he said, "That to argue with a man who has renounced his reason is like giving medicine to the dead." (Applause.) This sentiment ought to adorn the walls of every orthodox church.

There is a world of political wisdom in this: "England lost her liberty in a long chain of right reasoning from wrong principles;" and there is real discrimination in saying, "The Greeks and Romans were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principles, for at the time that they were determined not to be slaves themselves they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

In his letter to the British people, in which he tried to convince them that war was not to their interest, occurs the following passage brimful of common sense: "War never can be the interest of a trading nation any more than quarreling can be profitable to a man in business. But to make war with those who trade with us is like setting a bull-dog upon a customer at the shop-door."

The writings of Paine fairly glitter with simple, compact, logical statements that carry convictions to the dullest and most prejudiced. He had the happiest possible way of putting the case, in asking questions in such a way that they answer themselves, and in stating his premises so clearly that the deduction could not be avoided.

Day and night he labored for America; month after month, year after year, he gave himself to the Great Cause, until there was "a government of the people and for the people," and until the banner of the stars floated over a continent redeemed, and consecrated to the happiness of mankind. (Cheers and applause.)

At the close of the Revolution, no one stood higher in America than Thomas Paine. The best, the wisest, the most patriotic, were his friends and admirers; and had he been thinking only of his own good he might have rested from his toils and spent the remainder of his life in comfort and in ease. He could have been what the world is pleased to call "respectable." He could have died surrounded by clergymen, warriors and statesmen. At his death there would have been an imposing funeral, miles of carriages, civic societies, salvos of artillery, a nation in mourning, and, above all, a splendid monument covered with lies.

He chose rather to benefit mankind.

At that time the seeds sown by the great Infidels were beginning to bear fruit in France. People were beginning to think.

Thomas Paine went to France. Into the new movement he threw all his energies. His fame had gone before him, and he was welcomed as a friend of the human race and as a champion of free government.

He had never relinquished his intention of pointing out to his countrymen the defects, absurdities and abuses of English government. For this purpose he composed and published his great political work, "THE RIGHTS OF MAN." This work should be read by every man and woman. It is concise, accurate, natural, convincing, and unanswerable. It shows great thought; an intimate knowledge of the various forms of government; deep insight into the very springs of human action, and a courage that compels respect and admiration. The most difficult political problems are solved in a few sentences. The venerable arguments in favor of wrong are refuted with a question—answered with a word. For forcible illustration, apt comparison, accuracy and clearness of statement, and absolute thoroughness, it has never been excelled.

The fears of the administration were aroused and Paine was prosecuted for libel and found guilty, and yet there is not a sentiment in the entire work that will not challenge the admiration of every civilized man. It is a magazine of political wisdom, an arsenal of ideas, and an honor not only to Thomas Paine but to human nature itself. It could have been written only by the man who had the generosity, the exalted patriotism, the goodness to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." (Applause.)

There is in all the utterances of the world no grander, no sublimer sentiment. There is no creed that can be compared with it for a moment. It should be wrought in gold, adorned with jewels, and impressed upon every human heart—"The world is my country, and to do good my religion."

In 1792 Paine was elected by the Department of Calais as their representative in the National Assembly. So great was his popularity in France that he was selected about the same time by the people of no less than four departments.

Upon taking his place in the Assembly he was appointed as one of a committee to draft a Constitution for France. Had the French people taken the advice of Thomas Paine there would have been no "reign of terror." The streets of Paris would not have been filled with blood. The Revolution would have been the grandest success of the world. The truth is that Paine was too conservative to suit the leaders of the French Revolution. They, to a great extent, were carried away by hatred and a desire to destroy. They had suffered so long, they had borne so much, that it was impossible for them to be moderate in the hour of victory.

Besides all this, the French people had been so robbed by the government, so degraded by the Church that they were not fit material with which to construct a republic. Many of the leaders longed to establish a beneficent and just government, but the people asked for revenge.

Paine was filled with a real love for mankind. His philanthropy was boundless. He wished to destroy monarchy, not monarchs. He voted for the destruction of tyranny and against the death of the king. He wished to establish a government on a new basis—one that would forget the past, one that would give privileges to none and protection to all. (Applause.)

In the Assembly, where nearly all were demanding the execution of the king—where to differ from the majority was to be suspected, and when to be suspected was almost certain death—Thomas Paine had the courage, the goodness, and the justice to vote against death. To vote against the execution of the king was a vote against his own life. This was the sublimity of devotion to principle. For this he was arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to death.

Search the records of the world and you will find but few sublimer acts than that of Thomas Paine voting against the king's death. He, the hater of despotism, the abhorrer of monarchy, the champion of the rights of man, the republican, accepting death to save the life of a deposed tyrant—of a throneless king. This was the last grand act of his political career—the sublime conclusion of his political career. (Applause.)

All his life he had been the disinterested friend of man. He had labored, not for money, not for fame, but for the general good. He had aspired to no office, had asked no recognition of his services, but had ever been content to labor in the army of Progress. Confining his efforts to no country, looking upon the world as his field of action, filled with a genuine love for the right, he found himself imprisoned by the very people he had striven to save.

Had his enemies succeeded in bringing him to the block he would have escaped calumnies and hatred of the Christian

world. In this country, at least, his would have ranked with the proudest names. On the anniversary of the Declaration his name would have been upon the lips of all the orators and his memory in the hearts of all the people.

Thomas Paine had not finished his career.

He had spent his life thus far in destroying the power of kings, and now he turned his attention to the priests. He knew that every abuse had been embalmed in Scripture; that every outrage was in partnership with some holy text. He knew that the throne skulked behind the altar—and both behind a pretended revelation from God. By this time he had found that it was of little use to free the body and leave the mind in chains. He had explored the foundations of despotism, and had found them infinitely rotten. He had dug under the throne, and it occurred to him that he would take a look behind the altar.

The result of his investigations was given to the world in the "AGE OF REASON." From the moment of its publication he became infamous. He was calumniated beyond measure. To slander him was to secure the thanks of the Church. All his services were instantly forgotten, disparaged, or denied. He was shunned as though he had been a pestilence. Most of his old friends forsook him. He was regarded as a moral plague; and at the bare mention of his name the bloody hands of the Church were raised in horror. He was denounced as the most despicable of men.

Not content with following him to his grave, they pursued him after death with redoubled fury, and recounted with infinite gusto and satisfaction the supposed horrors of his deathbed, gloried in the fact that he was forlorn and friendless, and gloated like fiends over what they supposed to be the agonizing remorse of his lonely death.

It is wonderful that all his services were thus forgotten. It is amazing that one kind word did not fall from some pulpit; that some one did not accord to him, at least—honesty. Stranger, that in the general denunciation some one did not remember his labor for liberty, his devotion to principle, his zeal for the rights of his fellowmen. He had by brave and splendid effort associated his name with the cause of Progress. He had made it impossible to write the history of political freedom with his name left out. He was one of the creators of light—one of the heralds of the dawn. He hated tyranny in the name of kings and in the name of God with every drop of his noble blood. He believed in liberty and justice and in the sacred doctrine of human equality. Under these divine banners he fought the battle of his life. In both worlds he offered his blood for the good of man. In the wilderness of America; in the French Assembly; in the somber cell waiting for death, he was the same unflinching, unwavering friend of his race—the same undaunted champion of universal freedom. And for this he has been hated; for this the Church has violated even his grave.

When Paine was born the world was religious, the pulpit was the real throne, and the churches were making every effort to crush out of the brain the idea that it had the right to think.

The splendid saying of Lord Bacon that "the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, are the sovereign good of human nature," has been, and ever will be, rejected by religionists. Intellectual liberty, as a matter of necessity, forever destroys the idea that belief is either praise or blame worthy, and is wholly inconsistent with every creed in Christendom. Paine recognized this truth. He also saw that as long as the Bible was considered inspired this infamous doctrine of the virtue of belief would be believed and preached. He examined the Scriptures for himself, and found them filled with cruelty, absurdity, and immorality.

He again made up his mind to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellowmen.

He commenced with the assertion "that any system of religion that has anything in it that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." What a beautiful, what a tender sentiment! No wonder the Church began to hate him. He believed in one God, and no more. After this life he hoped for happiness. He believed that true religion consisted in doing justice, loving mercy, in endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy, and in offering God the fruit of the heart. (Applause.) He denied the inspiration of the Scriptures. This was his crime. He contended that it is a contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes to us second-hand, either verbally or in writing. He asserted that revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication, and that after that it is only an account of something which another person says was a revelation to him. We have only his word for it, as it was never made to us. This argument never has been and probably never will be answered. He denied the divine origin of Christ and showed conclusively that the pretended prophecies

of the Old Testament had no reference to him whatever, and yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man; that the morality he taught and practiced was of the most benevolent and elevated character and that it had not been exceeded by any. Upon this point he entertained the same sentiments now held by the Unitarians, and, in fact, by all the most enlightened Christians.

The Church itself will before long be driven to occupy the position of Thomas Paine. The best minds of the orthodox world to-day are endeavoring to prove the existence of a personal Deity. All other questions occupy a minor place. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole, Jonah and all; you are simply required to believe in God and pay your pew rent. There is not now an enlightened minister in the world who will seriously contend that Samson's strength was in his hair or that the necromancers of Egypt could turn water into blood and pieces of wood into serpents. These follies have passed away, and the only reason that the religious world can now have for disliking Paine is that they have been forced to adopt so many of his opinions.

Paine thought the barbarities of the Old Testament inconsistent with what he deemed the real character of God. He believed that murder, massacre, and indiscriminate slaughter had never been commanded by the Deity. He regarded much of the Bible as childish, unimportant, and foolish. The scientific world entertains the same opinion. Paine attacked the Bible precisely in the same spirit in which he had attacked the pretensions of kings. He used the same weapons. All the pomp in the world could not make him cower. His reason knew no "Holy of Holies" except the abode of truth. The attention of the really learned had not been directed to an impartial examination of our pretended revelation. It was accepted by most as a matter of course. The Church was all powerful, and no one, unless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, thought for a moment of disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The infamous doctrine that salvation depends upon belief —upon a mere intellectual conviction—was then believed and preached. To doubt was to secure the damnation of your soul. This absurd and devilish doctrine shocked the common sense of Thomas Paine, and he denounced it with the fervor of honest indignation. This doctrine, although infinitely ridiculous, has been nearly universal, and has been as hurtful as senseless. For the overthrow of this infamous tenet Paine exerted all his strength. He left few arguments to be used by those who should come after him, and he used none that have been refuted. The combined wisdom and genius of all mankind cannot possibly conceive of an argument against liberty of thought. Neither can they show why anyone should be punished, either in this world or another, for acting honestly in accordance with reason; and yet a doctrine with every possible argument against it has been, and still is, believed and defended by the entire orthodox world. Can it be possible that we have been endowed with reason simply that our souls may be caught in its toils and snares—that we may be led by its false and delusive glare out of the narrow path that leads to joy into the broad way of everlasting death? Is it possible that we have been given reason simply that we may through faith ignore its deductions and avoid its conclusions? Ought the sailor to throw away his compass and depend entirely upon the fog? If reason is not to be depended upon in matters of religion—that is to say, in respect of our duties to the Deity—why should it be relied upon in matters respecting the rights of our fellows? Why should we throw away the laws given to Moses by God himself and have the audacity to make some of our own? How dare we drown the thunder of Sinai by calling the ayes and noes in a petty legislature? If reason can determine what is merciful, what is just, the duties of man to man, what more do we want, either in time or eternity?

Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar the sacrifice of the Goddess Reason; that compels her to abdicate forever the shining throne of the soul; strips from her form the imperial purple; snatches from her hand the scepter of thought and makes her the bondwoman of a senseless faith. (Applause.)

If a man should tell you that he had the most beautiful painting in the world, and after taking you where it was should insist upon having your eyes shut you would likely suspect, either that he had no painting or that it was some pitiable daub. Should he tell you that he was a most excellent performer on the violin, and yet refuse to play unless your ears were stopped, you would think, to say the least of it, that he had an odd way of convincing you of his musical ability. But would his conduct be any more wonderful than that of a religionist who asks that before examining his creed you will have the kindness to throw

away your reason? The first gentleman says, "Keep your eyes shut; my picture will bear everything but being seen." The second says, "Keep your ears stopped; my music objects to nothing but being heard." The last says, "Away with your reason; my religion dreads nothing but being understood." (Applause.)

So far as I am concerned, I most cheerfully admit that most Christians are honest, and most ministers sincere. We do not attack them; we attack their creed. We accord to them the same right that we ask for ourselves. We believe that their doctrines are hurtful. We believe that their frightful text, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," has covered the earth with blood. It has filled the heart with arrogance, cruelty, and murder. It has caused the religious wars; bound hundreds of thousands to the stake; founded inquisitions; filled dungeons; invented instruments of torture; taught the mother to hate her child; imprisoned the mind; filled the world with ignorance; persecuted the lovers of wisdom; built the monasteries and convents; made happiness a crime, investigation a sin, and self-reliance blasphemy. It has poisoned the springs of learning; misdirected the energies of the world; filled all countries with want; housed the people in hovels; fed them with famine; and but for the efforts of a few brave Infidels it would have taken the world back to the midnight of barbarism and left the heavens without a star.

The maligners of Paine say that he had no right to attack this doctrine because he was unacquainted with the dead languages; and for this reason it was a piece of pure impudence in him to investigate the Scriptures.

Is it necessary to understand Hebrew in order to know that cruelty is not a virtue; that murder is inconsistent with infinite goodness, and that eternal punishment can be inflicted upon man only by an eternal fiend? Is it really essential to conjugate the Greek verbs before you can make up your mind as to the probability of dead people getting out of their graves? Must one be versed in Latin before he is entitled to express his opinion as to the genuineness of a pretended revelation from God? Common sense belongs exclusively to no tongue. Logic is not confined to, nor has it been buried with the dead languages. Paine attacked the Bible as it is translated. If the translation is wrong, let its defenders correct it.

The Christianity of Paine's day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost preachers of our time would have perished at the stake. A Universalist would have been torn in pieces in England, Scotland, and America. Unitarians would have found themselves in the stocks, pelted by the rabble with dead cats, after which their ears would have been cut off, their tongues bored, and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was in force in Maryland:

"Be it enacted by the Right Honorable the Lord Proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his Lordship's Governor and the upper and lower houses of the Assembly, and the authority of the same:

"That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Savior, Jesus Christ, to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or the Godhead of any of the three persons, or the unity of the Godhead, or shall utter any profane word concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall thereof be convicted by verdict, shall for the first offense, be bored through the tongue, and fined twenty pounds, to be levied of his body. And for the second offense, the offended shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead with the letter B, and fined forty pounds. And that for the third offense, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy.

The strange thing about this law is that it has never been repealed, and is still in force in the District of Columbia. Laws like this were in force in most of the colonies and in all countries where the Church had power.

In the Old Testament the death penalty was attached to hundreds of offenses. It has been the same in all Christian countries. To-day, in civlized governments, the death penalty is attached only to murder and treason, and in some it has been entirely abolished. What a commentary upon the divine systems of the world!

In the day of Thomas Paine the Church was ignorant, bloody, and relentless. In Scotland the "Kirk" was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of religious liberty. It taught parents to murder their

children rather than to allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous "Kirk" disapproved her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or to write them a word. It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued from drowning on Sunday. It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom, and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said: "The Kirk holds that religious tolerance is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch Kirk denounced, beyond measure, the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this same Kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the Church as the beauties of endless torment, and listening to the weak wailings of damned infants struggling in the slimy coils and poison-folds of the worm that never dies.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead, was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the Scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones.

Prosecutions and executions like this were common in every Christian country, and all of them were based upon the belief that an intellectual conviction is a crime.

No wonder the Church hated and traduced the author of the "AGE OF REASON."

England was filled with Puritan gloom and Episcopal ceremony. All religious conceptions were of the grossest nature. The ideas of crazy fanatics and extravagant poets were taken as sober facts. Milton had clothed Christianity in the soiled and faded finery of the gods—had added to the story of Christ the fables of Mythology. He gave to the Protestant Church the most outrageous material ideas of the Deity. He turned all the angels into soldiers—made Heaven a battlefield, put Christ in uniform, and described God as a militia general. His works were considered by the Protestants nearly as sacred as the Bible itself, and the imaginations of the people were thoroughly polluted by the horrible imagery, the sublime absurdity of the blind Milton.

Heaven and hell were realities—the judgment day was expected—books of account would be opened. Every man would hear the charges against him read. God was supposed to sit on a golden throne, surrounded by the tallest angels, with harps in their hands and crowns on their heads. The goats would be thrust into eternal fire on the left while the orthodox sheep, on the right were to gambol on sunny slopes forever and forever.

The nation was profoundly ignorant, and consequently extremely religious, so far as belief was concerned.

In Europe, Liberty was lying chained in the Inquisition—her white bosom stained with blood. In the new world the Puritans had been hanging and burning in the name of God, and selling white Quaker children into slavery in the name of Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Under such conditions progress was impossible. Some one had to lead the way. The Church is, and always has been, incapable of a forward movement. Religion always looks back. The Church has already reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand-organ, and Ireland to exile.

Some one not connected with the Church had to attack the monster that was eating out the heart of the world. Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pageantry and power. Progress is born of doubt and inquiry. The church never doubts—never inquires. To doubt is heresy—to inquire is to admit that you do not know—the Church does neither.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and scepters, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly danger of Voltaire. From that blow the Church never can recover. Livid with hatred she launched her eternal anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the Church was all-powerful, and although divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe.

Paine struck the first grand blow.

The "AGE OF REASON" did more to undermine the power of the Protestant Church than all other books then known.

It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and is a straightforward, honest investigation of the Bible, and of the Christian system.

Paine did not falter, from the first page to the last. He gives you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

The "AGE OF REASON" has liberalized us all. It put arguments into the mouths of the people; it put the Church on the defensive; it enabled somebody in every village to corner the parson; it made the world wiser, and the Church better; it took power from the pulpit and divided it among the pews.

Just in proportion that the human race has advanced, the Church has lost power. There is no exception to this rule.

No nation ever materially advanced that held strictly to the religion of its founders.

No nation ever gave itself wholly to the control of the Church without losing its power, its honor, and its existence.

Every Church pretends to have found the exact truth. This is the end of progress. Why pursue that which you have? Why investigate when you know?

Every creed is a rock in running water; humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the universe, "Halt!" A creed is the ignorant Past bullying the enlightened Present. (Applause.)

The ignorant are not satisfied with what can be demonstrated. Science is too slow for them, and so they invent creeds. They demand completeness. A sublime segment, a grand fragment, are of no value to them. They demand the complete circle—the entire structure.

In music they want a melody with a recurring accent at measured periods. In religion they insist upon immediate answers to the questions of creation and destiny. The alpha and omega of all things must be in the alphabet of their superstition. A religion that cannot answer every question, and guess every conundrum is, in their estimation, worse than worthless. They desire a kind of theological dictionary—a religious ready reckoner, together with guide boards at all crossings and turns. They mistake impudence for authority, solemnity for wisdom, and pathos for inspiration. The beginning and the end are what they demand. The grand flight of the eagle is nothing to them. They want the nest in which he was hatched, and especially the dry limb upon which he roosts. Anything that can be learned is hardly worth knowing. The present is considered of no value in itself. Happiness must not be expected this side of the clouds, and can only be attained by self-denial and faith; not self-denial for the good of others, but for the salvation of your own sweet self.

Paine denied the authority of Bibles and creeds; this was his crime, and for this the world shut the door in his face, and emptied its slops upon him from the windows.

I challenge the world to show that Thomas Paine ever wrote one line, one word in favor of tyranny—in favor of immorality; one line, one word against what he believed to be for the highest and best interest of mankind; one line, one word against justice, charity, or liberty, and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend from hell. (Applause.) His memory has been execrated as though he had murdered some Uriah for his wife; driven some Hagar into the desert to starve with his child upon her bosom; defiled his own daughters; ripped open with the sword the sweet bodies of loving and innocent women; advised one brother to assassinate another; kept a harem with seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, or had persecuted Christians even unto strange cities,

The Church has pursued Paine to deter others. No effort has been in any age of the world spared to crush out opposition. The Church used painting, music and architecture, simply to degrade mankind. But there are men that nothing can awe. There have been at all times brave spirits that dared even the gods. Some proud head has always been above the waves. In every age some Diogenes has sacrificed to all the gods. True genius never cowers, and there is always some Samson feeling for the pillars of authority.

Cathedrals and domes, and chimes and chants—temples frescoed and groined and carved, and gilded with gold—altars and tapers, and paintings of virgin and babe—censer and chalice—chasuble, paten and alb—organs, and anthems and incense rising to the winged and blest—maniple, amice and stole—crosses and crosiers, tiaras and crowns—miters and missals and masses—rosaries, relics and robes—martyrs and saints, and windows stained as with the blood of Christ—never, never for one moment awed the brave, proud spirit of the Infidel. He knew that all the pomp and glitter had been purchased with Liberty—that priceless jewel of the soul. In looking at the cathedral he remembered the dungeon. The music of the organ was not loud enough to drown the clank of fetters. He could not forget that the taper had lighted the fagot. He knew that the cross

adorned the hilt of the sword, and so, where others worshiped, he wept and scorned.

The doubter, the investigator, the Infidel, have been the saviors of liberty. The truth is beginning to be realized, and the truly intellectual are honoring the brave thinkers of the past.

But the Church is as unforgiving as ever, and still wonders why any Infidel should be wicked enough to endeavor to destroy her power.

I will tell the Church why.

You have imprisoned the human mind; you have been the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake—wasted us upon slow fires—torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains—treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have confiscated our property; you have denied us the right to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion, you have robbed us of every right; and after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to torment us forever.

Can you wonder that we hate your doctrines—that we despise your creeds—that we feel proud to know that we are beyond your power—that we are free in spite of you—that we can express our honest thought, and that the whole world is grandly rising into the blessed light?

Can you wonder that we point with pride to the fact that Infidelity has ever been found battling for the rights of man, for the liberty of conscience, and for the happiness of all?

Can you wonder that we are proud to know that we have always been disciples of Reason, and soldiers of Freedom; that we have denounced tyranny and superstition, and have kept our hands unstained with human blood?

We deny that religion is the end or object of this life. When it is so considered it becomes destructive of happiness—the real end of life. It becomes a hydra-headed monster, reaching in terrible coils from the heavens, and thrusting its thousand fangs into the bleeding, quivering hearts of men. It devours their substance, builds palaces for God, (who dwells not in temples made with hands,) and allows his children to die in huts and hovels. It fills the earth with mourning, heaven with hatred, the present with fear, and all the future with despair.

Virtue is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the Infidels in all ages have uttered. They have handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that have fled. Upon the altar of Reason they have kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame.

Infidelity is liberty; all religion is slavery. In every creed man is the slave of God—woman is the slave of man and the sweet children are the slaves of all.

We do not want creeds; we want knowledge—we want happiness.

And yet we are told by the Church that we have accomplished nothing; that we are simply destroyers; that we tear down without building again.

Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to civilize mankind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it nothing to grope your way into the dreary prisons, the damp and dropping dungeons, the dark and silent cells of superstition, where the souls of men are chained to floors of stone; to greet them like a ray of light, like the song of a bird, the murmur of a stream; to see the dull eyes open and grow slowly bright; to feel yourself grasped by the shrunken and unused hands, and hear yourself thanked by a strange and hollow voice?

Is it nothing to conduct these souls gradually into the blessed light of day—to let them see again the happy fields, the sweet, green earth, and hear the everlasting music of the waves? Is it nothing to make men wipe the dust from their swollen knees, the tears from their blanched and furrowed cheeks? Is it a small thing to reave the heavens of an insatiate monster and write upon the eternal dome, glittering with stars, the grand word—FREEDOM?

Is it a small thing to quench the flames of hell with the holy tears of pity—to unbind the martyr from the stake—break all the chains—put out the fires of civil war—stay the sword of the fanatic, and tear the bloody hands of the Church from the white throat of Science?

Is it a small thing to make men truly free—to destroy the dogmas of ignorance, prejudice and power—the poisoned fables of superstition, and drive from the beautiful face of the earth the fiend of Fear?

It does seem as though the most zealous Christian must at times entertain some doubts as to the divine origin of his religion. For eighteen hundred years the doctrine

has been preached. For more than a thousand years the Church had, to a great extent, the control of the civilized world, and what has been the result? Are the Christian nations patterns of charity and forbearance? On the contrary, their principal business is to destroy each other. More than five millions of Christians are trained, educated, and drilled to murder their fellow-Christians. Every nation is groaning under a vast debt incurred in carrying on war against other Christians or defending itself from Christian assault. The world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engines of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare. There must be some other way to reform this world. We have tried creed and dogma and fable, and they have failed; and they have failed in all the nations dead.

The people perish for the lack of knowledge. Nothing but education—scientific education—can benefit mankind. We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them.

We need free bodies and free minds.—free labor and free thought,—chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

We need men with moral courage to speak and write their real thoughts, and to stand by their convictions, even to the very death. We need have no fear of being too radical. The future will verify all grand and brave predictions. Paine was splendidly in advance of his time; but he was orthodox compared with the Infidels of to-day.

Science, the great Iconoclast, has been busy since 1809, and by the highway of progress are the broken images of the Past.

On every hand the people advance. The Vicar of God has been pushed from the throne of the Caesars, and upon the roofs of the Eternal City falls once more the shadow of the Eagle.

All has been accomplished by the heroic few. The men of science have explored heaven and earth, and with infinite patience have furnished the facts. The brave thinkers have used them. The gloomy caverns of superstition have been transformed into temples of thought, and the demons of the past are the angels of to-day.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts; and now, the electric sparks, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil.

Thomas Paine was one of the intellectual heroes—one of the men to whom we are indebted. His name is associated forever with the Great Republic. As long as free government exists he will be remembered, admired and honored.

He lived a long, laborious and useful life. The world is better for his having lived. For the sake of truth he accepted hatred and reproach for his portion. He ate the bitter bread of sorrow. His friends were untrue to him because he was true to himself, and true to them. He lost the respect of what is called society, but kept his own. His life is what the world calls failure and what history calls success.

If to love your fellow-men more than self is goodness, Thomas Paine was good.

If to be in advance of your time—to be a pioneer in the direction of right—is greatness, Thomas Paine was great.

If to avow your principles and discharge your duty in the presence of death is heroic, Thomas Paine was a hero.

At the age of seventy-three, death touched his tired heart. He died in the land his genius defended—under the flag he gave to the skies. Slander cannot touch him now—hatred cannot reach him more. He sleeps in the sanctuary of the tomb, beneath the quiet of the stars.

A few more years—a few more brave men—a few more rays of light, and mankind will venerate the memory of him who said:

"Any system of Religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

"The world is my Country, and to do good my Religion."

Farming

Illinois State Register.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am not an old and experienced farmer, nor a tiller of the soil, nor one of the hard-handed sons of labor. I imagine, however, that I know something about cultivating the soil, and getting happiness out of the ground.

I know enough to know that agriculture is the basis of all wealth, prosperity and luxury. I know that in a country where the tillers of the fields are free, everybody is free and ought to be prosperous.

The old way of farming was a great mistake. Everything was done the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence a hundred and sixty acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the protection of the blessed trinity of chance, accident and mistake.

When I was a farmer they used to haul wheat two hundred miles in wagons and sell it for thirty-five cents a bushel. They would bring home about three hundred feet of lumber, two bunches of shingles, a barrel of salt, and a cook-stove that would never draw and never did bake.

In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. Cooking was an unknown art. Eating was a necessity, not a pleasure. It was hard work for the cook to keep on good terms even with hunger.

We had poor-houses. The rain held the roofs in perfect contempt, and the snow drifted joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no barns. The horses were kept in rail pens surrounded with straw. Long before spring the sides would be eaten away and nothing but roofs would be left. Food is fuel. When the cattle were exposed to all the blasts of winter, it took all the corn and oats that could be stuffed into them to prevent actual starvation.

In those times most farmers thought the best place for the pig-pen was immediately in front of the house. There is nothing like sociability.

Women were supposed to know the art of making fires without fuel. The wood pile consisted, as a general thing of one log, upon which an axe or two had been worn out in vain. There was nothing to kindle a fire with. Pickets were pulled from the garden fence, clap-boards taken from the house, and every stray plank was seized upon for kindling. Everything was done in the hardest way. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nothing was kept in order. Nothing was preserved. The wagons stood in the sun and rain, and the plows rusted in the fields. There was no leisure, no feeling that the work was done. It was all labor and weariness and vexation of spirit. The crops were destroyed by wandering herds, or they were put in too late, or too early, or they were blown down, or caught by the frost, or devoured by bugs, or stung by flies, or eaten by worms, or carried away by birds, or dug up by gophers, or washed away by floods, or dried up by the sun, or rotted in the stack, or heated in the crib, or they all run to vines, or tops, or stray, or smut, or cobs. And when in spite of all these accidents that lie in wait between the plow and the reaper, they did succeed in raising a good crop and a high price was offered, then the roads would be impassable. And when the roads got good, then the prices went down. Everything worked together for evil.

Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he would never cultivate the soil. The moment they arrived at the age of twenty-one they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities. They wanted to be book-keepers, doctors, merchants, railroad men, insurance agents, lawyers, even preachers—anything to avoid the drudgery of the farm. Nearly every boy acquainted with the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic—imagined that he had altogether more education than ought to be wasted in raising potatoes and corn.

They made haste to get into some other business. Those who stayed upon the farm envied those who went away.

A few years ago the times were prosperous and the young men went to the cities to enjoy the fortunes that were waiting for them. They wanted to engage in something that promised quick returns. They built railroads, established banks and insurance companies. They speculated in stocks in Wall street, and gambled in grain at Chicago. They became rich. They lived in palaces. They rode in carriages. They pitied their poor brothers on the farms, and the poor brothers envied them.

But time has brought its revenge. The farmers have seen the railroad president a bankrupt, and the road in the hands of a receiver. They have seen the bank president abscond, and the insurance company a wrecked and ruined fraud. The only solvent people, as a class, the only independent people, are the tillers of the soil. (Applause.)

Farming must be made more attractive. The comforts of the town must be added to the beauty of the fields. The sociability of the city must be rendered possible in the country.

Farming has been made repulsive. The farmers have been unsociable and their homes have been lonely. They have been wasteful and careless. They have not been proud of their business.

No farmer can afford to raise corn and oats and hay to sell. He should sell horses, not oats; sheep, cattle and pork, not corn. He should make every profit possible out of what he produces. So long as the farmer of the Middle States ship their corn and oats, so long they will be poor,—just so long will their farms be mortgaged to the insurance companies and banks of the east,—just so long will they do the work and others reap the benefit,—just so long will they be poor, and the money lenders grow rich,—just so long will cunning avarice grasp and hold the net profits of honest toil. When the farmers of the west ship beef and pork instead of grain,—when we manufacture here,—when we cease paying tribute to others, ours will be the most prosperous country in the world.

Another thing—it is just as cheap to raise a good as a poor breed of cattle. Scrubs will eat just as much as thoroughbreds. If you are not able to buy Durhams and Alderneys, you can raise the corn-breed. By "corn-breed" I mean the cattle that have, for several generations had enough to eat, and have been treated with kindness. Every farmer who will treat his cattle kindly, and feed them all they want, will, in a few years, have blooded stock on his farm. All blooded stock has been produced in this way. You can raise good cattle just as you can raise good people. If you wish to raise a good boy you must give him plenty to eat, and treat him with kindness. In this way, and in this way only, can good cattle or good people be produced.

Another thing—You must beautify your homes.

When I was a farmer it was not fashionable to set out trees, nor plant vines.

When you visited the farm you were not welcomed by flowers, and greeted by trees loaded with fruit. Yellow dogs came bounding over the tumbled fence like wild beasts. There is no sense—there is no profit in such a life. It is not living. The farmers ought to beautify their homes. There should be trees and grass and flowers and running vines. Everything should be kept in order—gates should be on their hinges, and about all there should be the pleasant air of thrift. In every house there should be a bathroom. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. When you come from the fields tired, covered with dust, nothing is so refreshing. Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of flowers, surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman. (Loud applause.)

In no part of the globe will farming pay better than in the Western States. You are in the best portion of the earth. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is no such country as yours. The east is hard and stony; the soil is stingy. The far west is a desert parched and barren, dreary and desolate as perdition would be with the fires out. It is better to dig wheat and corn from the soil than gold. Only a few days ago I was where they wrench the precious metals from the miserly clutch of the rocks. When I saw the mountains, treeless, shrubless, flowerless, without even a spire of grass, it seemed to me that gold had the same effect upon the country that holds it, as upon the man who lives and labors only for that. It affects the land as it does the man. It leaves the heart barren without a flower of kindness—without a blossom of pity.

The farmer of the Middle States has the best soil—the greatest return for the least labor—more leisure—more time for en-

joyment than any other farmer in the world. His hard work ceases with autumn. He has the long winters in which to become acquainted with his family—with his neighbors—in which to read and keep abreast with the advanced thought of his day. He has the time and means of self-culture. He has more time than the mechanic, the merchant or the professional man. If the farmer is not well informed it is his own fault. Books are cheap, and every farmer can have enough to give him the outline of every science, and an idea of all that has been accomplished by man.

In many respects the farmer has the advantage of the mechanic. In our time we have plenty of mechanics but no tradesmen. In the sub-division of labor we have a thousand men working upon different parts of the same thing, each taught in one particular branch, and in only one. We have, say, in a shoe-factory, hundreds of men, but not one shoemaker. It takes them all, assisted by a great number of machines, to make a shoe. Each does a particular part, and not one of them knows the entire trade. The result is that the moment the factory shuts down these men are out of employment. Out of employment means out of bread—out of bread means famine and horror. The mechanic of to-day has but little independence. His prosperity often depends upon the good will of one man. He is liable to be discharged for a look, for a word. He lays by but little for his declining years. He is, at the best, the slave of capital.

It is a thousand times better to be a whole farmer than part of a mechanic. It is better to till the ground and work for yourself than to be hired by corporations. Every man should endeavor to belong to himself. (Applause.)

About seven hundred years ago, Kheyam, a Persian, said: "Why should a man who possesses a piece of bread securing life for two days, and who has a cup of water—why should such a man serve another."

Young men should not be satisfied with a salary. Do not mortgage the possibilities of your future. Have the courage to take life as it comes, feast or famine. Think of hunting a gold mine for a dollar a day, and think of finding one for another man. How would you feel then?

We are lacking in true courage, when, for fear of the future we take the crusts and scraps and niggardly salaries of the present. I had a thousand times rather have a farm and be independent, than to be President of the United States without independence, filled with doubt and trembling, feeling of the popular pulse, resorting to art and artifice, inquiring about the wind of opinion, and succeeding at last in losing my self-respect without gaining respect of others.

Man needs more manliness, more real independence. We must take care of ourselves. This we can do by labor, and in this way we can preserve our independence. We should try and choose that business or profession the pursuit of which gives us the most happiness. Happiness is wealth. We can be happy without being rich—without holding office—without being famous. I am not sure that we can be happy with wealth, with office, or with fame.

There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old age, that no other business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed some time to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an old age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was the first. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

Our country is filled with the idle and unemployed, and the great question asking for an answer is: What shall be done with these men? What shall these men do? To this there is but one answer: They must cultivate the soil. Farming must be rendered more attractive. Those who work the land must have an honest pride in their business. They must educate their children to cultivate the soil. They must make farming easier, so that their children will not hate it, so that they will not hate it themselves. The boys must not be taught that tilling the soil is a curse and almost a disgrace. They must not suppose that education is thrown away upon them unless they become ministers, lawyers, doctors or statesmen. It must be understood that education can be used to advantage on a farm. We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work. There are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a

hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is a thousand times better to have common sense without education than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonest to be useless.

I say again, if you want more men and women on the farms, something must be done to make farm-life pleasant. One great difficulty is that the farm is lonely. People write about the pleasures of solitude, but they are found only in books. He who lives long alone becomes insane. A hermit is a madman. Without friends and wife and child, there is nothing left worth living for. The unsocial are the enemies of joy. They are filled with egotism and envy, with vanity and hatred. People who live much alone become narrow and suspicious. They are apt to be the property of one idea. They begin to think there is no use in anything. They look upon the happiness of others as a kind of folly. They hate joyous folks, because, way down in their hearts, they envy them. (Applause.)

In our country farm-life is too lonely. The farms are large, and neighbors are too far apart. In these days, when the roads are filled with "tramps," the wives and children need protection. When the farmer leaves home and goes to some distant field to work, a shadow of fear is upon his heart all day, and a like shadow rests upon all at home.

In the early settlement of our country the pioneer was forced to take his family, his ax, his dog and his gun, and go into the far wild forest, and build his cabin miles and miles from any neighbor. He saw the smoke from his hearth go up alone in all the wide and lonely sky.

But this necessity has passed away, and now, instead of living so far apart upon the lonely farms, you should live in villages. With the improved machinery which you have—with your generous soil—with your markets and means of transportation, you can now afford to live together.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds and thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o'clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in doing it and persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning and go to work long before the sun had risen with "healing upon his wings," and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they ought to have it now. The man who cannot get a living upon Illinois soil without rising before daylight ought to starve. Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except in harvest time. When you arise at four and work till dark what is life worth? Of what use are all the improvements in farming? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? What is harvesting now compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, of cradling, of raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the flail and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the binders and threshing-machines, the plows and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun. If, with all the advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business. You should not rob your families of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. There is no such thing as health without plenty of sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work, and when you get through take a good, long and refreshing sleep.

You should live in villages, so that you can have the benefits of social life. You can have a reading room—you can take the best papers and magazines—you can have plenty of books, and each one can have the benefit of them all. Some of the young men and women can cultivate music. You can have social gatherings—you can learn from each other—you can discuss all topics of interest, and in this way you can make farming a delightful business. You must keep up with the age. The way to make farming respectable is for farmers to become really intelligent. They must live intelligent and happy lives. They must know something of books and something of what is going on in the world. They must not be satisfied with knowing something of the

affairs of a neighborhood and nothing about the rest of the earth. The business must be made attractive, and it never can be until the farmer has prosperity, intelligence and leisure.

Another thing—I am a believer in fashion. It is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful and attractive as she possibly can.

"Handsome is as handsome does," but she is much handsomer if well dressed. Every man should look his very best. I am a believer in good clothes. The time never ought to come in this country when you can tell a farmer's wife or daughter simply by the garments she wears. I say to every girl and woman, no matter what the material of your dress may be, no matter how cheap and coarse it is, cut it and make it in the fashion. I believe in jewelry. Some people look upon it as barbaric, but in my judgment, wearing jewelry is the first evidence the barbarian gives of a wish to be civilized. To adorn ourselves seems to be a part of our nature, and this desire seems to be everywhere and in everything. I have sometimes thought that the desire of beauty covers the earth with flowers. It is this desire that paints the wings of moths, tints the chamber of the shell, and gives the bird its plumage and its song. Oh daughters and wives, if you would be loved, adorn yourselves—if you would be adored, be beautiful. (Applause.)

There is another fault common with the farmers of our country—they want too much land. You cannot, at present, when taxes are high, afford to own land that you do not cultivate. Sell it and let others make farms and homes. In this way what you keep will be enhanced in value. Farmers ought to own the land they cultivate, and cultivate what they own. Renters can hardly be called farmers. There can be no such thing in the highest sense as a home unless you own it. There must be an incentive to plant trees, to beautify the grounds, to preserve and improve. It elevates a man to own a home. It gives a certain independence, a force of character that is obtained no other way. A man without a home feels like a passenger. There is in such a man a little of the vagrant. Homes make patriots. He who has sat by his own fireside with wife and children will defend it. When he hears the word country pronounced, he thinks of his home.

Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defense of a boarding house.

The prosperity and glory of our country depend upon the number of our people who are the owners of homes. Around the fireside cluster the private and the public virtues of our race. Raise your sons to be independent through labor—to pursue some business for themselves and upon their own account—to be self-reliant—to act upon their own responsibility, and to take the consequences like men. Teach them above all things to be good, true and tender husbands—winners of love, and builders of homes. (Applause.)

A great many farmers seem to think that they are the only laborers in the world. This is a very foolish thing. Farmers cannot get along without the mechanic. You are not independent of the man of genius. Your prosperity depends upon the inventor. The world advances by the assistance of all laborers; and all labor is under obligations to the inventions of genius. The inventor does as much for agriculture as he who tills the soil. All laboring men should be brothers. You are in partnership with the mechanics who make your reapers, your mowers and your plows; and you should take into your granges all the men who make their living by honest labor. The laboring people should unite and should protect themselves against all idlers. You can divide mankind into two classes; the laborers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. All laborers should be brothers. The laborers should have equal rights before the world and before the law. And I want every farmer to consider every man who labors either with hand or brain as his brother. Until genius and labor formed a partnership there was no such thing as prosperity among men. Every reaper and mower, every agricultural implement, has elevated the work of the farmer, and his vocation grows grander with every invention. In the olden time the agriculturist was ignorant; he knew nothing of machinery, he was the slave of superstition. He was always trying to appease some imaginary power by fasting and prayer. He supposed that some being actuated by malice, sent the untimely frost, or swept away with the wild wind his rude abode. To him the seasons were mysteries. The thunder told him of an enraged god—the barren fields of the vengeance of heaven. The tiller of the soil lived in perpetual and abject fear. He knew nothing of mechanics, nothing of order, nothing of law, nothing of cause and effect. He was

a superstitious savage. He invented prayers instead of plows, creeds instead of reapers and mowers. He was unable to devote all his time to the gods, and so he hired others to assist him, and for their influence with the gentlemen supposed to control the weather, he gave one-tenth of all he could produce.

The farmer has been elevated through science and he should not forget the debt he owes to the mechanic, to the inventor, to the thinker. He should remember that all laborers belong to the same grand family—that they are the real kings and queens, the only true nobility.

Another idea entertained by most farmers is that they are in some mysterious way oppressed by every other kind of business—that they are devoured by monopolies, especially by railroads.

Of course, the railroads are indebted to the farmers for their prosperity, and the farmers are indebted to the railroads.

A few years ago you endeavored to regulate the charge of railroad companies. The principal complaint you had was that they charged too much for the transportation of corn and other cereals to the East. You should remember that all freights are paid by the consumers of the grain. You were really interested in transportation from the East to the West and in local freights. The result is that while you have put down through freights you have not succeeded so well in local freights. The exact opposite should be the policy of Illinois. Put down local freights; put them down, if you can, to the lowest possible figure, and let through-rates take care of themselves. If all the corn raised in Illinois could be transported to New York absolutely free, it would enhance but little the price that you would receive. What we want is the lowest possible local rate. Instead of this you have simply succeeded in helping the East at the expense of the West. The railroads are your friends. They are your partners. They can prosper only where the country through which they run prospers. All intelligent railroad men know this. They know that present robbery is future bankruptcy. They know that the interest of the farmer and of the railroad is the same. We must have railroads. What can we do without them?

When we had no railroads, we drew, as I said before, our grain two hundred miles to market.

In those days the farmers did not stop at hotels. They slept under their wagons—took with them their food—fried their own bacon, made their coffee, and ate their meals in the snow and rain. Those were the days when they received ten cents a bushel for corn—when they sold four bushels of potatoes for a quarter—thirty-three dozen eggs for a dollar, and a hundred pounds of pork for a dollar and a half.

What has made the difference?

The railroads came to your door and they brought with them the markets of the world. They brought New York and Liverpool and London into Illinois, and the state has been clothed with prosperity as with a mantle. It is the interest of the farmer to protect every great interest in the state. In these iron highways more than three hundred million dollars have been invested—a sum equal to ten times the original cost of all the land in the state. To make war upon the railroads is a short-sighted and suicidal policy. They should be treated fairly and should be taxed by the same standard that farms are taxed, and in no other way. If we wish to prosper we must act together, and we must see to it that every form of labor is protected.

There has been a long period of depression in all business. The farmers have suffered least of all. Your land is just as rich and productive as ever. Prices have been reasonable. The towns and cities have suffered. Stocks and bonds have shrunk from par to worthless paper. Princes have become paupers, and bankers, merchants, and millionaires have passed into the oblivion of bankruptcy. The period of depression is slowly passing away, and we are entering upon better times.

A great many people say that a scarcity of money is our only difficulty. In my opinion we have money enough, but we lack confidence in each other and in the future.

There has been so much dishonesty, there have been so many failures, that the people are afraid to trust anybody. There is plenty of money, but there seems to be a scarcity of business. If you were to go to the owner of a ferry, and, upon seeing his boat lying high and dry on the shore, should say, "There is a superabundance of ferry-boat," he would probably reply, "No, but there is a scarcity of water." So, with us there is not a scarcity of money, but there is a scarcity of business. And this scarcity springs from lack of confidence in one another. So many presidents of savings banks, even those belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, run off with the funds; so many railroad and insurance companies are in the hands of receivers; there is so much bankruptcy on every hand, that all capital is held in the nervous

clutches of fear. Slowly, but surely we are coming back to honest methods in business. Confidence will return, and then enterprise will unlock the safe and money will again circulate as of yore; the dollars will leave their hiding places and every one will be seeking investment.

For my part, I do not ask any interference on the part of the government except to undo the wrong it has done. I do not ask that money be made out of nothing. I do not ask for the prosperity born of paper. But I do ask for the remonetization of silver. Silver was demonetized by fraud. It was an imposition upon every solvent man; a fraud upon every honest debtor in the United States. It assassinated labor. It was done in the interest of avarice and greed, and should be undone by honest men.

The farmers should vote only for such men as are able and willing to guard and advance the interests of labor. We should know better than to vote for men who will deliberately put a tariff of three dollars a thousand upon Canada lumber, when every farmer in the states is a purchaser of lumber. People who live upon the prairies should vote for cheap lumber. We should protect ourselves. We ought to have intelligence enough to know what we want and how to get it. The real laboring men of this country can succeed if they are united. By laboring men, I do not mean only the farmers. I mean all who contribute in some way to the general welfare; they should forget prejudices and party names, and remember only the best interests of the people. Let us see if he cannot protect every department of industry. Let us see if all property cannot be protected alike and taxed alike, whether owned by individuals or corporations.

Where industry creates and justice protects, prosperity dwells.

Let me tell you something about Illinois: We have fifty-six thousand square miles of land—nearly thirty-six million acres. Upon these plains we can raise enough to feed and clothe twenty million people. Beneath these prairies were hidden millions of ages ago, by that old miser, the sun, thirty-six thousand square miles of coal. The aggregate thickness of these veins is at least fifteen feet. Think of a column of coal one mile square and one hundred miles high! All this came from the sun. What a sunbeam such a column would be! Think of the engines and machines this coal will run and turn and whirl! Think of all this force, willed and left to us by the dead morning of the world! Think of the fireside of the future around which will sit the fathers, mothers and children of the years to be! Think of the sweet and happy faces, the loving and tender eyes that will glow and gleam in the sacred light of all these flames!

We have the best country in the world. Is there any reason that our farmers should not be prosperous and happy men? They have every advantage, and within their reach are all the comforts and conveniences of life.

Do not get the land fever and think you must buy all that joins you. Get out of debt as soon as you possibly can. A mortgage casts a shadow on the sunniest field. There is no business under the sun that can pay ten per cent.

Ainsworth R. Spofford gives the following facts about interest: "One dollar loaned for one hundred years at six per cent, with interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to three hundred and forty dollars. At eight per cent it amounts to two thousand two hundred and three dollars. At three per cent it amounts only to nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents. At ten per cent it is thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars, or about seven hundred times as much. At twelve per cent it amounts to eighty-four thousand and seventy-five dollars, or more than four thousand times as much. At eighteen per cent, it amounts to fifteen million one hundred and forty-five thousand and seven dollars. At twenty-four per cent (which we sometimes hear talked of) it reaches the enormous sum of two billion five-hundred and fifty-one million seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand four hundred and four dollars."

One dollar at compound interest, at twenty-four per cent for one hundred years would produce a sum equal to our national debt.

Interest eats night and day, and the more it eats the hungrier it grows. The farmer in debt, lying awake at night, can, if he listens, hear it gnaw. If he owes nothing, he can hear his corn grow. Get out of debt as soon as you possibly can. You have supported idle avarice and lazy economy long enough.

Above all, let every farmer treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the air of kindness they will grow around you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force. A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped.

Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck. (Applause.)

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives, weary and worn; mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill homes with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourselves. See that they have the best utensils to work with. Women cannot create things by magic. Have plenty of wood and coal—good cellars and plenty in them. Have cisterns, so that you can have plenty of rain water for washing. Do not rely on a barrel and a board. When the rain comes the board will be lost or the hoops will be off the barrel.

Farmers should live like princes. Eat the best things you raise and sell the rest. Have good things to cook and good things to cook with. Of all people in our country, you should live the best. Throw your miserable little stoves out of the window. Get ranges, and have them so built that your wife need not burn her face off to get you a breakfast. Do not make her cook in a kitchen hot as the orthodox perdition. The beef, not the cook, should be roasted. It is just as easy to have things convenient and right as to have them any other way.

In the good old days there would be eleven children in the family and only one skillet. Everything was broken or cracked or loaned or lost.

There ought to be a law making it a crime, punishable by imprisonment, to fry beefsteak. Broil it, it is just as easy, and when broiled it is delicious. Fried beefsteak is not fit for a wild beast. You can broil even on a stove. Shut the front damper—open the back one, then take off a griddle. There will then be a draft downwards through this opening. Put on your steak, using a wire broiler, and not a particle of smoke will touch it, for the reason that the smoke goes down. If you try to broil it with the front damper open, the smoke will rise. For broiling, coal, even soft coal, makes a better fire than wood.

There is no reason why farmers should not have fresh meat all the year round. There is certainly no sense in stuffing yourself full of salt meat every morning, and making a well or a cistern of your stomach for the rest of the day. Every farmer should have an ice house. Upon or near every farm is some stream from which plenty of ice can be obtained, and the long summer days made delightful. Dr. Draper, one of the world's greatest scientists, says that ice water is healthy, and that it has done away with many of the low forms of fever in the great cities. Ice has become one of the necessaries of civilized life, and without it there is very little comfort.

Make your homes pleasant. Have your houses warm and comfortable for the winter. Do not build a story-and-a-half house. The half story is simply an oven in which, during the summer, you will bake every night, and feel in the morning as though only the rind of yourself was left.

Decorate your rooms, even if you do so with cheap engravings. The cheapest are far better than none. Have books—have papers, and read them. You have more leisure than the dwellers in cities. Beautify your grounds with plants and flowers and vines. Have good gardens. Remember that everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning-glory whose purple bosom is thrilled with the amorous kisses of the sun, tends to put a blossom in your heart. Do not judge of the value of everything by the market reports. Every flower about a house certifies to the refinement of somebody. Every vine climbing and blossoming, tells of love and joy.

Make your houses comfortable. Do not huddle together in a little room around a red-hot stove, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned atmosphere, and then, when one of your children dies, put a piece in the papers commencing with, "Whereas, it has pleased divine Providence to remove from our midst—." Have plenty of air, and plenty of warmth. Comfort is health. Do not imagine anything is unhealthy simply because it is pleasant. That is an old and foolish idea.

Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the darkness of night. Do not compel them to associate all that is tiresome, irksome and dreadful with cultivating the soil. In this way you bring farming into hatred and disrepute. Treat your children with infinite kindness—treat them as equals. There is no happiness in a home not filled with love. Where the husband hates his wife—where the wife hates the husband; where children hate their parents and each other—there is a hell upon earth.

There is no reason why farmers should not be the kindest and most cultivated of men. There is nothing in plowing the fields to make men cross, cruel and crabbed. To look upon the sunny slopes covered with daisies does not tend to make men unjust. Whoever labors for the happiness of those he loves, elevates himself, no matter whether he works in the dark

and dreary shops, or in the perfumed fields. To work for others is, in reality, the only way in which a man can work for himself. Selfishness is ignorance. Speculators cannot make unless somebody loses. In the realm of speculation every success has at least one victim. The harvest reaped by the farmer benefits all and injures none. For him to succeed, it is not necessary that some one should fail. The same is true of all producers—of all laborers.

I can imagine no condition that carries with it such a promise of joy as that of the farmer in the early winter. He has his cellar filled—he has made every preparation for the days of snow and storm—he looks forward to three months of ease and rest; to three months of fireside-content; three months with wife and children; three months of long, delightful evenings; three months of home; three months of solid comfort.

When the life of the farmer is such as I have described, the cities and towns will not be filled with want—the streets will not be crowded with wrecked rogues, broken bankers and bankrupt speculators. The fields will be tilled, and country villages almost hidden by trees and vines and flowers, filled with industrious and happy people, will nestle in every vale and gleam like gems on every plain.

The idea must be done away with that there is something intellectually degrading in cultivating the soil. Nothing can be nobler than to be useful. Idleness should not be respectable.

If farmers will cultivate well, and without waste; if they will so build that their houses will be warm in winter and cool in summer; if they will plant trees and beautify their homes; if they will occupy their leisure in reading, in thinking, in improving their minds and in devising ways and means to make their business profitable and pleasant; if they will live nearer together and cultivate sociability; if they will come together often; if they will have reading rooms and cultivate music; if they will have bath-rooms, ice-houses and good gardens; if their wives can have an easy time; if their sons and daughters can have an opportunity to keep in line with the thoughts and discoveries of the world; if the nights can be taken for sleep and the evenings for enjoyment, everybody will be in love with the fields. Happiness should be the object of life, and if life on the farm can be made really happy, the children will grow up in love with the meadows, the streams, the woods and the old home. Around the farm will cling and cluster the happy memories of the delightful years.

Remember, I pray you, that you are in partnership with all labor—that you should join hands with all the sons and daughters of toil, and that all who work belong to the same noble family.

For my part, I envy the man who has lived on the same broad acres from his boyhood, who cultivates the fields where in youth he played, and lives where his father lived and died.

I can imagine no sweeter way to end one's life than in the quiet of the country, out of the mad race for money, place and power—far from the demands of business—out of the dusty highways where fools struggle and strive for the hollow praise of other fools.

Surrounded by pleasant fields and faithful friends, by those I have loved, I hope to end my days. And this I hope may be the lot of all who hear my voice. I hope that you, in the country, in houses covered with vines and clothed with flowers, looking from the open window upon rustling fields of corn and wheat, over which will run the sunshine and the shadows surrounded by those whose lives you have filled with joy, will pass away serenely as the Autumn dies.

Speech at Indianapolis, Ind., September 21, 1876

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—FELLOW CITIZENS AND CITIZEN SOLDIERS:—I am opposed to the Democratic party, and I will tell you why. Every state that seceded from the United States was a Democratic State. Every ordinance of secession that was drawn was drawn by a Democrat. Every man that endeavored to tear the old flag from the heaven that it enriches was a Democrat. (A voice—"Give it to them.") Every man that tried to destroy this nation was a Democrat. Every enemy this great republic has had for twenty years has been a Democrat. Every man that shot Union soldiers was a Democrat. (Cheers—"That's so.") Every man that starved Union soldiers and refused them in the extremity of death a crust was a Democrat. (Renewed cheering.) Every man that loved slavery better than liberty was a Democrat. The man that assassinated Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat. Every man that sympathized with the assassin—every man glad that the noblest President ever elected was assassinated—was a Democrat. Every man that wanted a privilege of whipping another man to make him work for him for nothing and pay him with lashes on his naked back was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man that raised blood-hounds to pursue human beings was a Democrat. Every man that clutched from shrieking, shuddering, crouching mothers babes from their breasts and sold them into slavery was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man that impaired the credit of the United States, every man that swore we would never pay the bonds, every man that swore we would never redeem the greenbacks, every maligner of his country's credit, every calumniator of his country's honor, was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man that resisted the draft, every man that hid in the bushes, and shot at Union men simply because they were endeavoring to enforce the laws of their country, was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man that wept over the corpse of slavery was a Democrat. Every man that cursed Lincoln because he issued the proclamation of emancipation—the grandest paper since the Declaration of Independence—every one of them was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man that denounced the soldiers that bared their bosoms to the storms of shot and shell for the honor of America and for the sacred rights of man was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man that wanted an uprising in the North, that wanted to release the rebel prisoners that they might burn down the homes of Union soldiers above the heads of their wives and children, while the brave husbands, the heroic fathers, were in the front fighting for the honor of the old flag, every one of them was a Democrat. (Cheers.) I am not through yet. (Laughter and Cheers.) Every man that believed this glorious nation of ours is a confederacy, every man that believed the old banner carried by our fathers through the Revolution, through the war of 1812, carried by our brothers over the plains of Mexico, carried by our brothers over the fields of the rebellion, simply stood for a contract, simply stood for an agreement, was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man who believed that any state could go out of the Union at its pleasure, every man that believed the grand fabric of the American Government could be made to crumble instantly into dust at the touch of treason, was a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every man that helped to burn orphan asylums in New York was a Democrat; every man that tried to fire the city of New York, although he knew that thousands would perish, and knew that the great serpents of flame leaping from buildings would clutch children from their mothers' arms—every wretch that did it was a Democrat. (Cheer.) Recollect it! Every man that tried to spread small-pox and yellow fever in

the North, as the instrumentalities of civilized war, was a Democrat. Soldiers, every scar you have got on your heroic bodies was given you by a Democrat. (Cheers.) Every scar, every man that is lacking, every limb that is gone, every scar is a souvenir of a Democrat. (Cheers.) I want you to recollect it. (A voice—"We will.") Every man that was an enemy of human liberty in this country was a Democrat. Every man that wanted the fruit of all the heroism of all the ages to turn to ashes upon the lips—every one was a Democrat. (Cheers.)

I am a Republican. (Laughter and Cheers.) I will tell you why: This is the only free government in the world. The Republican party made it so. The Republican party took the chains from 4,000,000 of people. The Republican party, with the wand of progress, touched the auction block and it became a school house. (Cheers.) The Republican party put down the rebellion, saved the nation, kept the old banner afloat in the air, and declared that slavery of every kind should be extirpated from the face of the continent. (Cheers.) What more? I am a Republican because it is the only free party that ever existed. It is a party that has a platform as broad as humanity, a platform as broad as the human face, a party that says you shall have all the fruit of the labor of your hands, a party that says you may think for yourself; a party that says no chains for the hands, no fetters for the soul. (A voice—"Amen." —Cheers. At this point the rain began to descend, and it looked as if a heavy shower was impending. Several umbrellas were put up. Gov. Noyes—"God bless you! what is rain to soldiers?" Voice—"Go ahead; we don't mind the rain." It was proposed to adjourn the meeting to Masonic Hall, but the motion was voted down by an overwhelming majority, and Mr. Ingersoll proceeded.) I am a Republican because the Republican party says this country is a nation, and not a confederacy; I am here in Indiana to speak, and I have as good a right to speak here in Indiana as though I had been born on this stand—not because the State flag of Indiana waves over me. I would not know it if I should see it. You have the same right to speak in Illinois, not because the State flag of Illinois waves over you, but because that banner, rendered sacred by the blood of all the heroes, waves over me and you. (Cheers.) I am in favor of this being a nation. Think of a man gratifying his entire ambition in the State of Rhode Island. (Laughter.) We want this to be a nation, and you can't have a great, grand, splendid people without a great, grand, splendid country. The great plains, the sublime mountains, the great rushing, roaring rivers, shores lashed by two oceans, and the grand anthem of Niagara, mingle and enter, as it were, in the character of every American citizen, and make him, or tend to make him a great and a grand character. I am for the Republican party because it says the government has as much right, as much power to protect its citizens at home as abroad. The Republican party don't say that you have to go away from home to get the protection of the government. The Democratic party says the government can't march its troops into the South to protect the rights of the citizens. It is a lie. (Great cheers.) The government claims the right, and it is conceded that the government has the right, to go to your house, while you are sitting by your fireside with your wife and children about you, and the old lady knitting, and the cat playing with the yarn, and everybody happy and sweet—the government claims the right to go to your fireside and take you by force and put you into the army; take you down to the valley of the shadow of hell, set you by the ruddy, roaring guns and make you fight for your flag. (Cheers.) Now, that being so, when the war is over and your country is victorious, and you go back to your home, and a lot of Democrats want to trample upon your rights, I want to know if the government that took you from your fireside and made you fight for it, I want to know if it is not bound to fight for you. (Cheers.) The flag that will not protect its protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. The government that will not defend its defenders is a disgrace to the nations of the world. (A voice—"Amen.") I am a Republican because the Republican party says, "We will protect the rights of American citizens at home and if necessary we will march an army into any state to protect the rights of the humblest American citizen in that state. (Cheers.)

I am a Republican (laughter) because that party allows me to be free—allows me to do my own thinking in my own way. (Cheers.) I am a Republican because it is a party grand enough and splendid enough and sublime enough to invite every human being in favor of liberty and progress to fight shoulder to shoulder for the advancement of mankind. (Cheers.) It invites the Methodist; it invites the Catholic; it invites the Presbyterian and every kind of sectarian; it invites the free-thinker; it invites the infidel, provided he is in favor of giv-

ing to every other human being every chance and every right that he claims for himself. (Cheers.) I am a Republican, I tell you. (Laughter.) There is room in the Republican air for every wing; there is room on the Republican sea for every sail. Republicanism says to every man: "Let your soul be like an eagle; fly out in the great dome of thought, and question the stars for yourself." (Cheers. "That's so.") But the Democratic party says: "Be blind owls; sit on the dry limbs of a dead tree and hoot when Tilden & Co. tell you to." (Laughter.) In the Republican party there are no followers. We are leaders. (Cheers.) There is not a party chain. There is not a party lash. Any man that does not love this country, any man that does not love liberty, any man that is not in favor of human progress, that is not in favor of giving to others all he claims for himself; we don't ask him to vote the Republican ticket. (Cheers.) You can vote if you please, and if there is any Democrat within hearing who expects to die before another election, we are willing that he should vote one Republican ticket, simply as a consolation upon his death-bed. (Great laughter.) What more? I am a Republican because that party believes in free labor. It believes that free labor will give us wealth. It believes in free thought, because it believes that free thought will give us truth. (A voice—"That's so.") You don't know what a grand party you belong to. I never want any holier or grander title of nobility than that I belong to the Republican party and have fought for the liberty of man. (Cheers.) The Republican party, I say, believes in free labor. The Republican party also believes in slavery. What kind of slavery? In enslaving the forces of nature. We believe that free labor, that free thought, have enslaved the forces of nature, and made them work for man. We make old attraction of gravitation work for us; we make the lightning do our errands; we take steam hammer and fashion what we need. The forces of nature are the slaves of the Republican party (Cheers.) They have got no backs to be whipped; they have got no hearts to be torn—no hearts to be broken; they cannot be separated from their wives; they cannot be dragged from the bosoms of their husbands; they work night and day and they never tire. You cannot whip them, you cannot starve them, and a Democrat even can be trusted with one of them. (Laughter.) I tell you I am a Republican. (Laughter.) I believe, as I told you, that free labor will give us these slaves. Free labor will produce all these things, and everything you have got to-day has been produced by free labor, nothing by slave labor. Slavery never invented but one machine, and that was a threshing-machine in the shape of a whip. (Laughter.) Free labor has invented all the machines. We want to come down to the philosophy of these things. The problem of free labor, when a man works for the wife he loves, when he works for the little children he adores—the problem is to do the most work in the shortest space of time. The problem of slavery is to do the least work in the longest space of time. That is the difference. Free labor, love, affection—they have invented everything of use in this world. (Cheers.) I am a Republican. I tell you, my friends, this world is getting better every day, and the Democrat party is getting smaller every day. See the advancement we have made in a few years, see what we have done. We have covered this nation with wealth and glory, and with liberty. This is the first free government in the world. The Republican party is the first party that was not founded on some compromise with the devil. (Laughter.) It is the first party of pure, square, honest principle; the first one. And we have got the first free country that ever existed. And right here I want to thank every soldier that fought to make it free, (cries of "Good, good," and cheers) every one living and dead. I want to thank you again, and again, and again. You made the first free government in the world (cheers), and we must not forget the dead heroes. If they were here they would vote the Republican ticket, every one of them. I tell you we must not forget them.

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press

them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves —she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flag, keeping time to the wild grand music of war—marching down the streets of great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do, and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their sides on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breast of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. (A voice—"Glory.") I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Now, my friends, I have given you a few reasons why I am a Republican. I have given you a few reasons why I am not a Democrat. Let me say another thing. The Democratic party opposed every forward movement of the army of the republic, every one. Don't be fooled. Imagine the meanest resolution the Democratic party passed. Imagine the meanest thing you can think of—that is what they did; and I want you to recollect that the Democratic party did these devilish things when the fate of this nation was trembling in the balance of war. (Cheers.) I want you to recollect another thing; when they tell you about hard times, that the Democratic party made the hard times. (A voice—"That's so.") That every dollar we owe to-day was made by the Southern and Northern Democracy. (A voice—"That's so, every dollar.")

When we commenced to put down the rebellion we had to borrow money, and the Democratic party went into the markets of the world and impaired the credit of the United States. (A voice—"That's so.") They slandered, they lied, they maligned the credit of the United States, and to such an extent did they do this that at one time during the war paper was only worth about 34 cents on the dollar. Gold went up to $2.90. What did that mean? It meant that greenbacks were worth 34 cents on the dollar. What became of the other 66 cents? They were lied out of the greenbacks, they were calumniated out of the greenbacks by the Democratic party of the North. (A voice—"That's so.") Two-thirds of the debt, two-thirds of the burden now upon the shoulders of American industry were placed there by the slanders of the Democratic party of the North, and the other third by the Democratic party of the South. And when you pay your taxes keep an ac-

count and charge two-thirds to the Northern Democracy and one-third to the Southern Democracy, and whenever you have to earn the money to pay the taxes, when you have to blister your hands to earn that money, pull off the blisters, and under each one, as the foundation, you will find a Democratic lie.

Recollect that the Democratic party did all the things of which I have told you, when the fate of our nation was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword. Recollect they did these things when your husbands, your fathers, your brothers, your chivalric sons were fighting, bleeding, suffering upon the fields of the South, where shot and shell were crashing through their sacred flesh, where they were lying alone at night upon the field of battle, the blood slowly oozing from the pallid, mangled lips of death; when they were in the hospital of pain, dreaming broken dreams of home, and seeing fever pictures of the ones they loved; when they were in the prison of the South, with no covering but the clouds, no bed except the frozen earth, no food except such as worms had refused to eat, and no friends except insanity and death. Recollect it. I have often said that I wished there were words of pure hatred out of which I might construct sentences like serpents, sentences like snakes, sentences that were poisoned and fanged sentences that would writhe and hiss—I could then give my opinion of the Northern allies of the Southern rebels. (Cheers.)

There are three questions now submitted to the American people. The first is, Shall the people that saved this country rule it? (Cries of "Yes, yes.") Shall the men, who saved the old flag hold it? (Cries of "Yes, yes.") Shall the men who saved the ship of State sail it? (Cries of "Yes, yes, yes.") Or shall the rebels walk her quarter-deck, give the orders and sink it? (Cries of "No, no.") That is the question. Shall a solid South, a united South, united by assassination and murder, a South solidified by the shot gun; shall a united South with the aid of a divided North; shall they control this great and splendid country? (Cries of "Never, never.") Well, then the North must wake up. (Cries of "We will, we will.") We are right back where we were in 1861. This is simply a prolongation of the war. This is the war of the idea, the other was the war of the musket. The other was the war of cannon, this is the war of thought; and we have got to beat them in this war of thought, recollect that. The question is, Shall the men that endeavored to destroy this country rule it? (Cries of "Never, never.") Shall the men that said, This is not a Nation, have charge of this Nation? (Cries of "Never, never.")

The next question is, shall we pay our debts? (Cries of "Yes, yes! and every cent.") We had to borrow some money to pay for shot and shell to shoot Democrats with. We found that we could get along with a few less Democrats (laughter) but not with any less country, and so we borrowed the money, and the question now is, will we pay it? And which party is the most apt to pay it, the Republican party, that made the debt—the party that swore it was constitutional, or the party that said it was unconstitutional? Whenever a Democrat sees a greenback the greenback says to the Democrat, "I am one of the fellows that whipped you." (Laughter.) Whenever a Republican sees a greenback the greenback says to him, "You and I put down the rebellion and saved the country." (Laughter.) Now, my friends, you have heard a great deal about finances. Nearly everybody that talks about it gets as dry—as if they had been in the final home of the Democratic party for forty years. (Great laughter.) I will give you my idea about finances. (A voice, "Let's hear them.") In the first place the government don't support the people; the people support the government. (A voice, "That's it.") The government passes around the hat, the government passes around the alms-dish. True enough, it has a musket behind it, but it is a perpetual, chronic pauper. It passes, I told you, the alms-dish, and we all throw in our share—except Tilden. (Great laughter.) This government is a perpetual consumer. You understand me, the government don't raise corn and wheat; the government is simply a perpetual consumer; we support the government. (That's right.) Now, the idea that the government can make money for you and I to live on—why, it is the same as though my hired man should issue certificates of my indebtedness to him for me to live on. (Laughter and applause.) Some people tell me that the government can impress its sovereignty on a piece of paper, and that is money. Well, if it is, what's the use of wasting it making one dollar bills? It takes no more ink and no more paper—why not make $1,000 bills? Why not make $100,000,000 bills and all be billionaires? (Great laughter.) If the government can make money, what on earth does it collect taxes from you and me for? Why don't it make what money it wants, take the taxes out, and give the balance to us? (Laughter.)

Mr. Greenback, suppose the government issued $1,000,000,000 to-morrow, how would you get any of it? (A voice, "Steal it.") I was not speaking to the Democrats. (Laughter.) You would not get any of it unless you had something to exchange for it. The government would not go around and give you your average. You have to have some corn, or wheat, or pork to give for it. How do you get your money? By work. Where from? You have to dig it out of the ground. That is where it comes from. In old times there were some men who thought they could get some way to turn the baser metals into gold, and old gray-haired men trembling, tottering on the verge of the grave were hunting for something to turn ordinary metals into gold; they were searching for the fountain of eternal youth; but they did not find it. No human ear has ever heard the silver gurgle of the spring of immortal youth. There used to be mechanics that tried to make perpetual motion by combinations of wheels, shifting weights, and rolling balls; but somehow the machine would never quite run. A perpetual fountain of greenbacks, of wealth without labor, is just as foolish as a fountain of eternal youth. The idea that you can produce money without labor is just as foolish as the idea of perpetual motion. They are old follies under new names. Let me tell you another thing. The Democrats seem to think that you can fail to keep a promise so long that is as good as though you had kept it. They say you can stump the sovereignty of the government upon paper. The other day I saw a piece of silver bearing the sovereign stamp of Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar has been dust about two thousand years, but that piece of silver was worth just as much as though Julius Caesar was at the head of the Roman legions. Was it his sovereignty that made it valuable? Suppose he had put it upon a piece of paper—it would have been no more value than a Democratic promise. Another thing, my friends, this debt will be paid; you need not worry about that. The Democrats ought to pay it. They lost the suit and they ought to pay the costs. (Laughter and applause.) But we are willing to pay our share. It will be paid. The holders of the debt have got a mortgage on a continent. They have a mortgage on the honor of the Republican party, and it is on record. Every blade of grass that grows upon this continent is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every field of bannered corn in the great, glorious West is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; all the coal put away in the ground millions of years ago by that old miser, the sun, is a guarantee that every dollar of that debt will be paid; all the cattle on the prairies, pastures and plains, every one of them is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; every pine standing in the somber forests of the North, waiting for the woodman's ax is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; all the gold and silver hid in the Sierra Nevadas waiting for the miner's pick is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every locomotive, with its muscles of iron and breath of flame, and all the boys and girls bending over their books at school, every dimpled child in the cradle, every good man and every good woman, and every man that votes the Republican ticket is a guarantee that the debt will be paid. (Applause.)

What is the next question? The next question is, will we protect the union men in the South? (Voice, "Yes, yes.") I tell you the white Union men have suffered enough. It is a crime in the Southern States to be a Republican. It is a crime in every Southern State to love this country, to believe in the sacred right of men.

I tell you the colored people have suffered enough. They have been owned by Democrats for two hundred years. Worse than that; they have been forced to keep the company of their owners. (Laughter.) It is a terrible thing to live with a man who steals from you. They have suffered enough. For two hundred years they were branded like cattle. Yes, for two hundred years children were sold from their mothers, husbands from their wives, brothers from brothers, and sisters from sisters. There was not during the whole rebellion a single negro that was not our friend. We are willing to be reconciled to our Southern brethren when they will treat our friends as men. When they will be just to the friends of this country; when they are in favor of allowing every American citizen to have his rights—then we are their friends. We are willing to trust them with the black man when they cease riding in the darkness of night—those masked wretches to the hut of the freedman, and notwithstanding the prayers and supplications of his family, shoot him down; when they cease to consider the massacre of Hamburg as a Democratic triumph, then, I say, we will be their friends, and not before. (A voice—"That's the idea.")

Now, my friends, thousands of the Southern people and thousands of the Northern Democrats are afraid that the negroes are going to pass them in the race of life. And, Mr. Democrat, he will do it unless you attend to your business.

The simple fact that you are white cannot save you always. You have got to be industrious, honest, to cultivate a justice. If you don't the colored race will pass you, as sure as you live. I am for giving every man a chance. Anybody that can pass me is welcome. (A voice—"There can't many do it.") I believe my friends that the intellectual domain of the future, is like the land used to be in the State of Illinois, is open to pre-emption. The fellow that gets a fact first, that is his; that gets an idea first, that is his. Every round in the ladder of fame, from the one that touches the ground to the last one that leans against the shining summit of ambition, belongs to the feet that gets upon it first. (Applause.)

Mr. Democrat—I point down because they are nearly all on the first round of the ladder—if you can't climb stand to one side and let the deserving negro pass.

I must tell you one thing. I have told it so much, and you have all heard it, I have no doubt, fifty times from others, but I am going to tell it again because I like it.

Suppose there was a great horse-race here to-day, free to every horse in the world, and to all the mules, and all the scrubs, and all the donkeys. At the tap of the drum they come to the line, and the judges say "it is a go." Let me ask you, what does the blooded horse, rushing ahead, with nostrils distended, drinking in the breath of his own swiftness, with his mane flying like a banner of victory, with his veins standing out all over him as if a net of life had been cast around him—with his thin neck, his high withers, his tremendous flanks—what does he care how many mules and donkeys run on that track? (Prolonged and deafening laughter.) But the Democratic scrub, with his chuckle-head and lop ears, with his tail full of cuckleburs, jumping high and short, and digging in the ground when he feels the breath of the coming mule on his cuckle-bur tail, he is the chap that jumps the track and says, "I am down on mule equality." (Renewed and uproarious laughter.)

My friends, the Republican party is the blooded horse in this race. (A voice: "Anything may follow that wants to.") I stood, a little while ago, in the city of Paris, where stood the Bastile, where now stands the Column of July, surmounted by the figure of liberty. In its right hand is a broken chain, in its left hand a banner; upon its shining forehead a glittering star, and as I looked upon it I said, such is the Republican party of my country. The other day going along the road I came to the place where the road had been changed, but the guide-board was as they had put it twenty years before. It pointed diligently in the direction of a desolate field. Now, that guide-post had been there for twenty years. Thousands of people passed but nobody heeded the hand on the guide-post, and it stuck there through storm and shine, and it pointed as hard as ever as if the road was through the desolate field; and I said to myself, such is the Democratic party of the United States. (Laughter and applause.)

The other day I came to a river where there had been a mill; a part of it was there yet. An old sign said: "Cash for wheat." (Laughter.) The old water-wheel was broken, and it had been warped by the sun, cracked and split by many winds and storms. There hadn't been a grain of wheat ground there for twenty years. There was nothing in good order but the dam, it was as good a dam as ever I saw, and I said to myself, "such is the Democratic party." (Renewed laughter.) I was going along the road the other day, when I came to where there had once been a hotel. But the hotel and barn had burned down; nothing remained but the two chimneys, monuments of the disaster. In the road there was an old sign, upon which were these words: "Entertainment for man and beast." The word "man" was nearly burned out. There hadn't been a hotel there for thirty years. That sign had swung and creaked in the wind; the snow had fallen upon it in the winter, the birds had sung upon it in the summer. Nobody ever stopped at that hotel; but the sign stuck to it and kept swearing to it, "Entertainment for man and beast," and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United States." (Laughter and applause.) And I further said, "One chimney ought to be called Tilden and the other Hendricks." Renewed and continued cheering and laughter.)

Now, my friends, both of these parties have candidates. The Democratic party trots out Samuel J. Tilden. Who is he? He is a man that advertises his honesty and reform, the same as people advertise quack medicines. In every Democratic paper in the United States he has advertisements of his honesty and reform.

Samuel J. Tilden is an attorney; a legal spider that weaves webs of technicalities, and catches in its meshes honest incorporated flies. He has stood on the shores of bankruptcy and clutched the drowning by the throat. Samuel J. Tilden is a demurrer that the confederate congress has failed against the amendments to the constitution of the United States. Samuel J. Tilden is an old bachelor. In a country depending

upon the increase of its population for its glory and honor (cheers and laughter) to elect an old bachelor is suicidal policy. (Renewed and prolonged laughter.) Think of a man surrounded by beautiful women, dimpled cheeks, coral lips, pearly teeth, shining eyes; think of a man throwing them all away for the embrace of the Democratic party. (Laughter.) Such a man does not even know the value of time. (Laughter.)

Samuel J. Tilden belongs to the Democratic party of New York. That party never had but two objects—grand and petit larceny. (Laughter.) They rarely elect a man to office except for a crime committed. They don't elect on a crime credit, it must be a crime accomplished. They have stolen everything they could lay their hands on, and my God, what hands! When they had stolen all the people could pay the interest on, they clapped their enormous hands upon their spacious pocket-books, and shouted for honesty and reform. Samuel J. Tilden has been a pupil in that school. He was reared in Tammany Hall, which bears the same relation to a penitentiary, as a Sunday school to the church. (Applause.) More than this, when the rebellion began they called a Union meeting at Union Square, in the city of New York. It was of great importance how the city of New York should go. No man refused to sign that petition in the city of New York but one, and that man was Samuel J. Tilden. A man that will not lend his name to save his country never should be the president of that country. You offered to give your lives, and he would not give his infamous name.

Samuel J. Tilden said in 1860-'61: "Our fathers left revolution organized in every state, so that whenever public opinion of a state demands it the state can snap the tie of confederation that binds it to the nation the same as a nation can break a treaty, and a state can repel coercion the same as a nation can repel invasion." No one ought to be president who thinks this nation is confederacy. No man ought to be president who has said this war is an outrage. (A voice—"And he never will be.") If he is, hide your scars that now make your faces sacred; if you have an empty sleeve hide it; if you have crutches throw them away; if you fought for the flag don't mention it.

On the other side we are running for the Presidency Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio. (Tremendous applause.) Rutherford B. Hayes is an honest man. (Renewed applause.) Now some Democrats will say that isn't anything; now you try it. (Laughter and cheering.) Rutherford B. Hayes is a sincere man. He says what he means, and means what he says. More than that, he says all he means, and means all he says. When the war commenced Rutherford B. Hayes said: "I would go into this war if I would be killed, rather than live through it and not take any part in it." Search all the patriotic records of the world and you will find no nobler words than that noble saying of Rutherford B. Hayes.

When Tilden refused to give his name, Hayes offered to give his heart. Hayes is a man of learning, a man of talent, of firmness; I do not say obstinacy, I say firmness. Do you know the difference between firmness and obstinacy? A firm man is a man that stands up for the right because right; an obstinate man is a man that wants his own way whether right or wrong. Hayes is a firm man. In the war he received many wounds in his flesh but not a scratch on his honor. Tilden received wound after wound in his honor, but not a scratch in his flesh. Rutherford B. Hayes is a man of spotless character—a character which rests upon a record not upon a prospectus. (Applause.) Good character rests on what you have done, not what you say you are going to do. Good character rests upon a fulfillment and not on a promise. It rests on a specie basis. Into that grand edifice that you call character goes every good and splendid deed of your life. Hayes has built himself a noble character. You can't build a good character in a day. If you could get a good character in a day the whole Democratic party would have one to-morrow. (Laughter.) You can't do it. (Renewed laughter and applause.) Hayes to-day has a perfect character, and that character rises before the American people to-day like a faultless edifice dome with honor, and pinnacled with patriotism. (Applause.) I will tell you something: Hayes will be the next president of the United States. (Renewed and protracted applause.) Rutherford B. Hayes carries at his belt three political scalps; one of Thurman, one of Pendleton and one of Rise-up William Allen. (Laughter.) Next November he will have another scalp at that belt. (Laughter and cheering.) If Mr. Tilden will feel the top of his head he will have a realizing sense of who furnished that fourth scalp.

Now, my friends, I want you to vote the Republican ticket. (A voice—"We will do it.") I want you to swear you will not vote for a man who opposed putting down the rebellion. I want you to swear you will not vote for a man opposed to the procla-

mation of emancipation. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man opposed to the utter abolition of slavery. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man who called the soldiers in the field Lincoln hirelings. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man who denounced Lincoln as a tyrant. I want you to swear that you will not vote for any enemy of human progress. Go and talk to every Democrat that you can see; get him by the coat-collar, talk to him, and hold him like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, with your glittering eye; hold him, tell him all the mean things his party ever did; tell him kindly; tell him in a Christian spirit as I do, but tell him. (Applause and laughter.) Recollect there never was a more important election than the one you are going to hold in Indiana. I want you every one to swear that you will vote for glorious Ben Harrison. (Tremendous applause.) I tell you we must stand by the country. It is a glorious country. It permits you and me to be free. It is the only country in the world where labor is respected. Let us support it. It is the only country in the world where the useful man is the only aristocrat. The man that works for a dollar a day, goes home at night to his little ones, takes his little boy on his knee, and he thinks that boy can achieve anything that the sons of the wealthy man can achieve. The free schools are open to him; he may be the richest, the greatest, and the grandest, and that thought sweetens every drop of sweat that rolls down the honest face of toil. (Applause.) Vote to save that country.

My friends this country is getting better every day. Samuel J. Tilden says we are a nation of thieves and rascals. If that is so he ought to be the president. But I denounce him as a calumniator of my country; a maligner of this nation. It is not so. This country is covered with asylums of the aged, the helpless, the insane, the orphans, wounded soldiers. Thieves and rascals don't build such things. In the cities of the Atlantic coast this summer, they built floating hospitals, great ships, and took the little children from the sub-cellars and narrow dirty streets of New York City, where the Democratic party is the strongest, (laughter) took these poor waifs and put them in these great hospitals out at sea, and let the breezes of oceans kiss the roses of health back to their pallid cheeks. Rascals and thieves do not do so. When Chicago burned, railroads were blocked with the charity of the American people. Thieves and rascals did not do so.

I am a Republican. (Laughter and applause.) The world is getting better. Husbands are treating their wives better than they used to; wives are treating their husbands better. Children are better treated than they use to be; the old whips and gads are out of the schools, and they are governing children by love and by sense. The world is getting better; it is getting better in Maine. (Laughter and applause.) It is getting better in every state of the North, and I tell you we are going to elect Hayes and Wheeler, and the world will then be better still. I have a dream that this world is growing better and better every day and every year; that there is more charity, more justice, more love every day. I have a dream that prisons will not always curse the earth; that the shadow of the gallows will not always fall on the land; that the withered hand of want will not always be stretched out for charity; that finally wisdom will sit in the legislatures, justice in the courts, charity will occupy all the pulpits, and that finally the world will be controlled by liberty and love, by justice and charity. That is my dream, and if it does not come true, it shall not be my fault. Good bye. (Immense and prolonged cheering.)

What Shall We Do to Be Saved?

The Fallacies of Modern Christianity Exposed—Rev. Josephus Flavius Flailed and Cooked—Boston Evening Transcript, Wednesday, April 14, 1880.

MUSIC HALL was filled in every part last night by a fine audience, attracted there by the lecture of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, of Illinois, the fiery and talented young iconoclast, whose fame as an advocate and controversialist has become national. The colonel's topic was the query, "What Shall We Do To Be Saved?" and his treatment of the subject was characteristically brilliant, satirical and humorous. He exposed the absurdities of religious cant and hypocrisy in a masterly style, which elicited continuous roars of laughter and storms of applause from the minute he appeared on the platform until he made his final bow and retired. Colonel Ingersoll was not introduced by any one, he wisely ignoring the stupid practice of introduction, coming forward and proceeding at once to the subject of his speech.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The question, "What shall we do to be saved?" has been asked for a great many hundred years, and by thousands and thousands of honest people. It has been asked by those whose faces were covered with tears, and in whose hearts was the fiend of fear. It has been pronounded by hypocrites millions and millions of times. That question has built the cathedrals and the churches; that question has allowed idleness to live upon the crust of hunger; that question has filled heaven with a tyrant and hell with devils; that question has kept this world in sorrow; that question has filled the future with fear, and has made millions and billions afraid to die; it has filled even the cradle with horror, and it has over-shadowed the path of life that we could not even see the roses and violets blooming before our very eyes.

To-night I am going to say a few words upon that subject. And before I talk, I beg every one of you to get all superstition out of your minds. Whoever is superstitious is not quite civilized. Superstition is a souvenir of the animal world. Fear is the dungeon of the soul. Superstition is the dagger by which manhood is assassinated. And as long as anybody imagines that this world was made for him, and that there is some Being who will change the order on his account, that there is some Being that will send a famine because he has not prayed enough, just so long the world will be full of fear. To illustrate superstition, Colonel Ingersoll related an anecdote of a Hebrew who went into a restaurant to get his dinner. The devil of temptation whispered in his ear, "Bacon." He knew that if there was anything that made Jehovah real white mad, it was to see anybody eating bacon; but he thought, "Maybe he is too busy watching sparrows and counting hairs to notice me;" and so he took a slice. The weather was delightful when he went into the restaurant; but when he came out the sky was overcast, the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, the earth trembled, and it was dark. He went back into the restaurant trembling with fear, and, leaning over the counter, said to the clerk: "My God, did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?"

Then Mr. Ingersoll continued: I do not believe there is any God who would give a bird wings and then damn him for flying; and why should he give a man brains and then curse him because he thinks?

Passing then to the Christian system of salvation he said it was regarded the grandest thing intellectually in the whole world. According to that system God made the world; he made a man and woman and put them in a garden with a tree, knowing that they would eat of the fruit of that tree. There was plenty of room outside the garden to have put the tree. (Laughter.) But you must recollect his ways are

not our ways. If I did not want my apples eaten I would not put people in the orchard. Thereupon they committed sin, and thereupon they were driven out; and they were no better outside than they had been in; they kept getting worse, and they finally got so bad, that this God made up His mind to drown them; at the same time His loving kindness was over all His works. He saved eight people to start again, and that was as much a mistake as the first start. They got worse and worse, and finally He had to scatter them. They still did no better, so He had to reveal Himself to a chosen people. He picked out the Hebrews and went to work at them, and I suppose He did his level best with those people. He tried to civilize them, and He imparted to them a great deal of valuable information. He told them how to cut the coat of a priest, how to kill birds for sacrifice, and that they must kill witches and wizards. They did not get any better. He told them to kill all their neighbors, and still they did not improve. He finally concluded to come Himself, and He had so far succeeded in civilizing them that they killed Him as soon as they had an opportunity. The sacrifice culminated in one offering, the offering of Himself to Himself, and that has been called the atonement.

The Christian system is that if you will believe something, you can get credit for something that somebody else did; and as you are charged with the sin of Adam, you are credited with the virtues of the Lord. I have objected to the atonement because it does not save the right man. The atonement saves not the victim, but the murderer; because, if you murder a man who has not been born again he goes to hell, while his murderer gets a chance to repent, and goes to heaven. The atonement can reach the murderer, but the white hand of God's mercy cannot reach down through the flame and smoke of hell and reach the victim. I would reverentially suggest that hereafter the doctrine of the atonement be turned about, and that if only one can be saved, let us save the victim and damn the murdered. (Applause.)

Going on to answer the question of what a man shall do to be saved, Colonel Ingersoll said: You must remember that in what I say I regard Christ himself as having been an infidel in his day and generation, I regard him as having been a reformer, opposed to all the dogma, opposed to all the frightful creeds. I see in him a placid and an honest man. For the God Christ I have no respect; for the man Christ I have admiration, and to him I pay the tribute of my tears.

Coming to the consideration of the four Gospels, he said that Christ wrote no part of them, neither did His disciples, unless it be that inspired lunatic of Patmos. Quoting from the Sermon on the Mount and then the words, "If you forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you," he said; "Now that is perfectly magnificent; that is fair." I do not ask any God to treat me better than I treat my fellow-men; no God, in my judgment, ought to; He cannot afford to refuse forgiveness to a forgiving and gentle spirit —He cannot be unmerciful to be merciful." Then noting that in these first recorded utterances of Christ there was nothing said about believing strange and unnatural things, for example, that a donkey should speak, he said:

Whenever I think about donkeys speaking I always think of the answers made to Ingersoll by the clergy of the United States, standing at the head of the tribe, Rev. Ananias Cook, of the city of Boston. And right here let me say one word personal to myself. Rev. Joseph Good has taken upon himself to say upon one occasion that I was in favor of the dissemination of obscure literature. When he made that statement he wrote across the forehead of his reputation the word "Liar." (Applause.) He is a low and infamous man. (Applause.) Meanness cannot descend below the level of him who would endeavor to destroy the reputation of another because he could not answer his argument. I despise, I execrate, with every drop of my blood, any man or woman who would stain with lust the sweet and innocent heart of youth. I despise with all my power any man who would be engaged, directly or indirectly, with the dissemination of anything that was not absolutely pure. One of my objections to the Old Testament is that in many places it is not decent. And in order to show that I am in earnest about that, any orthodox clergyman that will, on next Sunday, read to his congregation some of the chapters that I will point out to him, I will give him one hundred dollars in gold. The women will not stay to hear it if he does, and if the men stay it will be simply to chastise him for his impudence. The Rev. Mr. Cook has gone so far as to say that I was the advocate of that infamy in the city of Cincinnati. When he said it, he knew there was not one word of truth in it. He expects to be rewarded in heaven. The Rev. Joseph Cook, credit, by so many hundred lies on Robert Ingersoll, so much.

(Laughter.) I will read to you now the resolution that I read in Cincinnati, and that was passed upon that subject:

"*Resolved*, That we are utterly opposed to the dissemination, through the mails or by other means, of obscene literature, whether inspired or uninspired, and hold in measureless contempt its authors, publishers or disseminators; that we call upon the Christian world to expunge from the so-called sacred Bible every passage that cannot be read without covering the cheek of modesty with the blush of shame."

That is my position. I believe the family to be the holiest of all holies; and where there is a good family, there virtue dwells with love, it is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world.

I have this excuse to make for Mr. Cook: I understand he was in an insane asylum for one year, and if so, his friends made two mistakes—they were a little slow to put him in and a little quick to let him out. (Applause.) That man says to an audience what he dare not say to me; and in my presence he would cringe and skulk like a whipped cur. (Applause.) I have said this much simply because he lives in this city, and I beg your pardon for pronouncing his name in a decent audience.

Then continuing his comments upon the Gospel of Matthew, Colonel Ingersoll summed up and said: In Matthew we find that heaven is promised, first, to the poor in spirit; second, to the merciful, to the peacemakers; fifth, to those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake—that is me (laughter); sixth, to those who keep and teach the commandments; seventh, to those who forgive men that trespass against them; eighth, that we will be judged as we judge others; ninth, that they who receive prophets and righteous men shall receive a prophet's reward; tenth, to those who do the will of God; eleventh, that every man shall be rewarded according to his works; twelfth, to those who become as little children; thirteenth, to those who forgive the trespasses of others; fourteenth, to the perfect, they who sell all that they have and give to the poor; fifteenth, they who forsake houses and brethren and sisters and father and mother and wife and children and lands for the sake of Christ's name.

There is no Christ for whom I will leave my wife and children; there is no God for whom I will forsake my wife and children; there is no heaven that can bribe me to desert the ones I love. Bishop Doane, in a sermon a few weeks ago, said that clergymen ought not to marry, because a wife interferes with the duties of a pastor. Most of the preachers I know ought to be married if they are not. Sixteenth, to those who feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, and shelter to the stranger, clothes to the naked, comfort to the sick, and visit the prisoner. Nothing else is said with regard to salvation in the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Not one word about believing the Old Testament to have been inspired; not one word about being baptized or joining a church; not one word about believing in any miracle; not even a hint that it was necessary to believe that Christ was the Son of God, or that he did any wonderful or miraculous thing, or that he was born of a virgin, or that his coming had been foretold by the Jewish prophets. Not one word about believing in the Trinity, or in foreordination or predestination. Up to the twelfth chapter Mark agrees exactly, or substantially, with Matthew, and gives the same conditions of salvation. Nothing thus far has been said about belief, nothing of creed, nothing of dogma. Everything is dependent upon action, upon goodness, upon sincerity, purity, love, self-sacrifice. Nothing whatever upon intellectual convictions; nothing of form or ceremony. But in the last chapter we find a most frightful deviation: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

That is an infernal lie. (Applause.) That passage cost more blood than all other passages in all other books in this world. Every letter has been sword and fagot; every word has been dungeon and chain. It contradicts the sermon on the Mount; travesties the Lord's Prayer, and turns the religion of deed and duty into the superstition of creed and cruelty. (Applause.) And here is what they clinch it with: "And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." I think I can fix a dose that will lay out an average believer.

I would like to have Mr. Cook try one of them; and as he knows this is true he ought not to hesitate.

Colonel Ingersoll continued his comments upon the Gospels, and then criticised the creeds of the churches at considerable length. In conclusion, he said his Gospel was the gospel of health, of cheerfulness, of justice, of intelligence, or liberty, and of humanity.

The Gods; as They Were, as They Are, How They Grow

Criticisms Upon Their Government—From the "Boston Statesman," Friday, April 23, 1880.

The Boston Theatre was crowded Sunday evening with an excellent audience of ladies and gentlemen, who expressed much satisfaction at hearing Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture upon "The Gods," an old subject, but the discourse was almost entirely new. Colonel Ingersoll was in his usual happy mood, and spoke for more than an hour and a half in explaining the gods which people worship, how they were created, the proofs that they are not real, and then giving his prophecy of the future.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Priests have invented a crime called blasphemy. That crime is the breastwork behind which ignorance, superstition and hypocrisy have crouched for thousands of years and shot their poisoned arrows at the pioneers of human thought. (Applause.) Priests tell us that there is a God somewhere in heaven who objects to a human being thinking and expressing his thought. Priests tell us that there is a God somewhere who takes care of the people of this world; a God somewhere who watches over the widow and the orphan; a God somewhere who releases the slave; a God somewhere who visits the innocent man in prison; the same God that has allowed men for thousands of years to burn to ashes human beings simply for loving that God. (Applause.) We have been taught that it is dangerous to reason upon these subjects—extremely dangerous—and that of all crimes in the world the greatest is to deny the existence of that God. Redden your hands in innocent blood, steal the bread of the orphan, deceive, ruin and desert the beautiful girl who has loved and trusted you, and for all this you may be forgiven, for all this you can have the clear writ of that bankrupt court of the Gospel. (Laughter.) But deny the existence of one of these Gods, and the tearful face of mercy becomes lurid with eternal hate, the gates of heaven are shut against you, and you, with an infinite curse ringing in your ears, commence your wanderings as an immortal vagrant, as a deathless convict, as an eternal outcast. And we have been taught that the Infinite has become enraged at the finite simple when the finite said, "I don't know." Why, imagine it. Suppose Mr. Smith should hear a couple of small bugs in his front yard discussing the question as to the existence of Smith; and suppose one little red bug swore on the honor of a bug that, in his judgment, no such man as Smith lived. What would you think of Mr. Smith if he fell into a rage and brought his heel down on this little atheist bug and said: "I will teach you that Smith is a diabolical fact!" And yet if there is an infinite God, there is infinitely a greater difference between that God and a human being than between Shakespeare and the smallest bug that ever crawled. It cannot be; there is something wrong in this thing somewhere.

I am told, also, that this being watches over us, takes care of us. And the other day I read a sermon (you will hardly believe it, but I did). (Laughter.) I had nothing else to do. I had read everything in that paper, including the advertisements; so I read the sermon. It was a sermon by Rev. Mr. Moody on prayer, in which he took the ground that our prayer should be "Thy will be done;" and he seemed to believe that if we prayed that prayer often enough we could induce God to have his own way. (Laughter.) He gives an in-

stance of a woman in Illinois who had a sick child, and she prayed that God would not take from her arms that babe. She did not pray "Thy will be done," but she prayed, according to Mr. Moody, almost a prayer of rebellion, and said: "I cannot give up my babe." God heard her prayer, and the child got well; and Mr. Moody says it was an idiot when it got well. (Laughter.) For fifteen years that woman watched over and took care of that idiotic child; and Mr. Moody says how much better would it have been if she had allowed God to have had his own way. (Laughter.) Think of a God who would punish a mother for speaking to him from an agonizing heart and saying, "I cannot give up my babe," and making the child an idiot.

What would the devil have done under the same circumstances? (Laughter.) That is the God we are expected to worship. I range myself with the opposition. (Applause.) The next day I read another sermon preached by the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, a man of not much fancy but of great judgment. He preached a sermon on dreams, and went on to say that God often visited us in dreams, and that he often convinces men of his existence in that way. So far as I am concerned I had rather see something in the light. And, according to that sermon, there was a poor woman in England, a pauper, who had the rheumatism, and there was another pauper who had not the rheumatism; and the pauper who had not the rheumatism used to take food to the pauper that had. After a while the pauper without rheumatism died, and then the pauper with the rheumatism began to think in her own mind, who will bring me food? That night God appeared to her in a dream. He did not cure her rheumatism though. He appeared to her in a dream, and he took her out of the house and pointed on the right hand to an immense mountain of bread, and on the left hand to an immense mountain of butter. And when I read that I said to myself, my Lord, what a place that would be to start a political party. (Laughter.) And he said to her: "These belong to your father; do you think that he will allow one of his children to starve?" What a place would Ireland be with that mountain of bread and butter! Until I read these two sermons I hardly believed that in this day and generation anybody believed that God would make a child an idiot simply because the mother had prayed for its sweet dear life, or that God's visits are only in dreams. But so it is. Orthodoxy has not advanced upon the religion of the Fiji Island. It is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Now we are told that there is a God; and nearly every nation has had a God, generally a good many of them. You see the raw material was so cheap, and gods were manufactured to easily, that heaven has always been crammed with the phantoms of these monsters. But they say that is a god, and every savage tribe believes in a god. It is an argument made to me every day. I concede to you that fact; I concede to you that all savages agree with you. (Laughter.) I admit it takes a certain amount of civilization, a certain amount of thought, to rise above the idea that some personal being, for his own ends, for his own glory, made and governs this universe. (Applause.) I admit that it takes some thought to see the universe is good and all that is good, and every star that shines is a part of God, and I am something, no matter how little, and that the infinite cannot exist without me, and that, therefore, I am a part of the infinite. I admit that it takes a little civilization to get to that point.

Now, every nation has made a god, and every man that has made a god has used himself for a pattern; and men have put into the mouth of their god all their mistakes in astronomy, in geography, in philosophy, in morality, and the god is never wiser or better than his creators. If they believed in slavery, so did he; if they believed in eating human flesh, he wanted his share; if they were polygamous, so was he; if they were cruel, so was he. And just to the extent that man has become civilized, he has civilized his god. You can hardly imagine the progress our God has made in four thousand years. Four thousand years ago he was a barbarian; to-night he is quite an educated gentleman. Four thousand years ago he believed in killing and butchering little babes at the breasts of their mothers; he has reformed. Four thousand years ago he did not believe in taking prisoners of war. He said, kill the old men; mingle their blood with the white hair. Kill the women. But what shall we do, O God, with the maidens? Give them to satisfy the lust of the soldiers and of the priests! (Applause.) If there is anywhere in the serene heaven a real God, I want him to write in the book of his eternal remembrance, opposite my name, that I deny that lie for him. (Applause.)

Four thousand years ago God was in favor of slavery; four thousand years ago our God would have a man beaten to death with rugged rocks for expressing his honest thought; four thousand years ago our God told the husband to kill his wife if she

disagreed with him upon the important subject of religion; four thousand years ago our God was a monster; and if He is any better now, it is simply because we have made him so. I am talking about the God of the Christian world. There may be, for aught I know, upon the shore of the eternal vast, some Being whose very thought is the constellation of those numberless stars. I do not know, but if there is he has never written a Bible; he has never been in favor of slavery; he has never advocated polygamy, and he never told the murderer to sheathe his dagger in the dimpled breast of a babe. But they say to me, Our God has written a book. I am glad he did, and it is by that book I propose to judge them. I find in that book that it was a crime to eat of the tree of knowledge. I find that the church has always been the enemy of education, and I find that the church still carries the flaming sword of ignorance and bigotry over the tree of knowledge.

And if that story is true, ought we not after all to thank the devil? He was the first schoolmaster; he was the first to whisper liberty in our ears; he was the author of modesty. (Applause.) He was the author of ambition and progress. And as for me, give me the storm and tempest of thought and action rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith. Punish me when and how you will, but first let me eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. And there is one peculiar thing I might as well speak of here. While the world has made gods, it has also made devils; and as a rule the devils have been better friends to man than the gods. It was not a devil that drowned the world; it was not a devil that covered with the multitudinous waves of an infinite sea the corpses of men, women and children.

That was the good God. The devil never sent pestilence and famine; the devil never starved women and children; that was the good God. The meanest thing recorded of the devil is what happened concerning my servant Job. According to that book God met the devil and said: "Where have you been?" "Oh, been walking up and down." "Have you noticed my man Job? Nobody like him!" "Well, who wouldn't be; you have given him everything; but take away what he has, and he will curse you to your face." And so the devil went to work and tried it. It was a mean thing. And that was all done to decide what you might call a wager on a difference of opinion between the serene highnesses. He took away his property, but Job didn't sin; and when God met the devil he said: "Well, what did I tell you, smarty?" "Ah," he said, "that is all very well, but you touch his flesh and he will curse you." And he did, but Job didn't curse him. And then what did God do to help him? He gave him some other children better looking than the first ones. What kind of an idea is that for a god to kill our children and then give us better looking ones? If you have loved a child, I don't care if it is deformed—if you have held it in your arms and covered its face with kisses, you want that child back, and not another.

I find in this Bible that there was an old gentleman a little short of the article of hair. And as he was going through the town a number of little children cried out to him, "Go up, thou baldhead!" And this man of God turned and cursed them. A real good-humored old fellow! And two bears came out of the woods and tore in pieces forty-two children! How did the bears get there? Elisha could not control the bears. Nobody could control the bears in that way. Now, just think of an infinite God making a shining star having his attention attracted by hearing some children saying to an old gentleman, "Go up, thou baldhead!" and then speaking to his secretary or somebody else, "Bring in a couple of bears now!" What a magnificent God! What would the devil have done under these circumstances? And yet that is the God they want to put into the Constitution in order to make our children gentle and kind and loving.

You hate a God like that. I do; I despise him. And yet little children in the Sabbath-school are taught that infamous lie. Why, I have very little respect for an old man that will get mad about such a thing, anyway. What would the Christian world say of me if I should have a few children torn to pieces if they should make that remark in my face? What would the devil have done under the same circumstances?

I tell you, I cannot worship a God who is no better than the devil! I cannot do it. And if you will just read the Old Testament with the bandage off your eyes and the cloud of fear from your heart, you will come to the conclusion that it was written not only by men but by barbarians, by savages, and that it is totally unworthy of a civilized age. I believe in no God who believes in slavery. I will worship no God who ever said that one of his children should own another of his children. But they say to me, There must be a God somewhere! Well, I say I don't know. There may be. I hope there is more than one—

one is so lonesome. (Laughter.) Just think of an old bachelor, always alone! I want more than one. And they say, Somebody must have made this world! Well, I say I don't know. But it strikes me that the indestructible cannot be created. What would you make it of? "Oh, nothing!" Well, it strikes me that nothing, considered in the light of raw material, is a decided failure. For my part, I cannot conceive of force apart from matter, and I cannot conceive of matter apart from force. I cannot conceive of force somewhere without acting upon something, because force must be active, or if it is not force and it has no matter to act upon it ceases to be force. I cannot conceive of the smallest atom of matter staying together without force. Besides, if some god made all this, there must have been some morning when he commenced! And if he has existed always, there is an eternity back of that when he never did anything—when he lived in an infinite hole, without side or bottom! He did not think, for there was nothing to think about. Certainly he did not remember, for nothing had ever happened. Now I cannot conceive of this! I do not say it is not so. I might be damned for my smartness, yet (laughter) I simply say I cannot conceive of it, that is all. But men tell me, You cannot conceive of eternity! That is just what I can conceive of. I cannot conceive of it stopping. They say I cannot conceive of infinite space! That is just what I can conceive of, because, let me imagine all I can, my imagination will stand upon the verge and see infinite space beyond. Infinite space is a necessity of the mind, because I cannot think of enough matter to fill it. Eternity is a necessity of the mind, because I cannot dream of the cessation of time. But they say there is a design in the world, consequently there must be a designer. Well, I don't know.

Paley says the more wonderful a thing is, the greater the necessity for creation; that a watch is a wonderful thing, and that it must have had a creator; that the watchmaker is more wonderful than the watch, therefore he must have had a creator. Then we come to God; he is altogether more wonderful than the watchmaker, therefore he had no creator. (Laughter.) There is a link out somewhere; I don't pretend to understand it. And so I say, that had the world been any other way, you would have seen the same evidence of design, precisely. We grow up with the conditions, and you cannot imagine of a first cause. Why?

Every cause has an effect. Strike your hands together; they feel warm. The effect becomes a cause instantly, and that cause produces another effect, and the effect another cause; and there could not have been a cause until there was an effect. Because until there was an effect, nothing had been caused; until something had been caused. I am positive there was no cause. Now, you cannot conceive of a lost effect, because the lost effect of which you can think will in turn become a cause, and that cause produce another effect. And as you cannot think of a lost effect, you cannot think of a first cause; it is not thinkable by the human mind.

They say God governs this world. Why does he not govern Russia as well as he does Massachusetts? Why does he allow the Czar to send beautiful girls of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, simply for saying a word in favor of human liberty, to mines in Siberia, where, harnessed like wild beasts, they draw carts, with knees bruised and bleeding, with hands scarred and swollen? What is that God worth that allows such things in the world he governs? Did he govern this country when it had four millions of slaves?—when it turned the cross of Christ into a whipping-post—when the holy Bible was an auction block on which the mother stood while her babe was sold from her breast?—when bloodhounds were considered apostles? Was God governing the world when the prisoners were confined in the Bastille? It seems to me, if there is a God, and some one would repeat the word "Bastille" it would cover almost his face with the blood of shame. But they say heaven will balance all the ills of life. Let us see: A large majority of us are sinners—at least a large majority with whom I am acquainted; and a majority of the Christians with whom I am acquainted are worse than sinners. And if their doctrine is true, you will be astonished at the gentlemen you will see in hell that day. You will know by the cast of their countenance that they used to preach here. They say that it may be that the sinners here have a very good time, and that the Christians don't have a very good time; that it is awful hard work to serve the Lord, and that you carry a cross when you deny yourself the delights of murder and forgery, and all manner of rascality that fills life with delight. But they say that while the rascals are having a good time, they will catch it in the other world. But, according to their account, ninety-nine out of a hundred will be damned, and I think it will be a close call for the hundredth. Like that dear old Scotch woman, when she was talking about the Presbyterian faith, some one said to

her: "My dear woman, if your doctrine is true, nobody but you and your husband will be saved." "Ah," said she, "I'm na' sae sure about John." (Laughter.)

About one in a hundred will be saved and the other ninety-nine will be in misery. So that, on the average, there will not be half as much happiness in the next world as in this. So, instead of God's plan getting better, it gets worse; and throughout all the ages of eternity there will be less happiness than in this world. This world is a school; this world is where we develop moral muscle. It may be we are here simply because men cannot advance only through agony and pain. If it is necessary to have pain and agony to advance morally, then nobody can advance in heaven. Hell will be the only place offering opportunities to any gentleman who wishes to increase his moral muscle. A gentleman once asked me if I could suggest any improvement on the present order of things, if I had the power. Well, I said, in the first place I would make good health catching instead of disease. (Laughter.) There will be no humanity until we get the orthodox God out of our religion. I want to do what little I can to put another one in God's name, so that we will worship a supreme human god; so that we will worship mercy, justice, love and truth, and not have the idea that we must sacrifice our brother upon the altar of fear to please some imaginary phantom. See what Christianity has done for the world! It has reduced Spain to a guitar, Italy to a hand organ, and Ireland to exile. The country that has the least religion is the most prosperous, the country that has the most religion is in the worst condition. Concluding Ingersoll said: In the vast cemetery called the past are most of the religions of men; and there, too, are nearly all their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over column and cornice; over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden, with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the somber, punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi, the white-armed, and Chrishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun still smites the lips of Memnon; but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs wrought in curiously sculptured stone sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul; Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer, dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and the cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills and covered with the centuries' moss are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs have died out in the ashes of the past, and there is none to rekindle and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees will wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danae lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of the prophets, and the land once flowing with milk and honey is but a desert waste. One by one the myths have faded from the clouds; one by one the phantom host has disappeared, and, one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their places. The supernatural has almost gone, but man is the natural remains. The Gods have fled, but man is here. (Applause.) Nations, like individuals, have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay. Religions are the same. The same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods created with the nations must perish with their creators. They were created by men, and, like men, they must pass away. The deities of one age are the by-words of the next. The religion of our day, and country, is no more exempt from the sneer of the future than others have been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the sceptre passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece, with her fierce valor, swept to empire, and Zeus put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons and Jove grasped with mailed hand the thunderbolts of heaven. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory, with the red sword of war, carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now Jehovah sits upon the old throne. Who will be his successor?

The Chinese God

WASHINGTON, March 27, 1880.

To-day Messrs. Wright, Dickey, O'Conner and Murch, of the select committee on the causes of the present depression of labor, presented the majority special report upon Chinese immigration.

These gentlemen are in great fear for the future of our most holy and perfectly authenticated religion, and have, like faithful watchmen, from the walls and towers of Zion, hastened to give the alarm. They have informed the congress that "Joss has his temple of worship in the Chinese quarters, in San Francisco. Within the walls of a dilapidated structure is exposed to the view of the faithful the God of the Chinaman, and here are his altars of the Chinaman, and here are his altars of worship. Here he tears up his pieces of paper; here he offers up his prayers; here he receives his religious consolations, and here is his road to the celestial land." That "Joss is located in a long, narrow room, in the building in a back alley, upon a kind of altar;" that "he is a wooden image, looking as much like an alligator as like a human being;" that the Chinese "think there is such a place as heaven;" that "all classes of Chinamen worship idols;" that "the temple is open every day at all hours;" that "the Chinese have no Sunday;" that this heathen god has "huge jaws, a big red tongue, large white teeth, a half dozen arms, and big, fiery eyeballs. About him are placed offerings of meat and other eatables—a sacrificial offering."

No wonder that these members of the committee were shocked at such a god, knowing as they did that the only true God was correctly described by the inspired lunatic of Patmos in the following words:

"And there sat in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks one like unto the son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength."

Certainly, a large mouth, filled with white teeth, is preferable to one used as the scabbard of a sharp, two-edged sword. Why should these gentlemen object to a god with big fiery eyeballs, when their own Deity has eyes like a flame of fire?

Is it not a little late in the day to object to people because they sacrifice meat and other eatables to their gods? We all know that for thousands of years the "real" God was exceedingly fond of roasted meat; that He loved the savor of burning flesh, and delighted in the perfume of fresh warm blood.

The following account of the manner in which the "living God" desired that His people should sacrifice, tends to show the degradation and religious blindness of the Chinese:

"Aaron therefore went unto the altar and slew the calf of the sin-offering which was for himself. And the sons of Aaron brought the blood unto him. And he dipped his fingers in the blood and put it upon the horns of the altar, and poured out the blood at the bottom of the altar; but the fat and the kidneys and the caul above the liver of the sin-offering he burnt upon the altar, as the Lord commanded Moses, and the flesh and the hide he burnt with the fire without the camp. And he slew the burnt offering. And Aaron's sons presented unto him the blood which he sprinkled around about the altar. * * * And he brought the meat offering and took a handful thereof and burnt upon the altar. * * He slew also the bullock and the ram for a sacrifice of peace offering, which was for the people. And Aaron's sons presented unto him the blood which he sprinkled upon the altar, round about, and the fat of the bullock and of

the ram, the rump and that which covereth the inwards, and the kidneys, and the caul above the liver, and they put the fat upon the breasts and he burnt the fat upon the altar. And the breasts and the right shoulder Aaron waved for a wave-offering before the Lord, as Moses had commanded."

If the Chinese only did something like this, we would know that they worshiped the "living" God. The idea that the supreme head of the "American system of religion" can be placated with a little meat and "ordinary eatables," is simply preposterous. He has always asked for blood, and has always asserted that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin.

The world is also informed by these gentlemen that "the idolatry of the Chinese produces a demoralizing effect upon our American youth by bringing sacred things into disrespect, and making religion a theme of disgust and contempt."

In San Francisco there are some three hundred thousand people. Is it possible that a few Chinese can bring "our holy religion" into disgust and contempt? In that city there are fifty times as many churches as joss-houses. Scores of sermons are uttered every week; religious books and papers are plentiful as leaves in autumn, and somewhat dryer; thousands of bibles are within the reach of all. And there, too, is the example of a Christian city.

Why should we send missionaries to China if we can not convert the heathen when they come here? When missionaries go to a foreign land, the poor, benighted people have to take their word for the blessings showered upon a Christian people; but when the heathen come here they can see for themselves. What was simply a story becomes a demonstrated fact. They come in contact with people who love their enemies. They see that in a Christian land men tell the truth; that they will not take advantage of strangers; that they are just and patient; kind and tender; and have no prejudice on account of color, race, or religion; that they look upon mankind as brethren; that they speak of God as a universal Father, and are willing to work, and even to suffer, for the good not only of their own countrymen, but of the heathen as well. All this the Chinese see and know, and why they still cling to the religion of their country is to me a matter of amazement.

We all know that the disciples of Jesus do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, and that those of Confucius do not unto others anything that they would not that others should do unto them. Surely, such people ought to live together in perfect peace. Rising with the subject, growing heated with a kind of holy indignation, these Christian representatives of a Christian people most solemnly declare that:

Anyone who is really endowed with a correct knowledge of our religious system which acknowledges the existence of a living God and an accountability to Him, and a future state of reward and punishment, who feels that he has an apology for this abominable pagan worship is not a fit person to be ranked as a good citizen of the American union. It is absurd to make any apology for its toleration. It must be abolished, and the sooner the decree goes forth by the power of this government the better it will be for the interests of this land.

I take this, the earliest opportunity, to inform these gentlemen composing a majority of the committee that we have in the United States no "religious system;" that this is a secular government. That it has no religious creed; that it does not believe nor disbelieve in a future state of reward and punishment; that it neither affirms nor denies the existence of a "living God;" and that the only God, so far as this government is concerned, is the legally expressed will of a majority of the people. Under our flag the Chinese have the same right to worship a wooden god that you have to worship any other. The Constitution protects equally the church of Jehovah and the house of Joss. Whatever their relative positions may be in heaven, they stand upon a perfect equality in the United States. This Government is an infidel Government. We have a Constitution with man put in it and God left out; and it is the glory of this country that we have such a Constitution.

It may be surprising to you that I have an apology for pagan worship, yet I have. And it is the same one that I have for the writers of this report. I account for both by the word *superstition*. Why should we object to their worshiping God as they please? If the worship is improper, the protestation should come not from a committee of congress, but from God himself. If he is satisfied, that is sufficient.

Our religion can only be brought into contempt by the action of those who profess to be governed by its teachings. This report will do more in that direction than millions of Chinese could do by burning pieces of paper before a wooden image. If you wish to impress the Chinese with

the value of your religion, of what you are pleased to call "the American system," show them that Christians are better than heathens. Prove to them that what you are pleased to call the "living God" teaches higher and holier things, a grander and purer code of morals than can be found upon pagan pages. Excel these wretches in industry, in honesty, in reverence for parents, in cleanliness, in frugality; and above all by advocating the absolute liberty of human thought.

Do not trample upon these people because they have a different conception of things about which even this committee knows nothing.

Give them the same privilege you enjoy of making a God after their own fashion. And let them describe him as they will. Would you be willing to have them remain, if one of their race, thousands of years ago, had pretended to have seen God, and had written of him as follows: "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth; coals were kindled by it, * * * and he rode upon a cherub and did fly." Why should you object to these people on account of their religion? Your objection has in it the spirit of hate and intolerance. Of that spirit the inquisition was born. That spirit lighted the fagot, made the thumbscrew, put chains upon the limbs, and lashes upon the backs of men. The same spirit bought and sold, captured and kidnapped human beings; sold babes, and justified all the horrors of slavery.

Congress has nothing to do with the religion of the people. Its members are not responsible to God for the opinions of their constituents, and it may tend to the happiness of the constituents for me to state that they are in no way responsible for the religion of the members. Religion is an individual, not a national matter. And where the nation interferes with the right of conscience, the liberties of the people are devoured by the monster Superstition.

If you wish to drive out the Chinese, do not make a pretext of religion. Do not pretend that you are trying to do God a favor. Injustice in His name is doubly detestable. The assassin cannot sanctify his dagger by falling on his knees, and it does not help a falsehood if it be uttered as a prayer. Religion, used, to intensify the hatred of men toward men, under the pretense of pleasing God, has cursed this world.

A portion of this most remarkable report is intensely religious. There is in it almost the odor of sanctity; and when reading it, one is impressed with the living piety of its authors. But on the twenty-fifth page, there are a few passages that must pain the hearts of true believers. Leaving their religious views, the members immediately betake themselves to philosophy and prediction. Listen:

"The Chinese race and the American citizen, whether native-born or who is eligible to our naturalization laws and becomes a citizen, are in a state of antagonism. They cannot, nor will not, ever meet upon common ground and occupy together the same so-called level. This is impossible. The pagan and the Christian travel different paths. This one believes in a living God; that one in the type of monsters and worship of wood and stone. Thus in the religion of the two races of men, they are as wide apart as the poles of the two hemispheres. They cannot now, nor never (sic) will, approach the same religious altar. The Christian will not recede to barbarism, nor will the Chinese advance to the enlightened belt (wherever it is) of civilization. * * * He cannot be converted to those modern ideas of religious worship which have been accepted by Europe, and which crown the American system."

Christians used to believe that through their religion all the nations of the earth were finally to be blest. In accordance with that belief the missionaries have been sent to every land, and untold wealth has been expended for what has been called the spread of the Gospel.

I am almost sure that I have read somewhere that "Christ died for all men," and that "God is no respecter of persons." It was once taught that it was the duty of Christians to tell to all people the "tidings of great joy." I have never believed these things myself, but have always contended that an honest merchant was the best missionary. Commerce makes friends, religion makes enemies; the one enriches, and the other impoverishes; the one thrives best where the truth is told, the other where falsehoods are believed. For myself, I have but little confidence in any business, or enterprise, or investment, that promises dividends only after the death of the stockholders.

But I am astonished that four Christian statesmen, four members of Congress in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, who seriously object to people on account of their religious convictions, should still assert that the very religion in which they believe—and the only religion established by the living God-head of the American system—is not adapted to the spiritual

needs of one-third of the human race. It is amazing that these four gentlemen have, in the defense of the Christian religion, announced the discovery that it is wholly inadequate for the civilization of mankind; that the light of the cross can never penetrate the darkness of China; "that all the labors of the missionary, the example of the good, the exalted character of our civilization, makes no impression upon the pagan life of the Chinese;" and that even the report of this committee will not tend to elevate, refine and Christianize the yellow heathen, of the Pacific coast. In the name of religion these gentlemen have denied its power and mocked at the enthusiasm of its founder. Worse than this, they have predicted for the Chinese a future of ignorance and idolatry in this world, and, if the "American system" of religion is true, hellfire in the next.

For the benefit of these four philosophers and prophets, I will give a few extracts from the writings of Confucius that will, in my judgment, compare favorably with the best passages of their report:

"My doctrine is that man must be true to the principles of his nature, and the benevolent exercises of them toward others.

"With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and with my bended arm for a pillow, I still have joy.

"Riches and honor acquired by injustice are to me but floating clouds.

"The man who, in view of gain, thinks of righteousness; who, in view of danger, forgets life, and who remembers an old agreement, however far back it extends, such a man may be reckoned a complete man.

"Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness."

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life: Reciprocity is that word.

When the ancestors of the four Christian Congressmen were barbarians, when they lived in caves, gnawed bones, and worshiped dry snakes, the infamous Chinese were reading these sublime sentences of Confucius. When the forefathers of these Christian statesmen were hunting toads to get the jewels out of the heads to be used as charms, the wretched Chinese were calculating eclipses and measuring the circumference of the earth. When the progenitors of these representatives of the "American system of religion" were burning women charged with nursing devils, these people, "incapable of being influenced by the exalted character of our civilization," were building asylums for the insane.

Neither should it be forgotten that, for thousands of years, the Chinese have honestly practiced the great principle known as civil service reform—a something that even the administration of Mr. Hayes has reached only through the proxy of promise.

If we wish to prevent the immigration of the Chinese, let us reform our treaties with the vast empire from whence they came. For thousands of years the Chinese secluded themselves from the rest of the world. They did not deem the Christian nations fit to associate with. We forced ourselves upon them. We called, not with cards, but with cannon. The English battered down the door in the name of Opium and Christ. The infamy was regarded as another triumph for the Gospel. At last, in self-defense, the Chinese allowed Christians to touch their shores. Their wise men, their philosophers protested, and prophesied that time would show that Christians could not be trusted. This report proves that the wise men were not only philosophers, but prophets.

Treat China as you would England. Keep a treaty while it is in force. Change it if you will, according to the laws of nations, but on no account excuse a breach of national faith by pretending that we are dishonest for God's sake.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Modern Thinkers

Introduction to a Book Embodying Some Recent Essays—Chicago Times, Monday, June 21, 1880.

The *Times* some time since published a series of papers, under the general caption of "Modern Thinkers," which have been collected and published in book form, with an introduction by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. This introduction, with the author's preface, is published below. Grouped under the names of diverse and unlike schools of thought, the book presents virtually the successive postulates whose assertion and defense constitute the history of the progress toward a social science during the past hundred years. The preface and introduction state who the leaders are. The essay on Swedenborg is, however, a brief history of the historical origin of some of the most vital beliefs in Christianity. That on Adam Smith is a condensed history of a political economy from Quesnay to Cary. That on Thomas Paine is an analysis of the function which the revolutionary spirit performs in developing civilization.

PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

This book is both a product and a proof of the extent to which, in America, the daily press, owing to its greater wealth, circulation and enterprise, is performing for the people, as rapidly as the demand arises, the function which in Europe is performed by the reviews—viz., that of supplying discussions of the more abstract elements of politics and sociology, and rendering the reading public familiar to some extent with the philosophic systems of leading thinkers. The articles embraced in this volume were written for the Chicago *Times*, at the request of Mr. Story, its editor, and published in its Saturday edition, which has a circulation of some 60,000 copies, before being collected in book form. Most of them attracted very general attention, and letters of criticism, commendation and response came in to them from the most distant and unexpected quarters of the globe, as well as from points near at hand. One request for their publication in book form comes from a German residing in Egypt; another from a Frenchman in Quebec. The fact that the most experienced, enterprising and successful daily journalist now living should open his columns to expositions of current philosophic and sociological systems, requiring so much space, and that they should be widely read and preserved by those who have read them in this form, indicates that there is an increasing demand on the part of the public for thought that is independent of any and all forms of theological bias. The people demand to know, not merely what seers and prophets, oracles and men, acting under some form of hysterical infatuation or supernatural frenzy, have taught, for there is always a liability that these may be lunatics, but also what the calm scholars and rigid investigators, who were favored with no divine afflatus, have thought concerning man, his origin, duty and destiny. For, while a few of the latter, like Newton and Comte, have suffered from cerebral disease brought on by stress of mental labor, even those differ from seers like Swedenborg and Mahomet, in the fact that we are not indebted to their disease for their revelations. Philosophers as well as prophets may be the subjects of catalepsy or of lunacy; but a marked distinction still reigns, if the latter, like Mahomet, commune with angels only while foaming at the mouth, while the former, like Comte, elaborate their philosophic systems only after all signs of mental distress have disappeared.

No attempt has been made in the following volume to collect the views of merely

speculative philosophers or metaphysicians—those who undertake to consider the nature of knowledge, of being, of consciousness, of ideas, or of the sources of any of these. It has designedly nothing to say of Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Hamilton, or any of the German metaphysicians from Spinoza to Hegel. It aims only to present a few of the leading thinkers upon social science; upon the great questions arising out of the evils that afflict society, and the supposed means of scientifically and philosophically counteracting them. It endeavors, however, to elucidate the systems of each more constructively and sympathetically than is usually done in histories of philosophy.

Swedenborg thought society would derive its greatest salvation from an entire renovation of the accepted creeds of Christianity. Spiritualizing what had become materialized and converting hell from a lake of flame into a love of self, and heaven from a jeweled city into an amiable character, he then adhered to the spiritualized word, thus obtained or created, as the most potent means of renovating society through the purification of its individual members. Though his means were theological, his end was social.

Adam Smith thought wealth, industry, division of labor, the introduction of money and freedom of exchange, to be the great progressive forces in society, though for eighteen centuries Christianity had been compelled, by the narrow social views which attended its origin, to decry wealth, and the love and pursuit of it as the source of all misery. Dr. Smith founded a school of economists whose views as to the method of counteracting the evils of society are none the less hostile to those of the sermon on the mount, from the fact that the economical writers seldom so much as deign to notice the hostility.

Jeremy Bentham discovered that crime was not an impulse of the devil, but a result of imperfect development, and taught mankind that the reform of many of our evils lay in governing men less and teaching them more. Both Smith and Bentham were as eminent positive scientific philosophers as if they had sat under the teachings of Auguste Comte.

Thomas Paine was the representative critic, destroyer and revolutionist of his period, but his end at all times was such a reconstruction of society as would prevent the building up of an aristocratic governing class, by keeping the wheel of popular elections in perpetual revolution. His political ideas corresponded more closely with the actual form and structure of the American government than those of any of his contemporaries. This entitles him to a front rank as a social philosopher.

Charles Fourier and Herbert Spencer have made sociology their chief end and aim. Ernst Haeckel put in a scientific form the evidence of the spontaneous evolution of man, the individual, from the lower forms of life, thus knocking the last prop that sustained the toleological and supernatural theories of the evolution of society. He who writes a scientific genesis for man begins the true history and philosophy of society at its actual beginning. According to Haeckel, the child begins in the womb, where human society begins in its true Adam —viz., in a cell clothed in protoplasm. All the subsequent growth arises out of adaptation to its environment and heredity. The great powers, therefore, which make up progress are tact and talent. Tact is that which adapts each life to its environment, from the mote that basks in the sunbeam, to the millionaire that controls a railway. Talent is the growth which each life underwent in its parent, the original inheritance of caliber, vitality and force with which offsprings are born into the world. All creation, including the creation of society, is the evolution, by material forms, of these two innate powers, equally present in a worm and in a Webster; the extent and complexity of the environment upon which they act growing always with the diversity and complexity of the mechanism through which they act.

Auguste Comte could not have fitly closed the theological and metaphysical periods in his own person had he not by example boldly taught the world that the business of god-making was a legitimate branch of human industry. It was philosophically impossible for any man to imagine a god that would not be a product of human imagination. But Comte, as an ambitious and scientific manufacturer of Deity, could not be content with taking some fraction, or attribute, or type of humanity, whether Jewish, Greek or Roman, for his idol, but must embrace in one comprehensive act of worship the entire stock, whatever it might inventory. Comte attempted to substitute sociology for theology, sociolatry for idolatry, and sociocracy for democracy, plutocracy and ecclesiocracy.

Although but a century has passed since Swedenborg, Bentham, Adam Smith and Thomas Paine taught, the political ideas of the three last have passed into the creed of the common people, and the theologians of

the present day would be extremely glad to compromise on Swedenborg's view of the Word, if they could thereby rescue it from its impending utter extinction as a power over human thought. The tendency of society for half a century past has rapidly been toward a complete realization of many of the social theories, both of Fourier and Comte, unlike as their views are in their details. Spencer and Haeckel expound evolution amidst the applause of the generation that hears them, with the assurance that all theological expositions, having already been banished from scientific minds, cannot long dwell in the popular mind.

To this state of facts the question that comes up from every quarter is, "What are you going to give us in place of the idols and myths you are destroying?" And to this the great thinkers answer, in substance, "We will give you the patience that is content to assume to know only that which human faculties have the capacity to reduce to knowledge. We will give you the knowledge which does all that has ever been done to adorn, bless, ennoble human life. If we should discover any fact concerning another life, we will give it to you as freely as we would give those concerning this life. We will give you all that the educated and scientific men of the world ever believed, viz., the accumulated results of all observation, experiment and comparison. We will impose upon you no guesses which nature has endowed us with no faculties for verifying."

"It took two hundred years," says Condorcet, "for Archimedes' and Apollonius' investigations in mathematics and astronomy to so perfect the science of navigation as to save the sailor from shipwreck." But when the science was perfected, it totally superseded the efforts of the human mind to control, through prayers and sacrifices, that divine mind which controlled the seas and the winds, or to secure safety for the ship by exerting a supernatural influence over its environment. So long as prayer strove to adapt the seas to the ship it went down. When science adapted the ship to the seas it sailed on. It cost a like period of study before chemists discovered that the basilisk which haunted cellars, which was invisible, but which killed all whom it looked upon, was carbonic acid gas. But when this was discovered the basilisk's dreadful eye was no longer fatal. The world is still filled with invisible basilisks, invisible save as knowledge makes them visible, but killing their millions. Epidemic diseases, cruel and false social theories, vast social wrongs and oppressions, great theological wastes of wealth relatively to no purpose, compared with the good it might effect, are among these basilisks. Incantations have been chanted over them, but they still kill. Anathemas and prayers have failed to exterminate them. Slowly but surely the world's great thinkers are exterminating them, for what they think to-day forms the creed of educated men to-morrow, and of all men on the day after.

INTRODUCTION BY BOB INGERSOLL.

If others who read this book get as much information as I did from the advance sheets, they will feel repaid a hundred times. It is perfectly delightful to take advantage of the conscientious labors of those who go through volume after volume, divide with infinite patience the gold from the dross, and present us with the pure and shining coin. Such men may be likened to bees who save us numberless journeys by giving us the fruit of their own.

While this book will greatly add to the information of all who read it, it may not increase the happiness of some to find that Swedenborg was really insane. But when they remember that he was raised by a bishop, and disappointed in love, they will cease to wonder at his mental condition. Certainly an admixture of theology and "disprized love" is often sufficient to compel reason to abdicate the throne of the mightiest soul.

The trouble with Swedenborg was that he changed realities into dreams, and then out of the dreams made fact, upon which he built, and with which he constructed his system.

He regarded all realities as shadows cast by ideas. To him the material was the unreal, and things were definitions of the ideas of God. He seemed to think that he had made a discovery when he found that ideas were back of words and that language had a subjective as well as an objective origin—that is, that the interior meaning had been clothed upon. Of course a man capable of drawing the conclusion that natural reason cannot harmonize with spiritual truth because he had seen a beetle in a dream that could not use its feet, is capable of any absurdity of which the imagination can conceive. The fact is that Swedenborg believed the Bible. That was his misfortune. His mind had been overpow-

ered by the bishop, but the woman had not utterly destroyed his heart. He was shocked by the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, and sought to avoid the difficulty by giving new meanings consistent with the decency and goodness of God. He pointed out a way to preserve the old Bible with a new interpretation. In this way infidelity would be avoided; and, in his day, that was almost a necessity. Had Swedenborg taken the ground that the Bible was not inspired, the ears of the world would have been stopped. His readers believed in the dogma of inspiration, and asked not how to destroy the Scriptures but for some way in which they might be preserved. He and his followers unconsciously rendered immense service to the cause of intellectual enfranchisement by their efforts to show the necessity of giving new meanings to the barbarous laws and cruel orders of Jehovah. For this purpose they attacked with great fury the literal text, taking the ground that if the old interpretation was right the Bible was the work of savage men. They heightened in every way the absurdities, cruelties and contradictions of the Scriptures for the purpose of showing that a new interpretation must be found, and that the way pointed out by Swedenborg was the only one by which the Bible could be saved.

Great men are, after all, the instrumentalities of their time. The heart of the civilized world was beginning to revolt at the cruelties ascribed to God, and was seeking for some interpretation of the Bible that kind and loving people could accept. The method of interpretation found by Swedenborg was suitable for all. Each was permitted to construct his own "science of correspondence" and gather such fruits as he might prefer. In this way the ravings of revenge can be instantly changed to mercy's melting tones and the murderer's dagger to a smile of love. In this way, and in no other, can we explain the numberless mistakes and crimes ascribed to God. Thousands of most excellent people, afraid to throw away the idea of inspiration, hailed with joy a discovery that allowed them to write a Bible for themselves.

But, whether Swedenborg was right or not, every man who reads a book necessarily gets from that book all that he is capable of receiving. Every man who walks in the forest, or gathers a flower, or looks at a picture, or stands by the sea, gets all the intellectual wealth he is capable of receiving. What the forest, the flower, the picture, or the sea, is to him, depends upon his mind and upon the stage of development he has reached. So that, after all, the Bible must be a different book to each person who reads it, as the revelations of nature depend upon the individual to whom they are revealed or by whom they are discovered. And the extent of the revelation or discovery depends absolutely upon the intellectual and moral development of the person to whom, or by whom, the revelation or discovery is made. So that the Bible cannot be the same to any two people, but each one must necessarily interpret it for himself. Now, the moment the doctrine is established that we can give to this book such meanings as are consistent with our highest ideals; that we can treat the old words as purses or old stockings in which to put our gold, then each one will, in effect, make a new inspired Bible for himself and throw the old away. If his mind is narrow, if he has been raised by ignorance and nursed by fear, he will believe in the literal truth of what he reads. If he has a little courage he will doubt, and the doubt will with new interpretations modify the literal text, but if his soul is free he will with scorn reject it all.

Swedenborg did one thing for which I feel almost grateful. He gave an account of having met John Calvin in hell.

Nothing connected with the supernatural could be more perfectly natural than this. The only thing detracting from the value of this report is that, if there is a hell, we know without visiting the place that John Calvin must be there.

All honest founders of religions have been the dreamers of dreams, the sport of insanity, the prey of visions, the deceivers of others and of themselves. All will admit that Swedenborg was a man of great intellect, of vast acquirements, and of honest intentions; and I think it equally clear that upon one subject, at least, his mind was touched, shattered and shaken.

Misled by analogies, imposed upon by the bishop, deceived by the woman, borne to other worlds upon the wings of dreams, living in the twilight of reason and the dawn of insanity, he regarded every fact as a patched and ragged garment with a lining of costly silk, and insisted that the wrong side, even of the silk, was far more beautiful than the right.

Herbert Spencer is almost the opposite of Swedenborg. He relies upon evidence, upon demonstration, upon experience, and occupies himself with one world at a time. He perceives that there is a mental horizon that we cannot pierce, and beyond that is the unknown—possibly the unknowable. He endeavors to examine only that which is

capable of being examined, and considers the theological method as not only useless but hurtful. After all, God is but a guess, throned and established by arrogance and assertion. Turning his attention to those things that have in some way affected the condition of mankind, Spencer leaves the unknowable to priests and to the believers in the "moral government" of the world. He sees only natural causes and natural results, and seeks to induce man to give up gazing into void and empty space that he may give his entire attention to the world in which he lives. He sees that right and wrong do not depend upon the arbitrary will of even an infinite being, but upon the nature of things; that they are relations, not entities, and that they cannot exist, so far as we know, apart from human experience.

It may be that men will finally see that selfishness and self-sacrifice are both mistakes—that the first devours itself; that the second is not demanded by the good, and that the bad are unworthy of it. It may be that our race has never been, and never will be, deserving of a martyr. Some time we may see that justice is the highest possible form of mercy and love, and that all should not only be allowed but compelled to reap exactly what they sow; that industry should not support idleness, and that they who waste the spring and summer and autumn of their lives should bear the winter when it comes. The fortunate should assist the victims of accident; the strong should defend the weak, and the intellectual should lead with loving hands the mental poor, but Justice should remove the bandage from the eyes long enough to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate.

Mr. Spencer is wise enough to declare that "acts are called good or bad according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends"; and he might have added that ends are good or bad according as they affect the happiness of mankind.

It would be hard to overestimate the influence of this great man. From an immense intellectual elevation he has surveyed the world of thought.

He has rendered absurd the idea of special Providence, born of the egotism of slavery. He has shown that the "will of God" is not a rule for human conduct; that morality is not a cold tyrant; that by the destruction of the individual will a higher life cannot be reached, and that, after all, an intelligent love of self extends the hand of help and kindness to all the human race.

But had it not been for such men as Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer could not have existed for a century to come. Some one had to lead the way, to raise the standard of revolt, and draw the sword of war. Thomas Paine was a natural revolutionist. He was opposed to every government existing in his day. Next to establishing a wise republic based upon the equal rights of man, the best thing that can be done is to destroy monarchy.

Paine had a sense of justice, and had imagination enough to put himself in the place of the oppressed. He had also what in these pages is so felicitously expressed, "A haughty intellectual pride and a willingness to pit his individual thought against the clamor of a world."

I cannot believe that he wrote the letters of Junius, although the two critiques combined in this volume, entitled "Paine and Junius," make by far the best argument upon that subject that I have ever read. First—Paine could have had no personal hatred against the men so bitterly assailed by Junius. Second—He knew at that time but little of English politicians, and certainly had never associated with men occupying the highest positions, and could not have been personally acquainted with the leading statesmen of England. Third—He was not an unjust man. He was neither a coward, a calumniator, nor a sneak. All these delightful qualities must have lovingly united in the character of Junius. Fourth—Paine could have had no reason for keeping the secret after coming to America.

I have always believed that Junius, after having written his letters, accepted office from the very men he had maligned, and at last became a pensioner of the victims of his slander. "Had he as many mouths as Hydra, such a course must have closed them all." Certainly, the author must have kept the secret to prevent the loss of his reputation.

It cannot be denied that the style of Junius is much like that of Paine. Should it be established that Paine wrote the letters of Junius it would not, in my judgment, add to his reputation as a writer. Regarded as literary efforts, they cannot be compared with "Common Sense," "The Crisis," or "The Rights of Man."

The claim that Paine was the real author of the Declaration of Independence is much better founded. I am inclined to think that he actually wrote it; but whether this is true or not, every idea contained in it had been written by him long before. It is now claimed that the original document is in Paine's handwriting. It certainly is not in

Jefferson's. Certain it is that Jefferson could not have written anything so manly, so striking, so comprehensive, so clear, so convincing, and so faultless in rhetoric and rhythm as the Declaration of Independence.

Paine was the first man to write these words, "The United States of America." He was the first great champion of absolute separation from England. He was the first, to urge the adoption of a federal Constitution, and more clearly than any other man of his time he perceived the future greatness of his country.

He has been blamed for his attack on Washington. The truth is, he was in prison in France. He had committed the crime of voting against the execution of the king. It was the grandest act of his life, but at that time to be merciful was criminal. Paine being an American citizen asked Washington, then President, to say a word to Robespierre in his behalf. Washington remained silent. In the calmness of power, the serenity of fortune, Washington, the President, read the request of Paine, the prisoner, and with the complacency of assured fame consigned to the waste basket of forgetfulness the patriot's cry for help.

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done."

In this controversy my sympathies are with the prisoner.

Paine did more to free the mind, to destroy the power of ministers and priests in the new world, than any other man. In order to answer his arguments the churches found it necessary to attack his character. There was a general resort to falsehood. In trying to destroy the reputation of Paine the churches have demoralized themselves. Nearly every minister has been a willing witness against the truth. Upon the grave of Thomas Paine the churches have sacrificed their honor. The influence of the hero-author increases every day, and there are more copies of the "Age of Reason" sold in the United States than of any work written in defense of the Christian religion. Hypocrisy, with its forked tongue, its envious and malignant heart, lies coiled upon the memory of Paine, ready to fasten its poisonous fangs in the reputation of any man who dares defend the great and generous dead.

Leaving the dust and glory of revolutions, let us spend a moment of quiet with Adam Smith.

I was glad to find that a man's ideas upon the subject of protection and free trade depend almost entirely upon the country in which he lives, or the business in which he happens to be engaged, and that, after all, each man regards the universe as a circumference of which he is the center. It gratified me to learn that even Adam Smith was no exception to this rule and that he regarded all "protection as a hurtful and ignorant interference," except when exercised for the good of Great Britain. Owing to the fact that his nationality quarreled with his philosophy, he succeeded in writing a book that is quoted with equal satisfaction by both parties. The protectionists rely upon the exceptions he made for England and the free traders upon the doctrines he laid down for other countries.

He seems to have reasoned upon the question of money precisely as we have of late years in the United States, and he has argued both sides equally well. Poverty asks for inflation; wealth is conservative, and always says there is money enough.

Upon the question of money this volume contains the best thing I have ever read. "The only mode of procuring the services of others, on any large scale, in the absence of money, is by force, which is slavery. Money, by constituting a medium in which the smallest services can be paid for, substitutes wages for the lash and renders the liberty of the individual consistent with the maintenance and support of society." There is more philosophy in that one paragraph than Adam Smith expresses in his whole work. It may truthfully be said that without money liberty is impossible. No one, whatever his views may be, can read the article on Adam Smith without profit and delight.

The discussion of the money question is in every respect admirable, and is as candid as able. The world will, sooner or later, learn that there is nothing miraculous in finance; that money is a real and tangible thing, a product of labor, serving not merely as a medium of labor but as a basis of credit as well; that it cannot be created by an act of the legislature; that dreams cannot be coined, and that only labor, in some form, can put upon the hand of want Aladdin's magic ring.

Adam Smith wrote upon the wealth of nations, while Charles Fourier labored for the happiness of mankind. In this country few seem to understand communism. While here it may be regarded as vicious idleness,

armed with the assassin's knife and the incendiary torch, in Europe it is a different thing. There is a reaction from feudalism. Nobility is communism in its worst possible form. Nothing can be worse than for idleness to eat the bread of industry. Communism in Europe is not the "stand and deliver" of the robber but the protest of the robbed. Centuries ago kings and priests —that is to say thieves and hypocrites—divided Europe among themselves. Under this arrangement the few were masters, and the many slaves. Nearly every government in the old world rests upon simple brute force. It is hard for the many to understand why the few should own the soil. Neither can they clearly see why they should give their brain and blood to those who steal their birthright and their bread. It has occurred to them that they who do the most should not receive the least, and that, after all, an industrious peasant is of far more value to the world than a vain and idle king.

The communists of France, blinded as they were, made the republic possible. Had they joined with their countrymen, the invaders would still have occupied the throne. Socialism perceives that Germany has been enslaved by victory, while France found liberty in defeat. In Russia the nihilists prefer chaos to the government of the bayonet, Siberia and the knout, and these intrepid men have kept upon the coast of despotism one beacon-fire of hope.

As a matter of fact, every society is a species of communism—a kind of co-operation in which selfishness, in spite of itself, benefits the community. Every industrious man adds to the wealth not only of his nation but to that of the world. Every inventor increases human power, and every sculptor, painter and poet adds to the value of human life.

Fourier, touched by the sufferings of the poor, as well as by the barren joys of hoarded wealth, and discovering the vast advantage of combined effort and the immense economy of co-operation, sought to find some way for men to help themselves by helping each other. He endeavored to do away with monopoly and competition and to find some method by which the sensuous, the moral and the intellectual passions of man could be gratified.

For my part, I can place no confidence in any system that does away or tends to do away with the institution of marriage. I can conceive of no civilization of which the family must not be the unit.

Societies cannot be made; they must grow. Philosophers may predict, but they cannot create. They may point out as many ways as they please; but, after all, humanity will travel in paths of its own.

Fourier sustained about the same relation to this world that Swedenborg did to the other. There must be something wrong about the brain of one who solemnly asserts that "the elephant, the ox, and the diamond were created by the sun; the horse, the lily, and the ruby, by Saturn; the cow, the jonquil, and the topaz, by Jupiter, and the dog, the violet, and the opal stones, by the earth itself."

And yet, forgetting these aberrations of the mind, this lunacy of a great and loving soul, for one, I hold in tenderest regard the memory of Charles Fourier, one of the best and noblest of our race.

While Fourier was in his cradle, Jeremy Bentham, who read history when three years old, played on the violin at five, "and at fifteen detected the fallacies of Blackstone," was demonstrating that the good was the useful; that a thing was right because it paid in the highest and best sense; that utility was the basis of morals; that without allowing interest to be paid upon money commerce could not exist, and that the object of all human governments should be to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. He read Hume and Helvetius, threw away the thirty-nine articles, and endeavored to impress upon the English law the fact that its ancestor was a feudal savage. He held the past in contempt, hated Westminster, and despised Oxford. He combated the idea that governments were originally founded on contract. Locke and Blackstone talked as though men originally lived apart, and formed societies by agreement. These writers probably imagined that at one time the trees were separated like telegraph poles, and finally came together and made groves by agreement. I believe it was Puffendorf who said that slavery was originally founded on contract. To which Voltaire replied: "If my lord Puffendorf will produce the original contract signed by the party who was to be the slave, I will admit the truth of his statement."

A contract back of society is a myth manufactured by those in power to serve as a title to place, and to impress the multitude with the idea that they are, in some mysterious way, bound, fettered, and even benefited by its terms.

Many scientists have favored the theologians. They have admitted that these questions could not, at present, be solved. These admissions have been thankfully received by the clergy, who have always

begged for some curtain to be left, behind which their God could still exist. Men calling themselves "scientific" have tried to harmonize the "apparent" discrepancies between the Bible and the other works of Jehovah. In this way they have made reputations. They were at once quoted by the ministers as wonderful examples of piety and learning. These men discounted the future that they might enjoy the ignorant praise of the present. Agassiz preferred the applause of Boston, while he lived, to the reverence of a world after he was dead. Small men appear great only when they agree with the multitude.

The last scientific congress in America was opened with prayer. Think of a science that depends upon the efficacy of words addressed to the unknown and unknowable!

In our country, most of the so-called scientists are professors in sectarian colleges, in which Moses is considered a geologist and Joshua an astronomer. For the most part their salaries depend upon the ingenuity with which they can explain away facts and dodge demonstration.

The situation is about the same in England. When Mr. Huxley saw fit to attack the Mosaic account of the creation, he did not deem it advisable to say plainly what he meant. He attacked the account of creation as given by Milton, although he knew that the Mosaic and Miltonic were substantially the same. Science has acted like a guest without a wedding garment, and has continually apologized for existing. In the presence of arrogant absurdity, overawed by the patronizing airs of a successful charlatan it has played the role of a "poor relation," and accepted, while sitting below the salt, insults as honors.

There can be no more pitiable sight than a scientist in the employ of superstition dishonoring himself without assisting his master. But there are a multitude of brave and tender men who give their honest thoughts, who are true to nature, who give the facts and let consequences shirk for themselves, who know the value and meaning of a truth, and who have bravely tried the creeds by scientific tests.

Among the bravest side by side with the greatest of the world in Germany, the land of science, stands Ernest Haeckel, who may be said to have not only demonstrated the theories of Darwin, but the Monistic conception of the world. Rejecting all the puerile ideas of a personal creator; he has had the courage to adopt the noble words of Bruno: "A spirit exists in all things, and no body is so small but it contains a part of the divine substance within itself, and by which it is animated." He has endeavored—and I think with complete success—to show that there is not, and never was, and never can be, the *creator* of anything. There is no more a personal creator than there is a personal destroyer. Matter and force must be existed from eternity, all generation must have been spontaneous, and the simplest organisms must have been the ancestors of the most perfect and complex.

Haeckel is one of the bitterest enemies of the church, and is, therefore, one of the bravest friends of man.

Catholicism was, at one time, the friend of education—of an education sufficient to make a Catholic out of a barbarian. Protestantism was also in favor of education—of an education sufficient to make a Protestant out of a Catholic. But now, it having been demonstrated that real education will make free-thinkers, Catholics and Protestants both are the enemies of true learning.

In all countries where human beings are held in bondage, it is a crime to teach a slave to read and write. Masters know that education is an abolitionist, and theologians know that science is the deadly foe of every creed in Christendom.

In the age of faith a personal god stood at the head of the department of ignorance, and was supposed to be the king of kings, the rewarder and punisher of individuals, and the governor of nations.

The worshipers of this god have always regarded the men in love with simple facts as atheists in disguise. And it must be admitted that nothing is more atheistic than a fact. Pure science is necessarily godless. It is capable of worship. It investigates, and cannot afford to shut its eyes even long enough to pray. There was a time when those who disputed the divine right of kings were denounced as blasphemous; but the time came when liberty demanded that a personal god should be retired from politics. In our country this was substantially done in 1776, when our fathers declared that all power to govern came from the consent of the governed. The cloud theory was abandoned, and one government has been established for the benefit of mankind. Our fathers did not keep God out of the Constitution from principle but from jealousy. Each church, in colonial times, preferred to live in single blessedness rather than see some rival wedded to the state. Mutual hatred planted our tree of religious liberty. A constitution without a god has at last given us a nation without a slave.

A personal god sustains the same relation to religion as to politics. The Diety is a

master, and man a serf; and this relation is inconsistent with true progress. The universe ought to be a true democracy—an infinite republic without a tyrant and without a chain.

Auguste Comte endeavored to put humanity in the place of Jehovah, and no conceivable change can be more desirable than this. This great man did not, like some of his followers, put a mysterious something called law in the place of God, which is simply giving the old master a new name. Law is this side of phenomena, not the other. It is not the cause, neither is it the result of phenomena. The fact of succession and resemblance, that is to say, the same thing happening under the same conditions, is all we mean by law. No one can conceive of law existing apart from matter, or controlling matter, any more than he can understand the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost, or motion apart from substance. We are beginning to see that law does not and cannot exist as an entity, but that it is only a conception of the mind to express the fact that the same entities, under the same conditions, produce the same results. Law does not produce the entities, the conditions, or the results, or even the sameness of the results. Neither does it affect the relations or entities, nor the result of such relations, but it stands for the fact that the same causes under the same conditions, eternally have, and eternally will, produce the same results.

The metaphysicians are always giving us explanations of phenomena which are as difficult to understand as the phenomena they seek to explain; and the believers in God establish their dogmas by miracles, and then substantiate the miracles by assertions.

The designer of the teleologist, the first cause of religious philosopher, the vital force of the biologist, and the law of the half orthodox scientist, are all the shadowy children of ignorance and fear.

The universe is all there is. It is both subject and object; contemplator and contemplated; creator and created; destroyer and destroyed; preserver and preserved, and within itself are all causes, modes, motions and effects.

Unable in some things to rise above the superstitions of his day, Comte adopted not only the machinery but some of the prejudices of Catholicism. He made the mistake of Luther. He tried to reform the Church of Rome. Destruction is the only reformation of which that church is capable. Every religion is based upon a misconception, not only of the cause of phenomena but of the real object of life—that is to say, upon falsehood; and the moment the truth is known and understood these religions must fall. In the field of thought, they are briers, thorns and noxious weeds; on the shores on intellectual discovery, they are sirens, and in the forests that the brave thinkers are now penetrating they are the wild beasts, fanged and monstrous. You cannot reform these weeds. Sirens cannot be changed into good citizens; and such wild beasts, even when tamed, are of no possible use. Destruction is the only remedy. Reformation is a hospital where the new philosophy exhausts its strength nursing the old religion.

There was in the brain of the great Frenchman the dawn of that happy day in which humanity will be the only religion, good the only god, happiness the only object, restitution the only atonement, mistake the only sin, and affection, guided by intelligence, the only savior of mankind. This dawn enriched his poverty, illuminated the darkness of his life, peopled his loneliness with the happy millions yet to be, and filled his eyes with proud and tender tears.

A few years ago I asked the superintendent of Pere La Chaise if he knew where I could find the tomb of Auguste Comte. He had never heard even the name of the author of the positive philosophy. I asked him if he had ever heard of Napoleon Bonaparte. In a half-insulted tone he replied: "Of course I have; why do you ask me such a question?" "Simply," was my answer, "that I might have the opportunity of saying that, when everything connected with Napoleon, except his crimes, shall have been forgotten, Auguste Comte will be lovingly remembered as a benefactor of the human race."

The Jewish God must be dethroned! A personal Deity must go back to the darkness of barbarism from whence he came. The theologians must abdicate, and popes, priests and clergymen, labeled as "extinct species," must occupy the mental museums of the future.

—In my judgment, this book, sustaining original thought, will hasten the period of that blessed time.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1879.

Great Republican Speech at Lewiston, Me.

Col. Ingersoll had been contributing his wit and eloquence to the cause of Republicanism in Maine. He addressed a gathering of 10,000 people at Lewiston last Friday night, and the manner in which he entertained them can best be gathered from a perusal of the following speech:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is my opinion the grandest and best country in the world. (A voice: "Bully for you," followed by cheers.) And when I speak of "Our country" I mean the North, East, and West. There are parts of this country that are not yet civilized. There are parts of this country in which the people do not believe in the great principle of self-government. In other words, they don't believe in being governed at all. (Laughter.) The question we must settle is whether our Government shall be preserved or not. That is the question for us. And the North must decide it! The Republicans, Democrats, and Greenbackers of the North, when they understand it as I understand it, will all unite, and overwhelm the solidity of barbarism with the solidity of civilization. (Applause.) I do not pretend that the Republican party is perfectly good, and I do not pretend that the Democratic party is perfectly bad. I admit that there are thousands of good Democrats, men whom I like. And I cheerfully admit, with a mixture of regret, that there are many Republicans whom I do not like. (Laughter.) But there are thousands of only bad Democrats, and there are thousands of only good Republicans.

Now I think this is a good country. If so, I am bound to do all I can to preserve it; I am bound to do all I can to make it better. Man is the providence of man. As long as I live (whatever party may be in power to have the handling of the offices I mean to talk on the side of human liberty. (Cheers and applause.) The reason why I admire a good government is because the people are made happy. What's the good of government unless the people are happy; unless they have plenty to eat and to wear? Now I believe that in our country we've got more kind husbands, more good women, that we wear better clothes, and that our clothes fit us better on an average (great laughter) than in any other country on the globe. We've got more information. We know more things about more things. We've got greater charity and fuller sense of justice than any other people on the face of the globe. Now how is it we've got a good government? We've taken the failures of all other nations! We've taken paupers of all other nations! We've taken the paupers of all other countries! And of their paupers we've made grander men than the nobility they've left behind them in their old countries. (Applause.)

I believe in a country where every man has an equal chance. That's the reason why I work for the Republican party. Now, if there's anything that's dear to an American citizen it's the right of free speech! (Loud applause.) The grand reason is that every human being has a right to the public ear. If a man cannot speak, others cannot hear. The right of free speech is the priceless gem of the human soul. (Applause.) And a man that don't allow another man the right of free speech is a barbarian. What is the use of free speech, if all the results of free speech are to be reversed by fraud. What's the use for the counsel on one side of a case to address a jury, if, before he commences, the jury has been bought? What's the use to try a man, if, after he's tried, he's taken out and hung by a mob? (Laughter.)

This is a Government of liberty regulated by law. This is a Government founded on reason. This is a Government where the people have honest thought on every subject. The man who has these privileges himself and is not willing to accord them to others is a barbarian. I believe it. So do you. (Applause.) I'm not going to say a word to exclude my Democratic hearers.

They believe it as well as I do. (Laughter.) It makes no matter what they say with their mouths. Inside they'll swear to it! (Uncontrollable laughter.) When a man hears what he knows to be true, he feels it, no matter what he says. I'm not going to say a word that a Democrat will dispute. Is there a Democrat who denies the common right of free speech? He dare not say it! Is there a Democrat who denies the right to talk and breathe in one common air? He dare not say it! (Applause.)

Now, if that liberty is to be preserved, whom will you have to preserve it? Honor bright, now! (Tremendous applause and laughter.) Will you appoint the South to keep that treasure? (Cries of "No.") Will you leave it to Alabama? Is there a Democrat here who doesn't know that a man stands no chance for the right of free speech in Alabama? I'm not going there! I'm not going to put myself into the hands of a State where there is no law. I'm going further off, and the longer the lever the more I can lift! Maine is a good place in which to begin. Let a Republican try it in Alabama and see how soon he'll get Ku-Kluxed. Let a Greenbacker try it, and see how soon he'll get mobbed for attempting to draw voters away from the Democratic party!

I'll admit there are thousands of good men in the democratic party, but those men are not in the ascendant. They don't hold the power. There are many honest men in the party, but their voice has been lost. I'd rather trust Maine with my right to free speech than Louisiana. I'd rather intrust Massachusetts than Louisiana. In order to preserve this right, the North must be kept in power. (Loud applause.) There is an aristocracy in the South based on a trade in human beings. They are men who believed that lashes were legal tender for a human being. That is the kind of aristocracy there is in the South. I sometimes feel like finding fault with the North because she ain't proud enough. I want the time to come when a Northern man will be as proud because his father was an honest man, as a Southern man is proud because his father was a slaveholder. I want the time to come when we will be as proud of breaking the chains of the slave as they were of forging them. (Applause.)

In this country we have our sovereign, our King—one power. That is the legally expressed will of the majority of the people. That's our king. (Applause.) Every solitary voter has a certain amount of King! Any man that will throw an illegal vote; any man that will count votes illegally after they have been thrown, is a traitor to the great principles of our Government. He is a traitor to the only King we have. He deserves the punishment of a traitor, too. Now, who are you going to have count your votes and protect your ballot-box for you? (A voice, "Garfield.") And he'll do it, too. Are you going to have the South protect your ballot-box for you? In the South elections are a farce. It is there that Bulldozing holds the election, Dishonesty counts their votes, and Fraud declares the result! (Prolonged cheers and applause.) Now it is a fact, my friends, that *since the Rebellion* the South has killed more men, in a time of profound peace, than our country lost in the two wars with Great Britian! Are they the men you will have to protect your ballot-box? Do you want to leave it with the masked man who shoots fathers, mothers and children? Oh, Mr. Honest Greenbacker and Democrat! 'Way down in your soul I know you say "No!" no matter what you say outside. (Immense applause.) Do you want the Chalmers, the Hamptons, and the murderers of Conshatta to hold your ballot-box? I guess not! (Cheers.) Mr. Chalmers comes here to Maine, and the people of Maine regard it as an honor to themselves that they allow him to waste their air without opposition! Let a Republican go down into the Shoestring District in Mississippi and try to express his sentiments and see how long he can stay there!

We want an honest vote, and after an honest vote we want an honest count. Come a little nearer home, now! (Laughter.) Do you want the Democrats of Maine to count your votes for local affairs. Of course, I don't know much about your local affairs. I know enough to make me blush to think that Maine had men that were guilty of that great treason of last winter! (Great applause.) I know enough to know that they ought to have been sent to the Penitentiary! I know enough to know that that great crime has made the cheeks of Maine red with the hectic flush of shame. The only way to wipe it off is to give Gov. Davis at least 10,000 or 15,000 majority in September! (Cheers.) You must tell the whole country that Maine is a State of law-abiding people and that no great crime can go unpunished. You must declare to the world that in your State every vote shall be honestly counted and honestly declared. You must do that much to save the honor of your State. Honest Greenbackers and Democrats, you must vote the Republican ticket this fall, for the honor of your state! No use for you to

vote for your man, he won't be elected. (Cheers and laughter.) There are thousands of honest Democrats who wouldn't steal a ballot-box. There are thousands of Democrats who wouldn't rob a henroost, who wouldn't steal the shroud that covered a dead man. Mr. Good Democrat, if you have any self-respect, teach your leaders that you follow nowhere where virtue does not lead.

I learn that the Democratic party has had cheek enough to pass a resolution declaring that the right to vote is the right preservative of all rights! Can you believe that is the same party that stuffs ballot-boxes and carries elections by Bulldozing? The same party that believes that being a Republican is a crime? "Oh," you ask me, "ain't you ever going to forgive the Democratic party?" No! I'm not going to forgive them until I can speak as freely in one part of the land as another, protected by the flag! (Applause.) And I ought not to! The men who tried to repeal the constitutional amendments; the men who tried to keep the negro in the chains of slavery! Is it possible that that is the same party who now passes a resolution about the "right preservative of all rights"? I guess it is the same old party! (Great laughter.)

This reminds me of the story about the man who wanted to buy a family horse. He went into a Boston stable, and the keeper showed him a handsome bay. "Oh, that one won't do for me. I want one that's handsome, spirited, and safe," said the man. The dealer brought out another horse. "Oh, he's too logy," said the man. Then they came along to a handsome gray. "There," said the dealer, "is a horse I wouldn't part with. I keep it for my wife. She thinks more of him than she does of me! You know Gen. Banks has a steel engraving of the horse that George Washington rode. Well, horsemen who have seen that picture say that this horse looks exactly like that one." "Yes," said the man looking at the horse's teeth. "I'll be d——d if I don't believe it is the same horse." (Tremendous laughter.)

So I find it is the same party, precisely. I can't trust it. Why? Because I want free speech. I want an honest ballot. And what else? I know the history of that party!

REVENUE.

What else have we got to have in this country? We have got to have a revenue to pay our bills with. Can you trust the Democratic party to raise our revenue? That's the question. Let me tell you how it is in the South. We get a large proportion of our revenue by a tax on highwines, whisky, and tobacco. It is a fact that the collectors of revenue in the Southern States have to be armed as though they were going to war. There is not one but who goes armed with a breech-loading gun! It is necessary when the Democrats have complete control. Let's be honest about it!

Do you want them to get rid of paying their taxes? Do we want the people where the soil is rich to have their taxes paid by people where the soil is poor? How many illicit distilleries have been found in the South? Just guess. I'll tell you. In the last four years, in the Southern States, 3,874 illicit distilleries have been uncovered. They're the gentlemen whom you wish to trust with the collection of your revenue. If you trust them, you'll be like a minister. Two ministers were holding a revival in a certain place. After the services one of them passed around the hat. The congregation threw in a lot of old nails and sticks, but no money. The minister turned his hat up, and out came the old nails! He couldn't find a cent of money. "Well," said the other minister, "let us thank God." "What for?" asked the first minister. (Laughter.) "Because we've got the hat back!" (Uproarious laughter.) You depend on the Southern people for your revenue, and you'll be fortunate if you can thank God you've got your hat back!

How many men, in the Southern States, do you suppose have been arrested for stealing revenue? Seven thousand and seventy-eight have been arrested and indicted! Think of that! They're the gentlemen whom the Democrats of Maine wish to have collect their revenue. They're the gentlemen that Greenbackers have joined the Democrats, to help along. Twenty-five collectors of revenue have been shot dead in the South by ambushed Democrats. Twenty-five by men who hid in the bush to shoot officers of the United States, and make widows and orphans of their wives and children! They're the men! What has been done with them? They have been defended by the State authorities. What more did they do? They have wounded fifty-five more!

And still we've got to pay interest on over $1,900,000,000 of bonds. Are we going to let them collect it? (Cries of "No.") Of course not. No sensible man would!

MONEY.

Another thing. We've got to make our money. On this point I differ with some Republicans. I am in favor of a double standard, because this is the greatest silver-producing country on the earth. We want

a National money. I want to say a few words to Greenbackers. They have done a great deal of good. They have opened the way to our examination of the whole question. The Greenbackers made resumption possible. They went into every school district in the country and stuck to it that the greenback was the best money in the world. (Laughter.) And they convinced so many of it that, when they were offered gold, they said, "No, we want greenbacks." If we all had demanded gold, our resumption would have been impossible. But we preferred greenbacks. I want to thank the Greenbackers for that much! Having accomplished that, I think their mission is ended. (Laughter.)

No man can calculate the grandeur of this country from '73 to resumption. Oh, my friends, it's a great deed to die for one's country! But I think there is the greatest heroism in living for a thing! There's no glory in digging potatoes. You don't wear a uniform when you're picking up stones. You can't have a band of music when you dig potatoes! (Prolonged laughter.) In 1873 came the great crash. We staggered over the desert of bankruptcy. No one can estimate the anguish of that time. Millionaires found themselves paupers. Palaces were exchanged for hovels. The aged man who had spent his life in hard labor, and who thought he had accumulated enough to support himself in his old age, and leave a little something to his children and grandchildren, found they were all beggars. The highways were filled with tramps.

REPUDIATION.

Then it was that the serpent of temptation whispered in the ear of want that dreadful word "Repudiation." An effort was made to repudiate. They appealed to want, to misery, to threatened financial ruin, to the bare hearthstones, to the army of beggars. We had grandeur enough to say: "No, we'll settle fair if we don't pay a cent!" And we'll pay it. (Applause.) 'Twas grandeur! Is there a Democrat now who wishes we had taken the advice of Bayard to scale the bonds? Is there an American, a Democrat here, who is not glad we escaped the stench and shame of repudiation, and did not take Democratic advice? Is there a Greenbacker here who is not glad we didn't do it? He may say he is, but he isn't. We then had to pay 7 per cent. interest on our bonds. Now we only pay 4. Our greenbacks were then at 10 per cent. discount. Now they are at par. How would an American feel to be in Germany or France and hear it said that the United States repudiated? We have found out that money is something that can't be made. We have found out that money is a product of Nature. When a nation gets hard up, it is right and proper for it to give its notes; and it should pay them. We have found out that it is better to trust for payment to the miserly cleft of rocks than to any Congress blown about by the wind of demagogues. We want our money good in any civilized nation. Yes, we want it good in Central Africa! (Applause.) And when a naked Hottentot sees a United States greenback blown about by the wind, he will pick it up as eagerly as if it was a lump of gold. (Laughter.) They say even now that money is a device to facilitate exchange. 'Tisn't so! Gold is not a device. Silver is not a device. You might as well attempt to make fiat suns, moons, and stars as a fiat dollar. (Applause.)

WHAT MONEY ISN'T.

Again they say that money is a measure of value. 'Tisn't so! A bushel doesn't measure values. It measures diamonds as well as pototoes. If it measured values, a bushel of potatoes would be worth as much as a bushel of diamonds. A yard-stick doesn't measure values. They used to say "there is no use in having a gold yard-stick." That was right. You don't buy the yard-stick. (Laughter.) If money bore the same relation to trade as a yard-stick or half-bushel you would have the same money when you got through trading as you had when you began. A man doesn't sell half-bushels. He sells corn. All we want is a little sense about these things.

I don't blame the man who wanted inflation. I don't blame him for praying for another period of inflation. "When it comes," said the man who had a lot of shrunken property on his hands, "blame me, if I don't unload, you may shoot me." It's a good deal like the game of poker! (Laughter.) I don't suppose any of you know anything about the game! Along towards morning the fellow who is ahead always wants another deal. The fellow that is behind says his wife's sick, and he must go home. (Laughter.) You ought to hear that fellow descant on domestic virtue! (Uproarious laughter.) And the other fellow accuses him of being a coward and wanting to jump the game. A man whose dead wood is hung up on the shore in a dry time wants the water to rise once more and float it out into the middle of the stream.

We were in trouble. The thing was discussed. Some said there wasn't enough money. That's so; I know what that means

myself. They said if we had more money we'd be more prosperous. The truth is, if we were more prosperous we'd have more money. (Applause.) They said more money would facilitate business.

A GREASE STORY.

Now, suppose a shareholder in a railroad that had earned $18,000 the past year should look over the books and find that in that year the railroad had used $12,000 worth of grease. The next year, suppose the earnings should fall off $5,000 and the man, in looking over the accounts, should learn that in that year the road had used only $500 worth of grease! (Laughter.) Supposing the man should say: "The trouble is, we want more grease." What would you think of a man if he discharged the Superintendent for not using more grease? (Perfect gale of laughter and applause.) Here we come to a ferryman with his boat hauled up on the sand, and the river dry. "How's business?" we ask him. He says business is rather dull. We say, "You need more boats." I guess he'd tell us, "All I ask for is more water for this one." (Laughter.)

I said years ago, that resumption would come only by prosperity, and the only way to pay debts was by labor. I knew that every man who raised a bushel of corn helped resumption. It was a question of crops, a question of industry.

REPUBLICAN HONESTY.

Now then, honor bright, don't you believe you're better off than if you hadn't resumed? I don't care what you say! I know what you mean. The Republicans have made mistakes. There are good and bad men in all parties. We have collected in the year past $468,000,000 of revenue. And we have collected it cheaper than it could have been collected in any other country in the world. It cost us, I believe, 3½ per cent. to collect it. And of the whole amount not a dollar has been lost. Can the Democrats equal that? (Cries of "No.") Do you now wish your bonds had been repudiated! I guess not! Do you now wish you had adopted the Democratic policy? I want to ask you Democrats one question. Which had you rather own, a bond of Maine, or a bond of Tennessee? a Southern promise or a Northern performance? Southern words or Northern gold? You must decide the question for yourselves. Every man of us is an agent of the United States of America. Every man of us has a part to perform. In him depends, in part, whether we shall have true Government or not! That's why I want you to think carefully on these things.

Another thing. We want to trust the Government to the best people. Now, the best State in the South is Georgia. In that State criminals are rented out to task-masters, like slaves, for $10 or $11 apiece. They have overseers. They have the power of life and death over those men. They can shoot them down. They violate the laws of decency. They chain men and women together. The death-rate in the prisons of the North is about 1 per cent. per annum. There's something that I like in the North. It's a monument to Northern charity and honesty. In one of those Georgia camps the death-rate was 30 per cent. In another 40 per cent. In one of them it reached 50 per cent. In another it ran up to 10 per cent. per month. (Sensation.) Those are the kind of people the Northern Democrats will get on their knees to please in power. Robert Allston, as good a man as ever breathed, brought their atrocities to light. He went back to Georgia, and was assassinated.

They're the kind of men honest Democrats want to support; that the Greenbackers want to tie to. (Laughter.) And Georgia is the best State in the South. Her bonds are worth the most. I ask whether they're the people to be trusted with this Government! The Southern Church has no respect for men's rights. Good Northern men and women have gone South and taken letters from Northern churches. In the House of God they have been refused the Sacramental bread. Recollect it! There's not anybody in the South who will admit that there ever was a Northern gentleman or lady. Why? They won't admit that labor is honorable. I like the North because it respects its industry. There's only one way to make them respect us, and that is to respect ourselves. There's only one way to overcome the South. That is to hold fast to our own principles.

Now, then, whom will you trust? There's still another important thing we have got to overcome. We can't overcome it without killing it, either. You *can* convince a man without killing him, but you *can't* kill him without convincing him. (Laughter.) The South is honest in one thing, and that is their belief in the doctrine of State sovereignty. They are ready to fight for it.

The truth is, the confederation idea has been outgrown. They talked about it for the sake of slavery. They never would have done it but for slavery. And you know it. They pretended that the difference in climate forbade their working and made slavery necessary. The idea that justice isn't the same in all climates. If that was so, you'd have to have two sets of justice in

Maine, one for winter and one for summer. (Laughter.) The Northern Democrats became slaves for the South, and so did the whigs.

The old Democratic party followed the South and ate dirt for years, and they seemed to like the diet. (Prolonged laughter.) Another thing they wanted. They wanted to keep the slave-trade going until 1863. They did it. And they kept the Fugitive-Slave law in force. It was so a man in the North was obliged to pursue a fugitive slave woman, no matter if she was within one step of Canadian soil, and send her back to slavery. Ain't you ashamed of it? I am. We never would have been out of it but for the Republican party. Splendid, splendid party!

The next time the South appealed to State sovereignty was when she wanted Slavery to extend over the West. Next, she used it to defend treason and secession. And so I've made up my mind that, when I hear a man talking up the doctrine of State sovereignty, he wants to steal something from somebody, somewhere. (Great laughter.)

I'm not afraid of centralization. I want the power where somebody can use it. As long as a man is responsible to the people there is no fear of despotism. There's no reigning family in this country. We are all of us Kings. We are the reigning family. And when any man talks about despotism, you may be sure he wants to steal or be up to devilment. If we have any sense, we have got to have localization of brain. If we have any power, we must have centralization. Carry out the Democratic doctrine, and you'll scatter your brains all over you. (Laughter.) We want centralization of the right kind. The man we choose for our head wants the army in one hand and the navy in the other, and to execute the supreme will of the supreme people. (Cheers.)

But you say you will cross a State-line. I hope so. When the Democratic party was in power and wanted to pursue a human slave, there was no State-line. When we want to save a human being, the State-line arises up like a Chinese wall. I believe when one party can cross a State-line to put a chain on, another party can cross it to take a chain off. "Why," you say, "you want the Federal Government to interfere with the rights of a State." Yes, I do, if necessary. I want the ear of the Government acute enough and arms long enough to reach a wrong man in any State. A government that will not protect its protectors is no government. Its flag is a dirty rag. That is not my government. I want a government that will protect its citizens at home. The Democratic doctrine is that a government can only protect its citizens abroad. If a father can't protect his children at home, depend upon it, that old gentleman can't do much for them when they are abroad. (Laughter.)

Think of it! Here's a war. They come to me in Illinois and draft me. They tell me I must go. I go through the war and come home safe. Afterwards that State finds a way to trample on me. I say to the Federal Government, "You told me I owed my first allegiance to you, and I had to go to war. Now I say to you, you owe your first allegiance to me, and I want you to protect me!" The Federal Government says, "Oh, you must ask your State to request it." I say, "That's just what they won't do?" Such a condition of things is perfectly horrible! (Applause.)

If so with a man who was drafted, what will you say of a volunteer? Yet that's the Democratic doctrine of Federal Government. It won't do! And you know it! There's not a Democrat or a Greenbacker who believes it. Not one! You hate to admit you were wrong. You hate to eat your words. You'd rather remain in the hell you've made for yourselves than eat all your words. It's a hard thing to do. You had almost rather be with the damned. But you've got to do it. (Thundering cheers and applause.) And you will do it!

You're like the old woman in the Tewksbury, Mass., poor-house. She used to be well off, and didn't like her quarters. You Greenbackers have left your father's house of many mansions and have fed on shucks about long enough. (Laughter.) The Supervisor came into the poor-house one day and asked the old lady how she liked it. She said she didn't like the company, and asked him what he would advise her to do under similar circumstances.

"Oh, you'd better stay. You're prejudiced," said he.

"Do you think anybody is ever prejudiced in their sleep?" asked the old lady. "I had a dream the other night. I dreamed I died and went to Heaven. Lots of nice people were there. A nice man came to me and asked me where I was from. Says I, 'From Tewksbury, Mass.' He looked in his book and said, 'You can't stay here.' I asked what he would advise me to do under similar circumstances. (Laughter.) 'Well,' he said, 'there's Hell down there, you might try that!'

"Well, I went down there, and the man told me my name wasn't on the book, and I couldn't stay there. 'Well,' said I, 'what would you advise me to do under similar

circumstances?' (Laughter.) Said he, 'You'll have to go back to Tewksbury.'" (Uproarious laughter.) And Greenbackers, when you remember what you once were, you must feel now, when you are forced to join the Democratic party, as bad as the old lady who had to go back to Tewksbury. I want to tell you what kind of company you're in. I want you to know that every man that thinks the State is greater than the Union, is a Democrat. Every man that declared slavery was a Democrat. Every man that signed an ordinance of secession was a Democrat. Every man that lowered our flag from the skies was a Democrat. Every man that bred bloodhounds was a Democrat. Every preacher that said that slavery was a divine institution was a Democrat. Recollect it! Every man that shot a Union soldier was a Democrat. Every wound borne by you Union soldiers is a souvenir of a Democrat. You got your crutches from Democrats. Every man that starved a Union soldier was a Democrat. Every man who shot the emaciated maniac who happened to totter across the dead line, with a hellish grin on his face, was a Democrat. Nice company you're in! The keepers of Andersonville and Libby, those two wings that will bear the Confederacy to eternal infamy, were all Democrats. There were lots of splendid Democrats. I mean the war Democrats. I never will bear hard feelings against a man who bared his breast in his country's defense. (Cheers.) The men who attempted to spread yellow fever in our Northern cities were all Democrats. The men who proposed to give our Northern cities to the flames were all Democrats! Just think of it! Think what company you're in! Recollect it! The men who wanted to assassinate Northern Governors were Democrats.

Now all I ask you to do is what you believe to be right. If you really think liberty of speech, the ballot-box, the revenue are safer with the South than with the North, then vote the Democratic ticket early and often. If you believe it is better to trust the men, who fought against the country than the men who fought to preserve it; if you have more confidence in Chalmers than in Blaine (grand cheers); if you have more confidence in Hampton than your own men; if you have a greater trust in the solvency of Mississippi than in Massachusetts, then vote the Democratic ticket. (Applause.) But there's not a Democrat in Maine who believes it! (Robert Martin, Esq., "Not one.")

THE CANDIDATES.

I've got a little while to talk about candidates. I haven't much against Hancock. The most I have against him is that he was a creature of Andy Johnson. I would as soon vote for Andy Johnson as vote for him. What are his opinions on finance? What are his opinions on state rights? I don't know, nor anybody else. The Democrats now have both houses of Congress. If they get the Executive they'll have the whole; they'll annul the legislation of the war. They'll make Unionism disreputable. They'd make a Union soldier ashamed to own he lost a leg on the field of glory and make him say he lost it in a thrashing machine. (Laughter.) I don't want to see them have that pleasure. The Rebel possessions and claims don't amount to anything in dollars and cents. Liberty is cheap at any price. (Cheers.) I want my Government to be proud and free. Liberty is a thing wherein extravagance is economy.

Now comes the Republican party. Who is at its head? Thousands of men say to me: How can you support Garfield? (Ringing cheers.) He's a Christian; he's a Campbellite." I support him because I am not a bigot; I support him because he is not a bigot; I support him because there is no man better acquainted with the civil affairs of the country; I support him because he's a politician in the best sense. We want no land lubbers on our ship. Garfield is as good a soldier as Hancock. I've got nothing against the regular army, but a man who, in a time of profound peace, determines to make killing folks his regular business, who, when there's no sound of war, longs for the din of shot and shell —is no better, in my opinion, than the man who hates war, but when he's called upon, puts his sword on, and goes into the field of battle! (Tremendous cheers.) That's my man.

DEMOCRATIC CHARGES.

They say he's dishonest. Who says it? The solid South and the counting-out conspirators of Maine! That won't do. (Laughter.) Garfield has been in a position where he could have reaped millions by selling his influence for good. Yet he's a poor man. Put a Maine Democrat in his place and see how long he'll remain poor! I know Garfield. You know him! I want you in Maine to know that your vote in September will elect him, that as Maine goes, so goes the Union. (Cheers.) I want the Democrats to know it, so they can help do it. The honor of Maine must be reclaimed. I understand that there's a man

here who has voted the Democratic ticket forty-nine years, and who now intends to put a blossom on the half-century of his life by voting the Republican ticket next September!

Voices—"Who is he?" "Trot him out!"

Ingersoll—It's J. M. Crooker, of Waterville! (Cheers and great enthusiasm.) Time fails me, but I want to impress on your minds that we must hand over to our country a legacy of power and glory. (Rousing cheers.)

Col. Ingersoll here left the stand and took a special train for Portland.

What Must We Do to Be Saved?

Chicago Tribune, Sept. 20, 1880.

McVicker's theater was packed and crammed, and jammed to overflowing yesterday afternoon with an audience made up largely of the liberal-minded people of Chicago and drawn together to hear Col. Ingersoll in his new lecture,—new to the West at least,—"What Must We Do to Be Saved?" Never before, with the possible exception of the Tom Paine meeting last winter, was there so apparent a desire to hear the gifted orator and theological iconoclast. All the lower portion of the house, with the exception of about five hundred seats, was sold by Saturday night. The unsold portion went off yesterday morning like hot cakes in cold weather. The balcony and the gallery were pre-empted as early as two o'clock by the first-comers until all the seats were held down, and the later arrivals were perforce content to stand around and form a solid background to the lucky ones in front.

While the crowd was congregating on the outside, a number of the Yokefellows connected with the Y. M. C. A. were busily engaged in distributing, as an answer to the doctrines which would presumably be proclaimed inside, a lot of cards bearing the interrogatory legend, "What must we do to be saved?" and the Scriptural answer thereto, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Some of these cards seemed to produce the effect for which they were intended, but the great bulk of them were contemptuously cast aside.

Col. Ingersoll stepped on the stage and proceeded to the stand. He was welcomed with an opening salvo of hand-clapping and foot-stamping, in response to which he smiled and bowed, and without any unnecessary introduction from somebody else, plunged at once into the matter in hand as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Fear is the dungeon of the mind, and superstition is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul. Courage is liberty. I am in favor of absolute freedom of thought. In the realm of the mind every one is a monarch; every one is robed, sceptered, and crowned; every one wears the purple of authority. (Applause.) I belong to the republic of intellectual liberty, and only those are good citizens of that republic who depend upon reason and upon persuasion; and only those are traitors who resort to brute force. Now, I beg of you all to forget just for a few moments that you are Methodists, or Baptists, or Catholics, or Presbyterians, and let us for an hour or two remember only that we are men and women. (Applause.) And allow me to say man and woman are the highest titles that can be bestowed upon humanity. Man and woman! And let us, if possible, banish all fear from the mind. Don't imagine there is some being in the infinite expanse who is not willing that every man and woman should think for him and for herself. (Applause.) Don't imagine that there is any being who would give to his children the holy torch of reason, and then damn them for following where the sacred light may lead. (Applause.) Let us have courage. Priests have invented a crime called blasphemy; and behind that crime hypocrisy has crouched for thousands of years. There is but one blasphemy, and that is injustice. There is but one worship, and that is justice. (Applause.) You need not fear the anger of a God whom you

cannot injure. Rather fear to injure your fellowman. (Applause.)

Don't be afraid of the crime that you cannot commit. Rather be afraid of the one that you may commit. There was a Jewish gentleman who went into a restaurant to get his dinner, and the devil of temptation whispered in his ear, "Eat some bacon." (Laughter.) He knew that if there was anything in the universe calculated to excite the wrath of the Infinite Being who made every shining star, it was to see a gentleman eat bacon. (Laughter.) He knew it (laughter), and he knew this Infinite Being was looking (laughter) and that he was the Infinite eavesdropper of the universe. (Great laughter.) But his appetite (laughter) got the better of his conscience (laughter) as it often has with us all (laughter). He knew it was wrong. When he went into that restaurant, the weather was delightful,—the air was as blue as June. And when he came out, the sky was covered with angry clouds, the lightning leaping from one to the other, and the earth shook beneath the voice of thunder. And he went back into that restaurant, with a face as white as milk, and he said to one of the keepers, "My God, did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?" (Great laughter.) As long as we harbor such opinions, of infinity, as long as we imagine the heavens to be filled with such tyranny, so long the sons of men will be cringing, intellectual cowards. (Applause.) Let us think and let us honestly express our thought. Do not imagine for a moment that I think the people who disagree with me are bad people. I admit, and I cheerfully admit, that a very large proportion of mankind—a very large majority, a vast number—are reasonably honest. I believe that most Christians believe what they teach, —that most ministers are endeavoring to make this world better. I do not pretend to be better than they are. It is an intellectual question. It is a question, first, of intellectual liberty, and after that a question to be settled at the bar of human reason. I do not pretend to be better than they are. Probably I am a good deal worse than many of them. But that isn't the question. The question is, bad as I am, have I right to think? And I think I have, for two reasons: First, I can't help it (laughter), and secondly, I like it. (Laughter.) And the whole question is right at a point. If I have not the right to express my thought, who has? "Ah," you say, "we'll allow you to think, we'll not prevent you." How kind! Why won't you burn me? "Because we think a decent man will allow others to speak and to express his thoughts." Then the reason you don't persecute me for my thought is that you believe it would be infamous in yourselves, and yet you worship a God who will, as you declare, punish me forever. (Applause and laughter.)

The next question, then, is, can I commit a sin against God by thinking? If God did not intend that I should think, why did he give me a thinker? (Laughter and applause.)

Now then we have got what they call a Christian system of religion, and thousands of people wonder how I can be wicked enough to attack that system. There are many good things about it; and I shall never attack anything that I believe to be good. (Applause.) I shall never fear to attack anything I honestly believe to be wrong. (Applause.) We have, I say, what they call the Christian religion, and I find just in proportion that nations have been religious, just in that proportion they have gone back to barbarism. I find that Spain, Portugal, and Italy are the three worst nations in Europe. I find that the nation nearest infidel is the most prosperous—France. (Applause.) And so I say there can be no danger in the exercise of absolute intellectual freedom. I find among ourselves the men who think at least as good as those who don't. (Laughter.) We have, I say, a Christian system, and that system is founded upon what they are pleased to call the New Testament. Who wrote the New Testament? I do not know. Who does know? Nobody. (Laughter.) We have found some fifty-two manucripts, containing portions of the New Testament. Some of these manuscripts leave out five or six books, many of them; others more, others less. No two of these manuscripts agree. Nobody knows who wrote these manuscripts. They are all written in Greek. The disciples of Christ knew only Hebrew. (Applause.) Nobody ever saw, so far as we know, one of the original Hebrew manuscripts; nobody ever saw anybody that had seen anybody that had ever seen one. (Loud and continued laughter and applause.) No doubt the clergy of your city have told you these facts thousands of times (laughter and applause), and they will be obliged to me for having repeated them once more. (Laughter.) These manuscripts are written in capital Greek letters; they are what are called "uncial copies," and the New Testament was not divided into chapters and verses even until the year of grace 1551. Recollect it! In the original manuscripts, the Gospels are signed by no-

body; the Epistles are addressed to nobody, and they are signed by the same person. (Laughter.) All the addresses, all the pretended earmarks, showing to whom they were written, and by whom they were written, are simply interpolations, and everybody that has studied the subject knows it. It is further admitted that even these manuscripts have not been properly translated; and they have a syndicate now making a new translation.

And I suppose that I cannot tell whether I really believe the Testament or not until I see that new translation. (Applause and laughter.) You must remember also one thing: Christ never wrote a solitary word of the New Testament—not one word. There is an account that He once stooped and wrote something in the sand, but that has not been preserved. (Applause.) He never told anybody to write a word. He never said: "Matthew, remember this;" "Mark, don't forget to put that down" (laughter); "Luke, be sure that in your gospel you have this;" "John, don't forget it." (Laughter.) Not one word. And it has always seemed to me that a being coming from another world with a message of infinite importance to mankind should at least have verified that message of his own signature. (Applause.) Why was nothing written? I will tell you. In my judgment, they expected the end of the world in a very few days. (Laughter.) That generation was not to pass away until the heavens should be rolled together as a scroll, and until the earth should melt with fervent heat. That was their belief. They believed that the world was to be destroyed,—that there was to be another coming, and that the saints were then to govern the world. And they even went so far among the Apostles, as we frequently do now before election, as to divide out the offices in advance. (Applause and laughter.) This Testament was not written for hundreds of years after the Apostles were dust. These facts lived in the open mostly. Let me say right here that I know lots of Democrats (laughter), great, broad, whole souled, clever men, and I love them—(applause)—and the only bad thing about them is that they vote the Democratic ticket. (Laughter and applause.) And I know lots of Republicans so mean and narrow that the only decent thing about them is that they vote the Republican ticket. (Great applause and laughter.) Now, let me make myself upon that subject perfectly plain. (Laughter.) For instance: I hate Presbyterianism, but I know hundreds of splendid Presbyterians; understand me? I hate Methodism, and yet I know hundreds of splendid Methodists. I dislike a certain set of principles called Democracy, and yet I know thousands of Democrats that I respect and like. (Applause.) I like a certain set of principles that is, most of them—called Republicanism, and yet I know lots of Republicans who are a disgrace to those principles. (Applause.) I do not war against man. I do not war against persons. I war against certain doctrines that I believe to be wrong (cheers), and I give to every other human being every right that I claim for myself. (Applause.) Of course I did not intend to-day to tell what we must do in the election for the purpose of being saved. (Great laughter.)

The next thing I find is in the seventh chapter and the second verse: "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Good. That suits me. (Laughter.) And in the twelfth chapter of Matthew, "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;" "For the son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then He shall reward every man according"—to the Church he belongs to? No. To the manner in which he is baptized? No. (Laughter.) According to his creed? No. "Then He shall reward every man according to his works." Good! I subscribe to that doctrine.

In the sixteenth chapter: "And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst, and said, 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.'" I do not wonder that a reformer in his day, that met the Scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites—I do not wonder that He at last turned to children and said, "Except ye become as little children." I do not wonder; and yet, see what children the children of God have been! What an interesting darling John Calvin was! (Laughter and applause.) Think of that prattling babe known as Jonathan Edwards! Think of the infants who invented the inquisition (laughter), that invented instruments of torture to tear human flesh! They were the ones who had become as little children.

So I find in the nineteenth chapter: "And behold one came and said unto Him, 'Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?' And He said unto him, 'Why callest thou Me good? There is none good but One that is God; but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.' And he said unto Him, 'Which?'"

Now, there is a pretty fair issue. Here is a child of God asking God what is necessary for him to do to inherit eternal life, and God says to him: "Keep the commandments," and the child says to the Deity, "Which?" Now, if there ever was an opportunity given to the Almighty to furnish a gentleman with an inquiring mind with the necessary information upon the subject (laughter), there was the opportunity. (Laughter and applause.) He said unto Him, Which? Jesus said: "Thou shalt do no murder; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness; honor thy father and thy mother; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He did not say to him: "You must believe in Me, that I am the only begotten Son of the everliving God." He did not say: "You must be born again." He did not say: "You must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He simply said: "Thou shalt do no murder; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not bear false witness; honor thy father and thy mother; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And thereupon the young man—I think he was a little fresh (laughter), and probably mistaken—saith unto Him, "All these things have I kept from my youth up." I don't believe that. (Laughter and applause.)

Now comes in an interpolation. In the old times, when the Church got a little scarce of money, they always put in a passage praising poverty. So they have this young man ask, "What lack I yet?" And Jesus said unto him: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in Heaven." (Laughter.) The Church has always been willing to swap off treasure in Heaven for cash down. (Roars of laughter and applause.) When the next verse was written the Church must have been dead broke. (Laughter.) "And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." Did you ever know a wealthy disciple to unload on account of that verse? (Laughter and cheers.)

And then comes another verse, which I believe to be an interpolation: "And every one that hath forsaken houses, and brethren, and sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." Christ never said it (applause) never. "Whosoever will forsake father or mother!" Why, he said to this man that asked him, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" among other things, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and we turn over the page, and He says again: "If you will desert your father and mother, you shall have everlasting life." It will not do. "If you will desert your wife, and your little children, and your lands," —the idea of putting a house and lot on an equality with wife and children! Think of that! I do not accept the terms. I will never desert the one I love for the promise of any God. (Loud applause.) It is far more important that we should love our wives than that we should love God, and I will tell you why: You cannot help Him; you can help her. (Applause.) You can fill her life with the perfume of perpetual joy. It is far more important that you love your children than that you love Jesus Christ, and why? If He is God, you cannot help Him; but you can plant a little flower of happiness in every footstep of the child, from the cradle until you die in that child's arms. (Loud applause.) Let me tell you to-day that it is far more important to build a home than to erect a church. (Applause.) The holiest temple beneath the stars is a home that love has built. (Applause.) And the most sacred altar in all the wide world is the fireside, around which gather father and mother and children. (Applause.) There was a time when people believed that infamy. There was a time when they did desert fathers and mothers, and wives and children. St. Augustine says to the devotee, "Fly to the desert. Though your wife put her arms about your neck, tear her hands away. She is a temptation of the devil. Though your father and mother throw their bodies athwart your threshold, step over them; though your children pursue with weeping eyes, beseeching you to return, hasten not, it is a temptation of the Evil One, fly to the desert and save your soul." Think of such a soul being worth saving! (Applause.) While I live I propose to stand by the folks. (Laughter and applause.)

Here, then, is another condition of salvation. I find in the twenty-fifth chapter. "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." Good! And I tell you to-night that God will not punish with eternal thirst the man who has put a cup of cold water to the lips of his neighbor. (Applause.) God will

not allow to live in eternal nakedness of pain the man who has clothed others. For instance: Here is a shipwreck, and here is some brave sailor who stands aside to let a woman that he never saw before take his place in the boat. He stands there great and serene as the wide sea, and he goes down. Do you tell me there is any God who will push the boat from the shore of eternal life when that man wishes to step in? (Applause.) Do you tell me that God can be unpitying to the pitiful; that he can be unforgiving to the forgiving? I deny it. And from the aspersions of the pulpit I seek to rescue the reputation of the Deity. (Applause.)

Now, I have read you everything in Matthew on the subject of salvation. (Laughter.) That is all there is. Not one word about believing anything. It is the gospel of deed, the gospel of charity, the gospel of self-denial, and if only that gospel had been preached persecution would never have shed one drop of blood. (Applause.) Not one.

Now, according to the testimony, Matthew was well acquainted with Christ. According to the testimony, he had been with Him and His companion for years. If it was necessary to believe anything in order to get to Heaven Matthew should have told us. But he forgot it, or he didn't believe it, or he never heard it; you can take your choice. (Laughter.)

The next is Mark. Now, let us see what he says. For the purpose of this lecture it is sufficient for me to say that Mark agrees substantially with Matthew,—that God will be merciful to the merciful, that He will be kind to the kind, that He will pity the pitying. It is precisely or substantially the same as Matthew until I come to the sixteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter, and then strike an interpolation put in by hypocrisy, put in by priests who longed to grasp with bloody hands the scepter of universal authority. (Applause.) Let me read it to you. It is the most infamous passage in the Bible. Christ never said it. No sensible man ever said it. "And he said unto them" (that is, unto His disciples), "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Now, I propose to prove to you that this is an interpolation. How will I do it? In the first place, not one word is said about belief in Matthew. In the next place, not one word about belief in Mark until I come to that verse, and where is that said to have been spoken? According to Mark, it is a part of the last conversation of Jesus Christ,—just before, according to the account, he ascended bodily before their eyes. If there ever was any important thing happened in this world that is one. If there is any conversation that people would be apt to recollect, it would be the last conversation with a God, before He rose through the air and seated Himself upon the throne of the infinite. We have in this testament five accounts of the last conversation happening between Jesus Christ and His Apostles. Matthew gives it, and yet Matthew does not state that in that connection He said, "Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and whosoever believeth not shall be damned." If He did say these words, they were the most important that ever fell from His lips. Matthew either did not hear it, or didn't believe it, or forgot it. Then I turn to Luke, and he gives an account of this same last conversation, and not one word does he say upon that subject. Now it is the most important thing, if Christ said it, that He ever said. Then I turn to John, and he gives an account of the last conversation, but not one solitary word upon the subject of belief or unbelief,—not one word on the subject of damnation. Not one. Then I turn to the first chapter of Acts, and there I find an account of the last conversation, and in that conversation not one word upon this subject. Now, I say that that demonstrates that the passage in Mark is an interpolation. What other reason have I got? That there is not one particle of sense in it. (Laughter.) Why? No man can control his belief. You hear evidence for and against, and the integrity of the soul stands at the scales and tells which side rises and which side falls. (Applause.) You cannot believe as you will. You must believe as you must. And He might as well have said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel, and whosoever has red hair shall be saved (laughter), and whosoever hath not shall be damned." (Renewed laughter.) Then I have another reason. I am much obliged to the gentleman who interpolated those passages; I am much obliged to him that he put in some more —two more. Now hear, "And these signs shall follow them that believe." Good! "In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Bring on your believer. (Applause and laughter.) Let him cast out a devil. I don't claim a large one. (Laughter.) Just a little one for a cent. (Renewed

laughter.) Let him take up serpents. (A voice: "Copperhead?") If he drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt him. Let me mix up a dose for an average believer (laughter), and if it doesn't "hurt" him I will join a church. (Laughter and applause.) Oh, but they say those things only lasted through that apostolic age. Let us see. "Go into all the world and preach the gospel, and whosoever believes and is baptized shall be saved, and these signs shall follow them that believe." How long? I think at least until they had gone into all the world. (Applause.) Certainly those signs should follow until all the world had been visited. If that declaration was in the mouth of Christ, He then knew that one-half of the world was unknown, and that He would be dead, 1,492 years before His disciples would know that there was another world. (Applause.) And He said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel." And He knew then that it would be 1,492 years before anybody went. (Laughter.) Well, if it was worth while to have signs follow believers in the Old World, assuredly it was worth while to have the signs follow the believers in the New World. And the only reason that signs should follow would be to convince the unbeliever; and there are as many unbelievers now as ever. And the signs are as necessary to-day as they ever were. (Applause.) I would like a few myself. (Laughter.) This frightful declaration, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," has filled this world with agony and crime. Every letter of this passage has been sword and fagot; every word has been dungeon and chain. And that passage made the sword of persecution drip with innocent blood for ten centuries. That passage made the horizon of 1,000 years lurid with the fagot's flames. That passage contradicts the Sermon on the Mount. That passage travesties the Lord's Prayer. That passage turns the splendid religion of deed and duty into the cruel, cruel superstition of creed and cruelty. I deny it. It is infamous. Christ never said it.

Now I come to Luke. (Laughter.) And it is sufficient to say that Luke substantially agrees with Matthew and with Mark. But let us first read. I like it. "Be ye therefore merciful as your Father is also merciful." Good! "Judge not, and you shall not be judged, condemn not, and you shall not be condemned; and forgive and you shall be forgiven." Good! "Give and it shall be given unto you," good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over. Good. I like it. "For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." He agrees substantially with Mark, he agrees substantially with Matthew.

And I come at last to the nineteenth chapter: "And Zaccheus stood, and said unto the Lord, 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' And Jesus said unto him, 'This day is salvation come to this house.'" That's good doctrine. He didn't ask Zaccheus what he believed. He didn't ask him: "Do you believe in the Bible? Do you believe in the five points? Have you ever been baptized? (Roars.) Sprinkled? Oh! immersed?" (Great laughter.) "Half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold," and Christ said, "This day is salvation come to this house." Good. (Applause.)

I read also in Luke that Christ, when upon the Cross, forgave His murderers; and that is considered the shining gem in the crown of His mercy—that He forgave His murderers; that he forgave those that drove the nails in His hands and in His feet; that planted the spear in His side, the soldier that, in the hour of death, offered him in mockery the bitterness to drink.

He forgave them all freely there, yet, although He forgave them, He will in the nineteenth century damn to eternal fire an honest man for the expression of his honest thought. (Applause.) That won't do. (Laughter.)

I find, too, in Luke the account of two thieves that were crucified at the same time. The other gospels speak of them. One says that both railed upon him. Another says nothing about it. In Luke we are told that one did, but one of the thieves looked and pitied Christ, and Christ said to that thief: "This day shalt thou meet Me in paradise." Why did he say that? Because the thief pitied Him, and God cannot afford to trample beneath the feet of His infinite wrath the smallest blossom of pity that ever shed its perfume in the human heart. (Applause.) What was this thief? To what church did he belong? (Laughter.) I don't know. The fact that he was a thief throws no light upon that question. (Roars.) Who was he? What did he believe? I don't know. Did he believe in the Old Testament and the miracles? I don't know. Did he believe that Christ was God? I don't know. Why, then, was the promise made to him that he should meet Christ in Paradise? Simply because

he pitied innocence suffering upon the cross. God cannot afford to damn any man capable of pitying anybody. (Applause.)

And now we come to John; and that's where trouble commences. (Laughter.) The other gospels preach the doctrine that will be merciful to the merciful, forgiving to the forgiving, kind to the loving, just to the just, merciful to the good. Now we come to John. And here is another doctrine. And let me say that John wasn't written until centuries after the others. This the church made up. (Laughter.) "And Jesus answered and said unto him: 'Verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.'" Why didn't He tell Matthew that? Why didn't He tell Luke that? Why didn't He tell Mark that? They never heard of it, or they forgot it, or they didn't believe it. "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." Why? "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," and He might have added, "that which is born of water is water." (Laughter.) "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." (Renewed laughter.) And then the reason is given, and I admit that I didn't understand it myself until I read the reason, and when I read the reason you will understand it as well as I do. And here it is: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." (Great laughter.)

So I find in the book of John the idea of the real presence. So I find in the book of John that in order to be saved we must eat of the flesh and we must drink of the blood of Jesus Christ, and if that gospel is true the Catholic Church is right. (Great applause.) But it isn't true. (Laughter.) I cannot believe it, and yet, for all that, it may be true. But I don't believe it. Neither do I believe there is any God in the universe who will damn a man simply for expressing his belief. (Applause.) "Why," they say to me, "suppose all this should turn out to be true, and you should come to the Day of Judgment and find that it was all true, what would you do then?" I would walk up like a man and say: "I was mistaken." (Applause and laughter.) "And suppose God was about to pass judgment upon you, what would you say?" I would say to Him: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." (Applause.) Why not? I am told I must render good for evil. I am told that if smitten upon one cheek I must turn the other. I am told that I must overcome evil with good. I am told that I must love my enemies, and will it do for this God who tells me "Love your enemies," to say, "I will damn mine?" (Applause.) No, it will not do. It will not do. (Renewed applause.)

Upon the book of John all this doctrine of regeneration, all this doctrine that it is necessary to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, all the doctrine that salvation depends upon belief—in the book of John all these doctrines find their warrant; nowhere else; nowhere else. Read these three gospels, and then read John, and you will agree with me that the gospels teach that we must be kind, we must be merciful, we must be forgiving, and thereupon that God will forgive us—and then say whether or not that doctrine is better than the doctrine that somebody else can be good for you, that somebody else can be bad for you, and that the only way to get to Heaven is to believe something that you don't understand. (Applause.)

Now, upon these Gospels that I have read the Churches rest, and out of those things that I have read they have made their creeds. And the first Church to make a creed, so far as I know, was the Catholic. I take it, that is the first Church that had any power. That is the Church that preserved all these miracles for us. (Laughter.) That is the Church that preserved the manuscripts for us. That is the Church whose word we have to take. That Church is the witness that Protestantism brings to the bar of history to prove miracles that happened 1800 years ago; (applause) and, while the witness is there, Protestantism takes the pains to say: "You can't believe one word that the witness says now." That Church is the only one that keeps up a constant communication with Heaven (laughter) through the instrumentality of a large number of decayed Saints. (Roars.) That Church has an agent of God on earth; that Church has a person who stands in place of Deity; that Church, according to their doctrine, is infallible. That Church has persecuted to the exact extent of her power, and always will. In Spain that Church stands erect, that Church is arrogant; in the United States that Church crawls; but the object in both countries is precisely the same, and that is the destruction of intellectual liberty. (Great applause.) That Church teaches us that we can make God happy by being miserable ourselves. That Church teaches us that a nun is holier in the sight of God than a loving mother with her child in her thrilled and thrilling

arms. That Church teaches you that a priest is better than a father. That Church teaches you that celibacy is better than that passion of love that has made everything of beauty in this world. (Applause.) That Church tells the girl of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with eyes like dew and light, —that girl with the red of health in the white of her beautiful cheeks,—it tells that girl: "Put on a veil woven of death and night, kneel upon stone, and you will please God." I tell you that no girl should be allowed by law to take the veil and renounce the beauties of the world (loud applause) until she is at least twenty-five years of age. (Laughter.) Wait until she knows what she wants. (Laughter and applause.) I am opposed to allowing these spider-like priests to weave webs to catch the flies of youth. There ought to be a law appointing Commissioners to visit such places at least twice a year and release every person who expresses a desire to be released. (Loud applause.) I do not believe in keeping penitentiaries for God. (Applause.) No doubt they are honest about it, that is not the question. Now, this Church, after a few centuries of thought, made a creed, and that creed is the foundation of orthodox religion. Let me read it to you: "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. Which faith, except every one do keep entire and inviolate, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. Now the Catholic faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity." Of course you understand how this is done, and there is no need of my explaining it. (Laughter.) "Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance." You see what a predicament that would leave the Deity in—if you divide the substance. (Laughter.) "For one is the person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. But the godhead of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is all one, the glory equal, the majesty coeternal. Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost. The Father is uncreated, the Son is uncreated, and the Holy Ghost is uncreated. The Father incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible." And that is the reason we know so much about them there. (Laughter.) "The Father Eternal, the Son Eternal, and the Holy Ghost Eternal. And yet there are not three Eternals, but one Eternal. As also there are not three uncreated, nor three incomprehensibles, but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible. In like manner the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty, and the Holy Ghost Almighty. And yet there are no three Almighties, but one Almighty. (Laughter.) So the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God. And yet there are not three Gods, but one God. So, likewise, the Father is Lord, the Son is Lord, and the Holy Ghost is Lord. And yet there are not three Lords, but one Lord. For as we are compelled by the Christian truth to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord, so we are forbidden by the Catholic religion to say there are three Gods or three Lords. The Father is made of no one, neither created nor begotten. The Son is made from the Father alone—not made, nor created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost is from the Father and Son, not made nor begotten, but proceeding. So there is one Father, not three Fathers; why should there be if there is only one Son? (Laughter.) One Son, not three Sons; one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts. And in this trinity there is nothing before or after; nothing greater or less; but the whole three persons are coeternal to one another and coequal. So that in all things the Unity is to be worshiped in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity. He, therefore, that will be saved must thus think of the Trinity. Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation that he also believe rightly the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now, the right faith is that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and Man. He is God of the substance of His Father, begotten before the world"—that is, a good while before His mother lived (laughter); "and He is a man of the substance of His mother born in the world. Perfect God and perfect man; of a rational soul, and human flesh subsisting; equal to the Father according to His godhead, and less than the Father according to His manhood; who, although He or both God and Man, yet he is not two but one Christ, one, not by the conversion of the godhead into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood unto God." You see, that is a great deal easier than the other way. (Laughter.) "One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. For as the rational soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ, who suffered for our salvation, descended into Hell, rose again the third day from the dead. He ascended into Heaven; He sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead."

In order to be saved it is necessary to believe this. What mercy it is that man can get to without understanding it!

(Laughter and applause.) In order to compel the human intellect to get upon its knees before that infinite absurdity, thousands and millions have suffered all agonies, thousands and millions have perished in dungeon and in fire; and if all the bones of all the victims of the Catholic Church could be gathered together, a monument higher than all the pyramids would arise, in the presence of which the eyes even of priests would be suffused with tears. That Church covered Europe with Cathedrals and dungeons; that Church robbed man of the jewel of the soul, that Church has ignorance upon its knees; that Church went in partnership with the tyranny of the throne, and between these two vultures, the altar and the throne, the heart of man was devoured. (Applause.)

Of course I admit—cheerfully admit—that there are thousands of good Catholics. But Catholicism is contrary to human liberty; Catholicism bases salvation upon belief; Catholicism teaches man to trample his reason under foot; and for that reason it is wrong.

Now the next church that comes along in the order that I wish to speak is the Episcopalian. That was founded by Henry VIII. —now in Heaven. (Laughter.) He cast off Queen Katherine and Catholicism together, and he accepted Episcopalianism and Anne Boleyn at the same time. (Laughter.) That church if it had a few more ceremonies, would be Catholic; if it had a few less, nothing. (Laughter.) We have an Episcopalian Church in this country, and it has all the imperfections of a poor relation. (Laughter.) It is always boasting of its rich relative. In England, the creed is made by law, the same as we pass statutes here, and when a gentleman dies in England, in order to determine whether he shall be saved or not, it is necessary for the powers of heaven to read the acts of parliament. (Laughter.) It becomes a question of law, and sometimes a man is damned on a very nice point (laughter) lost on demurrer! (Laughter and applause.) A few years ago a gentleman by the name of Seabury—Samuel Seabury—was sent over to England to get some Apostolical succession. We hadn't a drop in the house. (Laughter.) It was necessary for the Bishops of the English Church to put their hands upon his head. They refused; there was no act of Parliament justifying it. He had then to go to the Scotch bishops, and, had the Scotch Bishops refused, we never would have had any apostolic succession in the New World. God would have been driven out of half the world, and the true Church never could have been founded. But the Scotch Bishops put their hands on his head and now we have an unbroken succession of heads and hands, from St. Paul to the last Bishop. (Laughter.) In this country the Episcopal Church has done some good; and I want to thank that Church for having on the average less religion than the others (laughter); on the average you have done more good to mankind. (Laughter and applause.) You preserved some of the humanities. You did not hate music, you did not absolutely despise painting; and you did not abhor architecture. You finally admitted that it was no worse to keep time with your feet than with your hands; and some went so far as to say that people could play cards and God would overlook it all, or look the other way. (Laughter.) For all these things accept my thanks. When I was a boy, the other churches looked upon dancing as the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost; and they used to teach that when four boys got together in a hay-mow playing seven-up, that the eternal God stood whetting the sword of His eternal wrath, waiting to strike them down to the lowest hell. (Laughter and applause.) So that Church has done some good.

After a while, in England, a couple of gentlemen by the name of Wesley and Whitfield said: "If everybody is going to Hell, somebody ought to mention it." (Laughter.) The Episcopal clergy said: "Keep still, don't tear your gown." (Laughter.) Wesley and Whitfield said: "This frightful truth ought to be proclaimed from the housetops of every opportunity and from the highway of every occasion." They were good, honest men; they believed their doctrine, and they said: "If there is a Hell, and here is a Niagara of souls pouring over the eternal precipice of ignorance, somebody ought to say something." They were right, somebody ought if such a thing is true. Wesley was a believer in the Bible. He believed in the actual presence of the Almighty. God used to do miracles for him. (Laughter.) He used to put off a rain several days to give his meeting a chance. He used to cure his horse of lameness. He used to cure Mr. Wesley's headaches. Mr. Wesley also believed in the actual existence of the Devil. He believed that devils had possession of people. He talked to the Devil when he was in folks, and the Devil told him that he was going to leave, and that he was going into another person, and that he would be there at a certain time (laughter); and Wesley went to that other person, and there the Devil was prompt to the minute. (Laughter and applause.) He regarded every conversion as an absolute war-

fare between God and this Devil for the possession of that man's soul. Honest, no doubt. Mr. Wesley did not believe in human liberty; honest, no doubt, he was opposed to the liberty of the colonies—honestly so. Mr. Wesley preached a sermon entitled, "The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes" (laughter), in which he took the ground that earthquakes were caused by sin, and the only way to stop them was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. (Great laughter.) No doubt an honest man. Wesley and Whitfield fell out on the question of predestination. Wesley insisted that God invited everybody to the feast. Whitfield said He didn't invite those whom He knew wouldn't come. (Laughter.) Wesley said He did. Whitfield said, 'Well, He didn't put plates for them, anyway.' (Great laughter.) Wesley said He did, so that when they were in Hell He could show them that there was a seat left for them. And that Church that they founded is still active. Probably no church in the world has done as much preaching for as little money as the Methodist. (Great laughter.) Whitfield believed in slavery, and advocated the slave trade. And it was of Whitfield that Whittier made the two lines:

"He bade the slaveships speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost."

We had a meeting of the Methodists, and I find by their statistics that they believe that they have converted 130,000 folks in a year. And in order to do this they have 26,000 preachers, 226,000 Sunday school scholars, and about $100,000,000 invested in church property. I find in looking over the history of the world, that there are forty or fifty million people born a year, and if they are saved at the rate of 130,000 a year, about how long will it take for that doctrine to save this world? (Laughter.) Good, honest people; they are mistaken; in old times they were very simple. Their churches used to be like barns. They used to have them divided—the men on this side, the women on that, a little fortress. They have advanced since then, and they now find as a fact demonstrated by experience that a man sitting by a woman he loves can thank God as heartily as though sitting between two men that he has never been introduced to. (Applause and laughter.) There is another thing the Methodists ought to remember, and that is that the Episcopalians were the greatest enemies they ever had. And they should remember that the Free-Thinkers have always treated them kindly and well. There is one thing about the Methodist Church in the North that I like, but I find it is not Methodism that does it. I find that the Methodist Church in the South is as much opposed to liberty as the Methodist Church North is in favor of liberty. So it is not Methodism that is in favor of liberty or slavery. They vary a little in their creed from the rest. They don't believe that God does everything. They believe that He does His part, and that you must do the rest, and that getting to Heaven is a partnership business.

The next Church, the Presbyterian, in my judgment, is the worst of all (laughter and applause), so far as creed is concerned. This Church was founded by John Calvin, a murderer. (Sensation.) John Calvin, having power in Geneva, inaugurated human torture. Voltaire abolished torture in France! (Applause.) The man who abolished torture, if the Christian religion is true, God is now torturing in Hell; and the man who inaugurated torture, is now a glorified angel in Heaven. (Laughter.) It won't do. (Renewed laughter.) John Knox started this doctrine in Scotland; and this is the peculiarity about Presbyterianism: It grows best where the soil is poorest. (Laughter.) I read the other day an account of a meeting between John Knox and John Calvin. Imagine a dialogue between a pestilence and a famine. (Convulsive laughter.) Imagine a conversation between a block and the axe. As I read thier conversation it seemed to me as though John Knox and John Calvin were made for each other, and that they fitted each other like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast. They believed happiness was a crime. They looked upon laughter as blasphemy. And they did all they could to destroy every human feeling, and to fill the mind with the infinite gloom of predestination and eternal damnation. (Applause.) They taught the doctrine that God had a right to damn us because He made us. That is just the reason He has not a right to damn us. There is some dust—unconscious dust. What right has God to change that unconscious dust into a human being, when He knows that human being will live—when He knows that human being will suffer eternal agony? Why not leave him in his unconscious dust? (Applause.) What right has an infinite God to add to the sum of human agony? Suppose I knew that I could change that piece of furniture (pointing to a chair) into a living, happy, sentient human being, and I knew that being would suffer untold agony forever. If I did it I would be a fiend. I would leave that being in unconscious dust. And yet we are told that we must believe such doctrine or we are to be eternally damned. It won't do. Why, in 1839 there was a division in this Church. They had a

lawsuit to see which was the church of God. (Laughter.) And they tried it before a judge and jury, and the jury decided that the New School was the church of God. Then they got a new trial, and the next jury decided that the Old School was the church of God, and that settled it. (Great laughter.) And that Church teaches that infinite innocence was sacrificed for me. I don't want it. I don't wish to go to Heaven unless I can settle by the books, and go there because I have a right to go there. I have said, and I say again, I don't wish to be a charity angel. (Laughter.) I have no ambition to become a winged pauper of the sky. (Roars.)

The other day a young gentleman—a Presbyterian, who had just been converted—came to convert me. (Shouts of laughter.) He gave me a tract, and he told me that he was perfectly happy. Humph! (Laughter.) Said I: "Do you think a great many people are going to hell?" "O yes." "And you are perfectly happy?" Well, he didn't know as he was quite. (Laughter.) "Wouldn't you be happier if they were all going to Heaven?" "O, yes." "Well, then you are not perfectly happy?" No, he didn't think he was. (Laughter.) Said I: "When you go to Heaven you will be perfectly happy." "Oh, my! yes." "Now, when we are only going to Hell you are not quite happy, but when we are in Hell and you in Heaven, then you will be perfectly happy. You won't be as decent when you are an angel as you are now, will you?" (Laughter.) Well, he said that wasn't exactly it. (More laughter.) "Well," said I, "suppose your mother was in Hell, would you be happy in Heaven then?" "Well," he says, "I suppose God would know the best place for mother." (Shouts on shouts of laughter.) And I thought to myself, then, if I was a woman I would like to have five or six boys like that. (Great laughter.) It will not do: Heaven is where are those we love and those who love us (applause), and I wish to go to no world unless I can be accompanied by those who have loved me here. (Applause.) Talk about the consolation of this infamous doctrine—the consolation of a doctrine that makes a father say, "I can be happy, with my daughter in hell"; that makes a mother say, "I can be happy with my generous, brave boy in hell"; that makes a boy say, "I can enjoy the glory of Heaven, with the woman who bore me, the woman who would have died for me, in eternal agony." (Great applause.) And they call that "tidings of great joy." (Great applause and laughter.)

I have no time to speak of the Baptists (laughter) that Jeremy Taylor said were as much to be rooted out as anything that was the greatest pest and nuisance on earth (laughter); nor of the Quakers, the best of all, and abused by all. I cannot forget that George Fox, in the year of grace 1640, was put in the pillory, whipped from town to town, scarred, put in a dungeon, beaten, trampled upon, and what for? Simply because he preached the doctrine, "Thou shalt not resist evil with evil. Thou shalt love thine enemies." Think of what the Church must have been in that day. To scar the flesh of that loving man; just think of it! I say I have no time to speak of all these sects, and of the varieties of Presbyterians, and of the Cambellites (laughter)—the people who think you must dive in order to get up. (Great laughter.) There are hundreds and hundreds and these sects all founded upon this creed that I read, differing simply in degree. "Ah," but they say to me, "you are fighting something that is dead. Nobody believes this now. The preachers don't believe what they preach in the pulpit. The people in the pews don't believe what they hear preached." "Oh," they say to me, "you are fighting something that is dead—that is all form. We don't believe a solitary creed. We signed it, and swore that we believed it, but we don't, and none of us do." (Laughter.) "And all the ministers," they say, "in private admit that they don't believe in it—not quite." I don't know whether it is so or not; I take it that they believe what they preach. I take it that when they meet and solemnly agree to a creed, I take it that they are honest, and believe in that creed. The Evangelical Alliance, composed of all the orthodox denominations in the world, met only a few years ago, and here is their creed: "The Divine inspiriation, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures: the right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures." But if you interpret wrong, you are damned. They believe in the unity of the Godhead, and the trinity of the persons therein. They believe in the utter depravity of human nature, and there can be no more infamous doctrine than that. They look upon a little child as a lump of depravity; I look upon it as a bud of humanity (applause) that will, under proper circumstances, blossom into rich and glorious life. (Applause.) Total depravity of human nature! Here is a woman whose husband has been lost at sea, and the news comes that he has been drowned by the ever-hungry waves. She waits, and something in her heart tells her he is alive. She waits, and years afterwards, as she looks down towards the little gate, she sees him; he has been given back

by the sea, and she rushes to his arm, covering his face with kisses and with tears. If that infamous doctrine in true, every tear is a crime and every kiss is a blasphemy. It will not do. (Applause.) According to that doctrine, if a man steals, and repents, and takes back the property, the repentance and the taking back of the property are two other crimes, if he is wholly depraved. It is an infamy. What else do they believe? The justification of the sinner by faith alone; not any works, just faith—believing something that you do not understand. Of course, God cannot afford to reward a man for believing anything that is reasonable; publicans and sinners believe what is reasonable; God rewards you only for believing something that is unreasonable. If you believe something that you know is not so, you are a saint. (Laughter.) But what else? They believe in the eternal blessedness of the righteous and in the eternal punishment of the wicked. Tidings of great joy! They are so good that they will not associate with Universalists; they will not associate with Scientists; they will only associate with those that believe that God so loved the world that He made up His mind to damn the most of us. (Laughter and applause.)

But then they say to me, "What do you propose? You have torn down our hope, what do you propose to give in the place of it?" I have not torn it down; I have only endeavored to trample out the ignorant and cruel fires of Hell. I do not tear away the passage, "God will be merciful to the merciful." I do not destroy the promise, "If you will forgive others, God will forgive you." (Applause.) I would not for anything blot out the faintest star that shines in the horizon of human despair, nor in the horizon of human hope; but I will do what I can to get that infinite shadow out of the heart of man. (Loud applause.) "What do you propose in place of this?" Well, in the first place, I propose good fellowship—good fellowship—good friends all round. No matter what we believe, shake hands, and say, "Let it go; that is your opinion, this is mine; let us be friends." Science makes friends; religion, superstition, make enemies. They say, belief is important; I say, no, actions are important; judge by deeds, not by creeds. Good fellowship! We have had too many of these solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man, I know he is an exceedingly stupid man. (Laughter.) No man of any humor ever founded a religion—never. Humor sees both sides; while reason is the holy light, humor carries the lantern; and a man with a keen sense of humor is preserved from the solemn stupidities of superstition. I like a man that has got good feeling for everybody. Good fellowship! One man said to another, "Will you take a glass of wine?" "I don't drink." "Will you smoke a cigar?" "I don't smoke." "Maybe you will chew something?" "I don't chew." "Let us eat some hay?" (Laughter.) "I don't eat hay." "Well, then, good bye—you are company for neither man nor beast." (Laughter and applause.)

I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness; the gospel of good nature; in the gospel of good health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies; take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselves. Good health! I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when men will not fill the future with consumption and with insanity. I believe the time will come when with studying ourselves and understanding the laws of health, we will say we are under obligations to put the flags of health in the cheeks of our children. (Applause.) Even if I got to Heaven, and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and see them diseased, deformed, crazed, all suffering the penalty of crimes that I had committed. (Loud applause.) I, then, believe in the gospel of good health, and I believe in the gospel of good living. You cannot make any God happy by fasting. (Laughter.) Let us have good food, and let us have it well cooked; it is a thousand times better to know how to cook it than it is to understand any theology in the world. (Loud applause.)

I believe in the gospel of good clothes. I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap. (Laughter.) I believe in the gospel of intelligence; in the gospel of education. The school house is my cathedral; the universe is my Bible. (Loud applause.) I believe in the gospel of justice—that we may reap what we sow. I do not believe in forgiveness. If I rob Mr. Smith, and God forgives me, how does that help Smith? (Laughter.) If I by slander cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterwards I get forgiveness, how does that help her? If there is another world, we have got to settle no bankrupt court there. (Laughter and applause.) Pay down. Among the ancient Jews if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep; now they say

"Charge it. (Laughter.) Put it on the slate." (Renewed laughter.) it won't do. For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you have ever clothed another with unhappiness as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you hadn't done that thing. (Applause.) No forgiveness, eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice—that is what I believe in. And if it goes hard with me, I will stand it. (Laughter.) And I will stick to my logic; and I will bear it like a man. (Applause.) And I believe, too, in the gospel of liberty,—of giving to others what we claim. And I believe there is room everywhere for thought, and the more liberty you give away the more you will have. In liberty extravagance is economy. Let us be just, let us be generous to each other. I believe in the gospel of intelligence. That is the only lever capable of raising mankind. Intelligence must be the savior of the world. (Applause.) Humanity is the grand religion. And no God can put a man into Hell in another world who has made a little Heaven in this. (Applause.) God cannot make miserable a man who has made somebody else happy. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving his neighbor. So I believe in this great gospel of generosity. Ah, but they say it won't do. You must believe. I say no. My gospel of health will prolong life; my gospel of intelligence, my gospel of loving, my gospel of good fellowship will cover the world with happy homes. My doctrine will put carpets upon your floors, pictures upon your walls. My doctrine will put books upon your shelves, ideas in your mind. My doctrine will relieve the world of the abnormal monsters born of the ignorance of superstition. My doctrine will give us health, wealth and happiness. That is what I want. That is what I believe in. (Applause.) Give us intelligence, and in a little while a man will find that he cannot steal without robbing himself; he will find that he cannot murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that every crime is a mistake.

He will find that only that man carries a cross who does wrong, and that for the man who does right the cross changes into wings on his shoulders and bears him upwards forever. He will find that intelligent self love embraces within its mighty arms all the human race. (Applause.) Ah, but they say to me, you take away immortality. I do not. If we are immortal, it is a fact in nature. We are not indebted to priests for it, nor to bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to live, and when one dies, we will say we hope to meet again. (Applause.) And whether we do, or not, it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in Nature. I would not for my life, destroy one star of human hope, but I want it so, that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a lullaby to the dimpled darling, she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine chances in a hundred she is raising kindling wood for hell. (Laughter and applause.)

One word at a time. That is my doctrine. (Applause.) It is said in this Testament, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And I say, sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof. And suppose, after all, that death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those who have loved us, next to that is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. (Applause.) Next to eternal life is eternal death. (Applause.) Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of troubles cast no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that have been touched by the eternal silence will never utter another word of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep. And I rather think of those I have loved, and those I have lost, as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world. I would rather think of them as unconscious dust. I would rather think of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the cloud, bursting into light upon the shores of the world. I would rather think of them thus than to have even a suspicion that their souls had been clutched by an orthodox God. (Great applause.) But for me I will leave the dead where Nature leaves them, and whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish. But I cannot believe that there is any being in this universe who has created a soul for eternal pain, and I would rather that every God would go back to the eternal chaos, to the black and starless night, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony. (Great applause.) I have made up my mind that if there is a God He will be merciful to the merciful. Upon that rock I stand. (Applause.) That He will forgive the forgiving; upon that rock I stand. That every man should be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime; and upon that rock I stand. An honest man, a good, kind, sweet woman, or a happy child, has nothing to fear, neither

in this world nor the world to come and upon that rock I stand. (Loud applause.)

Col. Ingersoll was recalled, after he had left the stage, by the tumultuous applause of his auditors, who would not be satisfied until he had made his reappearance. The applause was redoubled as he again stepped in front of the footlights, acknowledged the compliment, with bow and smile, and once more retired to the wings. In a few minutes the great audience had dispersed and the theater was deserted.

Free Speech and an Honest Ballot

Great Issues of the Time

Colonel Ingersoll made one of his most eloquent and impressive addresses last evening before an immense audience in the Cooper Institute. The thousands who heard him were stirred as few other orators in the country have power to stir their hearers. Almost every sentence was interrupted or rounded with applause or laughter. The speech was crammed with good things—sharp hits, lively sallies, rich humor and glowing with appeals of a high order of eloquence. All the great questions of the campaign were considered. The orator first took up the suppression of free speech in the South; then he spoke of the importance of an honest ballot; the honest collection of the public revenue was then touched upon; the currency was next considered; the doctrine of State Sovereignty was riddled; the duty of the Government to protect every citizen was upheld; the importance of the protection of labor was presented, and in conclusion the claims of the candidates of the two parties to public support were reviewed in a masterly manner.

Among those present were Collector Merritt, Hugh Gardner, Edmund Stephenson, Samuel Wood, George A Street, M. N. Heckscher, F. B. Thurber, E. R. Peck, H. S. Hart, James Seligman, Joseph Height, Hugh N. Camp, and D. Duncan Vail.

Shortly after seven o'clock Joseph Height called the meeting to order, and the Ingersoll Chicago Campaign Glee Club appeared on the platform. This club is composed of four men who have accompanied Colonel Ingersoll throughout his campaign tour. Their songs were much applauded. At half past seven precisely the handsome, though somewhat corpulent, figure of Colonel Ingersoll was seen struggling through the masses filling the background of the platform. The Colonel, who seemed as fresh and hearty as ever, in spite of his recent campaign experience, was accompanied by his wife and his daughter.

His appearance called forth thunders of applause, which did not die away until several minutes had elapsed. These demonstrations elicited an acknowledgment from the Colonel which took the form of a bow, a slight wave of the hand and a quaint expression of countenance peculiar to the man. Mr. Camp arose and introduced him as the speaker for the evening. Another cheer and then all was quiet. It is needless to say that almost every utterance had its accompaniment of applause. At one moment the orator convulsed his hearers with laughter, while another he drew tears into their eyes—and into those of men as well as women. His upholding of free speech, which he considered a vital issue in the present campaign, his advocacy of honest money, his attack of free trade, and in fact all the features of his powerful speech impressed his hearers deeply.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Years ago I made up my mind that there was no particular argument in slander. (Applause.) I made up my mind that for parties as well as for individuals, honesty in the long run is the best policy. (Applause.) I made up

my mind that the people were entitled to know a man's honest thoughts, and I propose to-night to tell you exactly what I think. (Applause.) And it may be well enough, in the first place, for me to say that no party has a mortgage on me. (Applause.) I am the sole proprietor of myself. (Laughter and applause.) No party, no organization, has any deed of trust on what little brains I have, and as long as I can get my part of the common air I am going to tell my honest thoughts. (Applause.) One man in the right will finally get to be a majority. (Laughter.) I am not going to say a word to-night that every Democrat here will not know is true, and whatever he may say with his mouth, I will compel him in his heart to give three cheers. (Applause.)

In the first place, I wish to admit that during the war there were hundreds of thousands of patriotic Democrats. I wish to admit that if it had not been for the War Democrats of the North, we never would have put down rebellion. (Applause.) Let us be honest. I further admit that had it not been for other than War Democrats there never would have been a rebellion to put down. (Great applause.) War Democrats! Why did we call them War Democrats? Did you ever hear anybody talk about a war Republican? We spoke of War Democrats to distinguish them from those Democrats who were in favor of peace upon any terms.

I also wish to admit that the Republican party is not absolutely perfect. (Laughter.) While I believe that it is the best party that ever existed (applause), while I believe it has within its organization more heart, more brain, more patriotism than any other organization that ever existed beneath the sun, I still admit that it is not entirely perfect. I admit, in its great things, in its splendid efforts to preserve this nation, in its grand effort to keep our flag in heaven, in its magnificent effort to free four millions of slaves (applause), in its great and sublime efforts to save the financial honor of this Nation, I admit that it has made some mistakes. In its great effort to do right it has sometimes by mistake done wrong. And I also wish to admit that the great Democratic party, in its effort to get office, has sometimes by mistake done right. (Laughter.) You see that I am inclined to be perfectly fair. (Applause and laughter.) I am going with the Republican party because it is going my way; but if it ever turns to the right or left, I intend to go straight ahead.

In every government there is something that ought to be preserved; in every government there are many things that ought to be destroyed. Every good man, every patriot, every lover of the human race, wishes to preserve the good and destroy the bad; and every one in this audience who wishes to preserve the good, will go with that section of our common country—with that party in our country that he honestly believes will preserve the good and destroy the bad. (Applause.) It takes a great deal of trouble to raise a good Republican. (Laughter.) It is a vast deal of labor. The Republican party is the fault of all ages—of self-sacrifice and devotion. (Applause.) The Republican party is born of every good thing that was ever done in this world. (Applause.) The Republican party is the result of all martyrdom, of all heroic blood shed for the right. It is the blossom and fruit of the great world's best endeavor. (Applause.) In order to make a Republican you have got to have schoolhouses. (Applause.) You have got to have newspapers and magazines. (Applause.) A good Republican is the best fruit of civilization, of all there is of intelligence, of art, of music and of song. (Applause.) If you want to make Democrats let them alone. (Laughter.) The Democratic party is the settlings of this country. (Laughter.) Nobody hoes weeds. Nobody takes especial pains to raise dog fennel, and yet it grows under the very hoof of travel. The seeds are sown by accident and gathered by chance. But if you want to raise wheat and corn you must plow the ground. You must defend and you must harvest the crop with infinite patience and toil. It is precisely that way—if you want to raise a good Republican you must work. If you wish to raise a Democrat give him wholesome neglect. (Laughter.) The Democratic party flatters the vices of mankind. That party says to the ignorant man, "you know enough." It says to the vicious man, "you are good enough."

The Republican party says, "you must be better next year than you are this." A man is a Republican because he loves something. Most men are Democrats because they hate something. A Republican takes a man, as it were, by the collar and says, "you must do your best, you must climb the infinite hill of human progress as long as you live." Now and then one gets tired. He says, "I have climbed enough, and so much better than I expected to do that I don't wish to travel any further." Now and then one gets tired and lets go all hold, and he rolls down to the very bottom,

and as he strikes the mud he springs upon his feet transfigured, and says: "Hurrah for Hancock." (Great laughter.)

There are things in this Government that I wish to preserve, and there are things that I wish to destroy; and in order to convince you that you ought to go the way that I am going, it is only fair that I give you my reasons. This is a Republic founded upon intelligence and the patriotism of the people, and in every Republic it is absolutely necessary that there should be free speech. ("Good," "good," and applause.) Free speech is the gem of the human soul. Words are the bodies of thought, and liberty gives to those words wings, and the whole intellectual heavens are filled with thought. (Applause.) In a Republic every individual has a right to the general ear. In a Republic every man has the right to give his reasons for the course he pursues to all his fellow citizens, and when you say that a man shall not speak, you also say that others shall not hear. When you say a man shall not express his honest thought you say his fellow-citizens shall be deprived of honest thoughts; for of what use is it to allow the attorney for the defendant to address the jury if the jury has been bought? Of what use is it to allow the jury, if they bring in a verdict of "not guilty," if the defendant is to be hung by a mob? I ask you to-night, is not every solitary man here in favor of free speech? Is there a solitary Democrat here who dares say he is not in favor of free speech? In what part of the country are the lips of thought free—in the South or in the North? What section of our country can you trust the inestimable gem of free speech with? Can you trust it to the gentlemen of Mississippi or to the gentlemen of Massachusetts? Can you trust it to Alabama or to New York? Can you trust it to the South or can you trust it to the great and splendid North? Honor bright (laughter), honor bright, is there any freedom of speech in the South? There never was and there is none to-night—and let me tell you why.

They had the institution of human slavery in the South, which could not be defended at the bar of public reason. It was an institution that could not be defended in the high forum of human conscience. No man could stand there and defend the right to rob the cradle—none to defend the right to sell the babe from the breast of the agonized mother—none to defend the claim that lashes on a bare back are a legal-tender for labor performed. Every man that lived upon the unpaid labor of another knew in his heart that he was a thief. (Applause.) And for that reason he did not wish to discuss that question. (Laughter.) Thereupon the institution of slavery said, "You shall not speak; you shall not reason," and the lips of free thought were manacled. You know it. Every one of you. (Laughter.) Every Democrat knows it as well as every Republican. There never was free speech in the South.

And what has been the result? And allow me to admit right here, because I want to be fair, there are thousands and thousands of most excellent people in the South—thousands of them. There are hundreds and hundreds of thousands there who would like to vote the Republican ticket. (Applause.) And whenever there is free speech there and whenever there is a free ballot there, they will vote the Republican ticket. (Great applause.) I say again, there are hundreds of thousands of good people in the South; but the institution of human slavery prevented free speech, and it is a splendid fact in nature that you cannot put chains upon the limbs of others without putting corresponding manacles upon your own brain. (Applause.) When the South enslaved the negro, it also enslaved itself and the result was an intellectual desert. No book has been produced, with one exception that has added to the knowledge of mankind; no paper, no magazine, no poet, no philosopher, no philanthropist, was ever raised in that desert. (Great applause.) Now and then some one protested against that infamous institution, and he came as near being a philosopher as the society in which he lived permitted. (Laughter.) Why is it that New England, a rock-clad land, blossoms like a rose? Why is it that New York is the Empire State of the great Union? I will tell you. Because you have been permitted to trade in ideas. Because the lips of speech have been absolutely free for twenty years. We never had free speech in any State in this Union until the Republican party was born. (Applause.) That party was rocked in the cradle of intellectual liberty, and that is the reason I say it is the best party that ever existed in the wide, wide world. (Applause.) I want to preserve free speech, and, as an honest man, I look about me: "How can I best preserve it?" By giving it to the South or North; to the Democracy or the Republican party. And I am bound, as an honest man, to say free speech is safest with the earliest defenders. (Applause.) Where is there such a thing as a Republican mob to prevent the expression of an honest thought; where? The people of the South are allowed to come to the

North; they are allowed to express their sentiments upon every stump in the great East, the great West and the great Middle States; they go to Maine, to Vermont, and to all our States, and they are allowed to speak, and we give them a respectful hearing, and the meanest thing we do is to answer their argument. (Applause.)

I say to-night that we ought to have the same liberty to discuss these questions in the South that Southerners have in the North. And I say more than that, the Democrats of the North ought to compel the Democrats of the South to treat the Republicans of the South as well as the Republicans of the North treat them. (Applause.) We treat the Democrats well in the North (laughter); we treat them like gentlemen in the North; and yet they go in partnership with the Democracy of the South, knowing that the Democracy of the South will not treat Republicans in that section with fairness. A Democrat ought to be ashamed of that. If my friends will not treat other people as well as the friends of the other people treat me, I'll swap friends. (Applause and laughter.)

First, then, I am in favor of free speech, and I am going with that section of my country that believes in free speech; I am going with that party that has always upheld that sacred right. When you stop free speech, when you say that a thought shall die in the womb of the brain,—why, it would have the same effect upon the intellectual world that to stop springs at their sources would have upon the physical world. Stop the springs at their sources and they cease to gurgle, the streams cease to murmur, and the great rivers cease rushing to the embrace of the sea. So you stop thought. Stop thought in the brain in which it is born, and theory dies; and the great ocean of knowledge to which all should be permitted to contribute, and from which all should be allowed to draw, becomes a vast desert of ignorance. (Applause.)

I have always said; and I say again, that the more liberty there is given away, the more you have. There is room in this world for us all; there is room enough for all of our thoughts; out upon the intellectual sea there is room for every sail, and in the intellectual air there is space for every wing. (Applause.) A man that exercises a right that he will not give to others is a barbarian. A State that does not allow free speech is uncivilized, and is a disgrace to the American Union. (Applause.)

I am not only in favor of free speech, but I am also in favor of an absolutely honest ballot. There is one king in this country; there is one emperor; there is one supreme czar; and that is the legally expressed will of a majority of the people. (Applause.) The man who casts an illegal vote, the man who refuses to count a legal vote, poisons the fountain of power, poisons the spring of justice, and is a traitor to the only king in this land. The Government is upon the edge of Mexicanization through fraudulent voting. The ballot-box is the throne of America; the ballot-box is the ark of the covenant. Unless we see to it that every man has a right to vote votes, and unless we see to it that every honest vote is counted, the days of the Republic are numbered.

When you suspect that a Congressman is not elected; when you suspect that a judge upon the bench holds his place by fraud, then the people will hold the law in contempt and will laugh at the decisions of courts, and then come revolution and chaos. It is the duty of every good man to see to it that the ballot-box is kept absolutely pure. It is the duty of every patriot whether he is a Democrat or a Republican—and I want to further admit that I believe a large majority of Democrats are honest in their opinions, and I know that all Republicans *must be* honest in their opinions. (Applause.) It is the duty, then of all honest men of both parties to see to it that only honest votes are cast and counted. Now, honor bright, which section of this Union can you trust the ballot-box with? Honor bright, can you trust it with the masked murderers who rode in the darkness of night to the hut of the freedman and shot him down, notwithstanding the supplication of his wife and the tears of his babe? Can you trust it to the men who since the close of our war have killed more men, simply because those men wished to vote, simply because they wished to exercise a right with which they had been clothed by the sublime heroism of the North—who have killed more men than were killed on both sides during the War of 1812; than were killed on both sides in both wars? Can you trust them? Can you trust the gentlemen who invented the tissue-ballot? (Laughter.) Do you wish to put the ballot-box in the keeping of the shot-gun, of the White Liners, of the Ku Klux? Do you wish to put the ballot-box in the keeping of men who openly swear that they will not be ruled by a majority of American citizens if a portion of that majority is made of black men? (Applause.) And I want to tell you right here I like a black man who loves this country better than I do a white man who hates

it. (Applause.) I think more of a black man who fought for our flag than for any white man who endeavored to tear it out of heaven! (Applause.) I like black friends better than white enemies. (Applause.) And I think more of a man black outside and white inside than I do of one white outside and black inside. (Applause.)

I say, can you trust the ballot-box to the Democratic party? Read the history of the State of New York! Read the history of this great and magnificent city—the Queen of the Atlantic—read her history and tell us whether you can implicitly trust Democratic returns? (Laughter.) Honor bright! (Laughter.)

I am not only, then, for free speech, but I am for an honest ballot; and in order that you may have no doubt left upon your mind as to which party is in favor of an honest vote I will call your attention to this striking fact. Every law that has been passed in every State of this Union for twenty long years, the object of which was to guard the American ballot-box, has been passed by the Republican party (applause), and in every State where the Republican party has introduced such a bill for the purpose of making it a law; in every State where such a bill has been defeated it has been defeated by the Democratic party. (Applause.) That ought to satisfy any reasonable man to satiety.

I am not only in favor of free speech and an honest ballot-box, but I am in favor of collecting and disbursing the revenues of the United States. I want plenty of money to collect and pay the interest on our debt. I want plenty of money to pay our debt and to preserve the financial honor of the United States. (Applause.) I want money enough to be collected to pay pensions to widows and orphans and to wounded soldiers. (Applause.) And the question is what section in this country can you trust to collect and disburse that revenue. Let us be honest about it. (Laughter.) What section can you trust? In the last four years we have collected $467,000 of the internal revenue taxes. We have collected principally from taxes upon high wines and tobacco, $468,000,000, and in those four years we have seized, libeled and destroyed in the Southern States 3,874 illicit distilleries. And during the same time the Southern people have shot to death twenty-five revenue officers and wounded fifty-five others, and the only offense that the wounded and dead committed was an honest effort to collect the revenues of this country. (Applause.) Recollect it—don't you forget it. (Laughter.) And in several Southern States to-day every revenue collector or officer connected with the revenue is furnished by the Internal Revenue Department with a breech-loading rifle and a pair of revolvers, simply for the purpose of collecting the revenue. I don't feel like trusting such people to collect the revenue of my Government.

During the same four years we have arrested and indicted 7,084 Southern Democrats for endeavoring to defraud the revenue of the United States. Recollect—3,874 distilleries seized, 25 revenue officers killed, 55 wounded, and 7,084 Democrats arrested. (Applause.) Can we trust them?

The State of Alabama in its last Democratic Convention passed a resolution that no man should be tried in a Federal Court for a violation of the revenue law—that he should be tried in a State Court. (Laughter.) Think of it—he should be tried in a State Court! Let me tell you how it will come out if we trust the Southern States to collect this revenue. A couple of Methodist ministers had been holding a revival for a few weeks; one said to the other that he thought it time to take up a collection. When the hat was returned he found in it pieces of slate pencils and nails and buttons, but not a single solitary cent (laughter)—not one—and his brother minister got up and looked at the contribution, and he said, "Let us thank God!" (Laughter.) And the owner of the hat said, "What for?" And the brother replied, "Because you got your hat back." (Roars of laughter and applause.) If we trust the South we won't get our hat back. (Laughter and cheers.)

I am next in favor of honest money. I am in favor of gold and silver, and paper with gold and silver behind it. (Applause.) I believe in silver, because it is one of the greatest of American products, and I am in favor of anything that will add to the value of American product. (Applause.) But I want a silver dollar worth a gold dollar, even if you make it or have to make it four feet in diameter. (Great laughter.) No Government can afford to be a clipper of coin. (Applause.) A great Republic cannot afford to stamp a lie upon silver or gold. (Great applause.) Honest money, an honest people, an honest Nation. (Renewed applause.) When our money is only worth eighty cents on the dollar, we feel twenty per cent. below par. (Great laughter.) When our money is good, we feel good. When our money is at par that is where we are. (Applause and laughter.) I am a profound believer in the doctrine that for nations as well as men, honesty is the best, always, everywhere and forever. (Tremendous applause.)

What section of this country, what party will give us honest money—honor bright—honor bright? (Laughter.) I have been told that during the war we had plenty of money. I never saw it. I lived years without seeing a dollar. I saw promises for dollars, but not dollars. (Applause.) And the greenback, unless you have the gold behind it, is no more a dollar than a bill of fare is a dinner. (Great laughter.) You cannot make a paper dollar without taking a dollar's worth of paper. We must have paper that represents money. I want it issued by the Government, and I want behind every one of these dollars either a gold or silver dollar, so that every greenback under the flag can lift up its hand and swear, "I know that my redeemer liveth." (Great laughter.)

When we were running into debt, thousands of people mistook that for prosperity, and when we began paying they regarded it as adversity. (Laughter.) Of course we had plenty when we bought on credit. No man has ever starved when his credit was good, if there were no famine in that country. (Laughter.) As long as we buy on credit we shall have enough. The trouble commences when the pay-day arrives. (Laughter.) And I do not wonder that after the war thousands of people said, "let us have another inflation." What party said, "No, we must pay the promise made in war?" (Great applause.) Honor bright! The Democratic party had once been a hard money party, but it drifted from its metallic moorings and floated off in the ocean of inflation, and you know it! (Laughter.) They said, "Give us more money," and every man that had bought on credit and owed a little something on what he had purchased, when the property went down, he commenced crying, or many of them did, for inflation. I understand it. A man, say, bought a piece of land for $6,000; paid $5,000 on it; gave a mortgage for $1,000, and suddenly in 1873 found that the land would not pay the other thousand. The land had resumed. (Much laughter.) And then he said, looking lugubriously at his note and mortgage, "I want another inflation." And I never heard a man call for it that did not also say, "If it ever comes, and I don't unload, you may shoot me." (Great laughter.)

It was very much as it is sometimes in playing poker, and I make this comparison knowing that hardly a person here will understand it. (Great laughter. A voice—"Honor bright!" Renewed laughter.) I have been told (laughter) that along toward morning (laughter) the man that is ahead suddenly says, "I have got to go home. (Great laughter.) The fact is, my wife is not well." (Great laughter.) And the fellow who is behind says, "Let us have another deal." (Laughter.) I have my opinion of a fellow that will jump the game. And so it was in the hard times of 1873. They said: "Give us another deal; let us get our driftwood back into the center of the stream." And they cried out for more money. But the Republican party said: "We do want more money, but no more promises. We have got to pay this first, and if we start out again upon that wide sea of promise we may never touch the shore." (Applause.)

A thousand theories were born of want; a thousand theories were born of the fertile brain of trouble; and these people said after all: "What is money? Why, it is nothing but a measure of value, just the same as a half bushel or yardstick." True. And consequently it makes no difference whether your half bushel is of wood, or gold, or silver or paper; and it makes no difference whether your yardstick is gold or paper. But the trouble about that statement is this: A half bushel is not a measure of value; it is a measure of quantity, and it measures rubies, diamonds and pearls, precisely the same as corn and wheat. The yardstick is not a measure of value; it is a measure of length, and it measures lace, worth $100 a yard, precisely as it does cent tape. And another reason why it makes no difference to the purchaser whether the half bushel is gold or silver, or whether the yardstick is gold or paper, you don't buy the yardstick; you don't get the half bushel in the trade. And if it was so with money—if the people that had the money at the start of the trade kept it after the consummation of the bargain—then it wouldn't make any difference what you made your money of. But the trouble is the money changes hands. And let me say tonight, money is a thing—it is a product of nature—and you can no more make a "fiat" dollar than you can make a "fiat" star. I am in favor of honest money. Free speech is the brain of the Republic; an honest ballot is the breath of its life, and honest money is the blood that courses through its veins. (Applause.)

If I am fortunate enough to leave a dollar when I die, I want it to be a good one; I don't wish to have it turn to ashes in the hands of widowhood, or become a Democratic broken promise in the pocket of the orphan; I want it money. I saw not long ago a piece of gold bearing the stamp of the Roman Empire. That Empire is dust, of oblivion, but that piece of gold is as and over it has been thrown the mantle

good as though Julius Cæsar were still riding at the head of the Roman Legion. (Applause.) I want money that will outlive the Democratic party. They told us—and they were honest about it—they said, "when we have plenty of money, we are prosperous." And I said: "When we are prosperous, then we have credit, and, credit inflates the currency. Whenever a man buys a pound of sugar and says, "Charge it," he inflates the currency; whenever his word takes the place of money, he inflates the currency. The consequence is that when we are prosperous, credit takes the place of money, and we have what we call "plenty." But you cannot increase prosperity simply by using promises to pay. Suppose you should come to a river that was about dry, and there you would see the ferryboat, and the gentleman who kept the ferry, high on the sand, and the cracks all opening in the sun filled with loose oakum, looking like an average Democratic mouth listening to a Constitutional argument, and you should say to him: "How is business?" (Applause and laughter.) And he would say, "Dull." And then you would say to him, "Now, what you want is more boat." He would probably answer, "If I had a little more water I could get along with this one." (Laughter.)

But I want to be fair (laughter), and I wish to-night to return my thanks to the Democratic party. You did a great and splendid work. You went all over the United States and you said upon every stump that a greenback was better than gold. You said, "We have at last found the money of a poor man. Gold loves the rich; gold haunts banks and safes and vaults; but we have got money that will go around inquiring for a man that is dead broke. (Great laughter.) We have finally found money that will stay in a pocket with holes in it. (Laughter.) But after all, do you know that money is the most social thing in this world? (Laughter.) If a fellow has got one dollar in his pocket, and he meets another with two, do you know that dollar is absolutely homesick until he gets where the other two are? (Laughter.) And yet the Greenbackers told us that they had finally invented money that would be the poor man's friend. They said, "It is better than gold, better than silver," and they got so many men to believe it that when we resumed and said, "Here is your gold for your greenback," the fellows who had the greenbacks said, "We don't want it. The greenbacks are good enough for us." Do you know, if they had wanted it we could not give it to them. (Laughter.) And so I return my thanks to the Greenback party. But allow me to say in this connection, the days of their usefulness have passed forever.

Now, I am not foolish enough to claim that the Republican party resumed. I am not silly enough to say that John Sherman resumed. But I will tell you what I do say. I say that every man who raised a bushel of corn or a bushel of wheat or a pound of beef or pork helped to resume. (Applause.) I say that the gentle rain and loving dew helped to resume. The soil of the United States impregnated by the loving sun helped to resume. The men that dug the coal and the iron and the silver and the copper and the gold helped to resume. And the men upon whose foreheads fell the light of furnaces helped to resume. And the sailors who fought with the waves of the seas helped to resume.

I admit to-night that the Democrats earned their share of the money to resume with. All I claim in God's world is that the Republican party furnished the honesty to pay it over. (Great applause.) That is what I claim; and the Republican party set the day, and the Republican party worked to fill the promise. That is what I say. And had it not been for the Republican party this nation would have been financially dishonored. (Applause.) I am for honest money, and I am for the payment of every dollar of our debt, and so is every Democrat now, I take it. But what did you say a little while ago? Did you say we could resume? No; you swore we could not, and you swore our bonds would be worthless as the withered leaves of winter. And now, when a Democrat goes to England and sees an American four per cent quoted at 110 he kind of swells up (laughter), and he says: "That's the kind of a man I am." (Great laughter.) In that country he pretends he was a Republican in this. And I don't blame him. And I don't begrudge him enjoying respectability when away from home. (Laughter.) The Republican party is entitled to the credit for keeping this Nation grandly and splendidly honest. (Applause.) I say, the Republican party is entitled to the credit of preserving the honor of this Nation. (Applause.)

In 1873 came the crash, and all the languages of the world cannot describe the agonies suffered by the American people from 1873 to 1879. A man who thought he was a millionaire came to poverty; he found his stocks and bonds ashes in the paralytic hand of old age. Men who expected to have lived all their lives in the sunshine of joy found themselves beggars and paupers. The great factories were

closed, the workmen were demoralized, and the roads of the United States were filled with tramps. In the hovel of the poor and the palace of the rich came the serpent of temptation and whispered in the American ear the terrible word "Repudiation." But the Republican party said, "No; we will pay every dollar." (Applause.) No; we have started toward the shining goal of resumption and we never will turn back." (Applause.) And the Republican party struggled until it had the happiness of seeing upon the broad shining forehead of American labor the words "Financial Honor." (Applause.)

The Republican party struggled until every paper promise was as good as gold. (Applause.) And the moment we got back to gold then we commenced to rise again. We could not jump up until our feet touched something that they pressed against. And from that moment to this we have been going, going, going higher and higher, more prosperous every hour. (Applause.) And now they say, "Let us have a change." (Laughter.) When I am sick I want a change; when I am poor I want a change; and if I were a Democrat I would *have* a personal change. (Laughter.) We are prosperous to-day, and must keep so. We are back to gold and silver. Let us stay there; and let us stay with the party that brought us there. ("Good," "good," and applause.)

Now, I am not only in favor of free speech and an honest ballot-box and an honest collector of the revenue of the United States and an honest money, but I am in favor of the idea of the great and splendid truth that this is a Nation one and indivisible. (Great applause.) I deny that we are a confederacy bound together with ropes of cloud and chains of mist. This is a Nation, and every man in it owes his first allegiance to the grand old flag for which more brave blood was shed than for any other flag that waves in the sight of heaven. (Great applause.)

The Southern people say this is a confederacy and they are honest in it. They fought for it, they believed it. They believe in the doctrine of State Sovereignty, and many Democrats of the North believe in the same doctrine. No less a man than Horatio Seymour—standing, it may be, at the head of Democratic statesmen—said, if he has been correctly reported, only the other day, that he despised the word "nation." I bless that word. (Applause.) I owe my first allegiance to that Nation, and it owes its first protection to me. (Great applause.) I am talking here to-night not because I am protected by the flag of New York. I would not know that flag if I should see it. (Laughter.) I am talking here and have the right to talk here because the flag of my country is above us. (Applause.) I have the same right as though I had been born upon this very platform. I am proud of New York because it is a part of my country. I am proud of my country because it has got such a State as New York in it (great applause), and I will be prouder of New York on a week from next Tuesday, than ever before in my life. (Great cheering.) I despise the doctrine of State Sovereignty. I believe in the rights of the States, but not in the sovereignty of the States. States are political conveniences. Rising above States as the Alps above valleys are the rights of man. Rising above the rights of the Government even in this Nation are the sublime rights of the people. (Loud applause.) Governments are good only so long as they protect human rights. But the rights of a man never should be sacrificed upon the altar of the State or upon the altar of the Nation. (Applause.)

Let me tell you a few objections that I have got to State Sovereignty. That doctrine has never been appealed to for any good. The first time it was appealed was when our Constitution was made. And the object then was to keep the slave trade open until the year 1808. The object then was to make the sea the highway of piracy—the object then was to allow American citizens to go into the business of selling men and women and children, and feed their cargo to the sharks of the sea, and the sharks of the sea were as merciful as they. That was the first time that the appeal to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was made, and the next time was for the purpose of keeping alive the interests of slave trade, so that a gentleman in Virginia could sell his slave to the rice and cotton plantations of the South. Think of it! It was made so they could rob the cradle in the name of law. Think of it! Think of it! And the next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was in favor of the fugitive slave law—a law that made a bloodhound of every Northern man; that made chastity a crime. A law that made love a State prison offense; that branded the forehead of charity as if it were a felon. Think of it! A law that, if a woman ninety-nine one hundredths white had escaped from slavery, had traversed forests, had been torn by briars, had crossed rivers, had traveled at night and in darkness, and had finally got within one step of free soil with the whole light of the North star shining in her tear-filled

eyes, with her little babe on her withered bosom—a law that declared it the duty of Northern men to clutch that woman and turn her back to the domination of the hound and lash. (Tremendous applause.)

I have no respect for any man living or dead who voted for that law. I have no respect for any man who would carry it out. I never had.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was to increase the area of human slavery so that the bloodhound with clots of blood dropping from his loose and hanging jaws, might traverse the billowy plains of Kansas. Think of it! The Democratic party then said the Federal Government had a right to cross the State line. And the next time they appealed to that infamous doctrine was in defense of secession and treason; a doctrine that cost us six thousand millions of dollars; a doctrine that cost four hundred thousand lives; a doctrine that filled our country with widows, our homes with orphans. And I tell you the doctrine of State Sovereignty is the viper in the bosom of this Republic, and if we do not kill this viper it will kill us. (Long and continued applause.)

The Democrats tell us that in the olden time the Federal Government had a right to cross a State line to put shackles upon the limbs of men. It had a right to cross a State line to trample upon the rights of human beings, but now it has no right to cross those lines upon an errand of mercy or justice. We are told that now, when the Federal Government wishes to protect a citizen, a State line rises like a Chinese wall, and the sword of Federal power turns to air the moment it touches one of those lines. I deny it and I despise, abhor and execrate the doctrine of State Sovereignty. (Applause.) The Democrats tell us if we wish to be protected by the Federal Government we must leave home. (Laughter.) I wish they would try it (applause) for about ten days. (Great laughter.) They say the Federal Government can defend a citizen in England, France, Spain or Germany, but cannot defend a child of the Republic sitting around the family hearth. I deny it. A Government that cannot protect its citizens at home is unfit to be called a Government. (Applause.) I want a Government with an arm long enough and a sword sharp enough to cut down treason wherever it may raise its serpent head. (Applause.) I want a Government that will protect a freedman, standing by his little log hut, with the same efficiency that it would protect Vanderbilt living in a palace of marble and gold. (Applause.) Humanity is a sacred thing, and manhood is a thing to be preserved. Let us look at it. For instance, here is a war, and the Federal Government says to a man, "We want you," and he says, "No, I don't want to go," and then they put a lot of pieces of paper in a wheel and on one of those pieces is his name and another man turns the crank, and then they pull it out and there is his name, and they say, "Come," and so he goes. (Laughter.) And they stand him in front of the brazen-throated guns; they make him fight for his native land, and when the war is over he goes home and he finds the war has been unpopular in his neighborhood, and they tramp upon his rights, and he says to the Federal Government, "Protect me." And he says to that Government, "I owe my allegiance to you. You must protect me." What will you say of that Government if it says to him, "You must look to your State for protection." "Ah, but," he says, "my State is the very power trampling upon me," and, of course, the robber is not going to send for the police. (Applause.) It is the duty of the Government to defend even its drafted men; and if that is the duty of the Government, what shall I say of the volunteer, who for one moment holds his wife in a tremulous and agonized embrace, kisses his children, shoulders his musket, goes to the field, and says, "Here I am, ready to die for my native land." (A voice: "Good.") A nation that will not defend its volunteer defenders is a disgrace to the man of this world. A flag that will not protect us protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. (Applause.) This is a Nation. Free speech is the brain of the Republic; an honest ballot is the breath of its life; honest money is the blood of its veins; and the idea of nationality is its great beating, throbbing heart. (Applause.) I am for a nation. And yet the Democrats tell me that it is dangerous to have centralized power. How would you have it? I believe in the localization of power, I believe in having enough of it localized in one place to be effectively used; I believe in a localization of brain. I suppose Democrats would like to have it spread all over your body. (Applause and laughter.)

PROTECTING AMERICAN LABOR.

There is another thing which I believe; I believe in the protection of American labor. The hand that holds Aladdin's lamp must be the hand of toil. This nation rests upon the shoulders of its workers, and I want the American laboring man to have enough to wear; I want him to have enough to eat; I want him to have some-

thing for the ordinary misfortunes of life; I want him to have the pleasure of seeing his wife well dressed; I want him to see a few blue ribbons fluttering about his children; I want him to see the flags of health flying in their beautiful cheeks; I want him to feel that this is his country, and the shield of protection is above his labor. (Applause.)

And I will tell you why I am for protection, too. If we were all farmers we would be stupid. If we were all shoemakers we would be stupid. If we all followed one business, no matter what it was, we would become stupid. Protection to American labor diversifies American industry, and to have it diversified touches and develops every part of the human brain. Protection protects integrity; it protects intelligence; and protection raises sense; and by protection we have greater men and better looking women and healthier children. (Applause.) Free trade means that our laborer is upon an equality with the poorest paid labor of this world. And allow me to tell you that for an empty stomach, "Hurrah for Hancock" is a poor consolation. (Laughter.) I do not think much of a government where the people do not have enough to eat. (Applause.) I am a materialist to that extent; I want something to eat. I have been in countries where the laboring man had meat once a year; sometimes twice—Christmas and Easter. And I have seen women carrying upon their heads a burden that no man in the audience could carry, and at the same time knitting busily with both hands, and those women lived without meat; and when I thought of the American laborer, I said to myself, "After all, my country is the best in the world." (Applause.) And when I came back to the sea and saw the old flag flying in the air it seemed to me as though the air from pure joy had burst into blossom. (Applause.)

Labor has more to eat and more to wear in the United States than in any other land of this earth. (Applause.) I want America to produce everything that Americans need. I want it so if the whole world should declare war against us, so if we were surrounded by walls of cannons and bayonets and swords, we could supply all our human wants in and of ourselves. (Applause.) I want to live to see the American woman dressed in American silk; the American man in everything from hat to boots produced in America (applause), by the cunning hand of the American toil. I want to see workingmen have a good house, painted white, grass in the front yard, carpets on its floors, pictures on the wall. (Applause.) I want to see him a man feeling that he is a king by the divine right of living in the Republic. (Applause.) And every man here is just a little bit a king, you know. Every man here is a part of the sovereign power. Every man wears a little of purple; every man has a little of crown and a little of scepter; and every man that will sell his vote for money or be ruled by prejudice is unfit to be an American citizen. (Applause.)

I believe in American labor, and I tell you why. The other day a man told me that we had produced in the United States of America one million tons of rails. How much are they worth? Sixty dollars a ton. In other words, the million tons are worth $60,000,000. How much is a ton of iron worth in the ground? Twenty-five cents. American labor takes 25 cents of iron in the ground and adds to it $59.75. (Applause.) One million tons of rails, and the raw material not worth $24,000. We build a ship in the United States worth $500,000, and the value of the ore in the earth, of the trees in the great forest, of all that enters into the composition of that ship bringing $500,000 in gold is only $20,000; $480,000 by American labor American muscle, coined into gold; American brains made a legal-tender the world around. (Applause.)

I propose to stand by the Nation, I want the furnaces kept hot. I want the sky to be filled with the smoke of American industry, and upon that cloud of smoke will rest forever the bow of perpetual promise. ("Good," "good;" great cheers.) That is what I am for. (A voice—"So are we all.") Yes, sir. (Laughter.) Where did this doctrine of a tariff for revenue come from? From the South. The South would like to stab the prosperity of the North. They had rather trade with Old England than with New England. They had rather trade with the people who are willing to help them in war than those who conquered the rebellion. (Great cheers.) They knew what gave us our strength in war. They knew that all the brooks and creeks and rivers of New England were putting down the rebellion. They knew that every wheel that turned, every spindle that revolved, was a soldier in the army of human progress. It won't do. (Great applause.) They were so lured by the greed of office that they were willing to trade upon the misfortunes of a Nation. It won't do. I don't wish to belong to a party that succeeds only when my country falls. I don't wish to belong to a party whose banner went up with the banner of rebellion.

I don't wish to belong to a party that was in partnership with defeat and disaster. I don't. (Applause.) And there isn't a Democrat here but what knows that a failure of the crops this year would have helped his party. (Applause.) You know that an early frost would have been a godsend to them. (Applause.) You know that the potato-bug could have done them more good than all their speakers. (Great applause.)

I wish to belong to that party which is prosperous when the country is prosperous. I belong to that party which is not poor when the golden billows are running over the seas of wheat. I belong to that party that is prosperous when there are oceans of corn, and when the cattle are upon the thousand hills. I belong to that party which is prosperous when the furnaces are aflame; and when you dig coal and iron and silver; when everybody has enough to eat; when everybody is happy; when the children are all going to school (applause); and when joy covers my nation as with a garment. (Applause.) That party which is prosperous, then, that is my party.

Now, then, I have been telling you what I am for, I am for free speech, and so ought you to be. I am for an honest ballot, and if you are not you ought to be. I am for the collection of revenue. I am for honest money. I am for the idea that this is a nation forever. (Great applause.) I believe in protecting American labor. (Great applause.) I want the shield of my country above every anvil, above every furnace, above every cunning head and above every deft of American labor. (Applause.)

Now, then, what section of this country will be the more apt to carry these ideas into execution? What party will be the more apt to achieve these grand and splendid things? Honor bright? (Laughter.) Now we have not only to choose between sections of the country; we have to choose between parties. Here is the Democratic party; and I admit that there are thousands of good Democrats who went to the war, and some of those that stayed at home were good men; and I want to ask you, and I want you to tell me in reply what that party did during the war when the War Democrats were away from home. What did they do? That is the question. I say to you that every man who tried to tread our flag out of heaven was a Democrat. (Applause.) The men who wrote the ordinances of secession, who fired upon Fort Sumter, the men who starved our soldiers, who fed them with the crumbs that the worms had devoured before, they were Democrats. The keepers of Libby, the keepers of Andersonville were Democrats; Libby and Andersonville, the two mighty wings that will bear the memory of the Confederacy to eternal infamy. And when some poor, emaciated Union patriot, driven to insanity by famine, saw in an insane dream the face of his mother, and she beckoned him and he followed hoping to press her lips once again against his fevered face and when he stepped one step beyond the dead line the wretch that put the bullet through his loving, throbbing heart was a Democrat. (Great applause.) The men who wished to scatter yellow fever in the North and who tried to fire the great cities of the North knowing that the serpents of flame would devour the women and babes—they were all Democrats. (Applause.) He who said that the greenback never would be paid and he who slandered 60 cents out of every dollar of the Nation's promises were Democrats. Who were joyful when your brothers and your sons and fathers lay dead on the field of battle that the country has lost? They were Democrats. The men who wept when the old flag floated in triumph above the ramparts of Rebellion—they were Democrats. You know it. The men who wept when slavery was destroyed, who believed slavery to be a Divine institution, who regarded bloodhounds as apostles and missionaries, and who wept at the funeral of that infernal institution—they were Democrats. Bad company—bad company! (Laughter and applause.)

And let me implore all the young men here not to join that party. Do not give new blood to that institution. The Democratic party has a yellow passport. On one side it says "dangerous." They imagine they have not changed, and that is because they have not intellectual growth. That party was once the enemy of my country, was once the enemy of our flag, and more than that it was once the enemy of human liberty, and that party to-night is not willing that the citizens of the Republic should exercise all their rights irrespective of their color. And allow me to say right here that I am opposed to that party. (Loud applause.)

We have not only to choose between parties, but to choose between candidates. The Democracy have put forward as the bearers of their standard General Hancock and William H. English. "Hisses. No, no, no." They will soon be beyond hissing. (Roars of laughter.) But let us treat them respectfully. When I am by the side of the dying, I never throw up

their crimes. I feel to-night as though standing by the open grave of the Democratic party (great laughter), and allow me to say, that I feel as well as could be expected. (Much laughter.)

That party has nominated General Winfield S. Hancock, and I am told that he is a good soldier. I admit it. I don't know whether he is or not. I admit it. (Laughter.) That was his reputation before he was nominated, and I am willing to let him have the advantage of all he had before he was nominated. He had a conversation with General Grant. (Great applause.) It was a time when he had been appointed at the head of the Department of the Gulf. In that conversation he stated to General Grant that he was opposed to "nigger domination." Grant said to him, "We must obey the laws of Congress. (Applause.) We are soldiers." And that meant, the military is not above the civil authority. (Applause.) And I tell you to-night, that the army and the navy are the right and the left hands of the civil power. (Applause.) Grant said to him: "Three or four million ex-slaves, without property and without education, cannot dominate over thirty or forty millions of white people, with education and with property." General Hancock replied to that: "I am opposed to 'nigger domination.'" Allow me to say that I do not believe any man fit for the Presidency of this great Republic, who is capable of insulting a down-trodden race. (Great applause.) I never meet a negro that I do not feel like asking his forgiveness for the wrongs that my race has inflicted on his. (Applause.) I remember that from the white man he received for 200 years agony and tears; I remember that my race sold a child from the agonized breast of a mother; I remember that my race trampled with the feet of greed upon all the holy relations of life; and I do not feel like insulting the colored man; I feel rather like asking the forgiveness of his race for the crimes that my race have put upon him. "Nigger domination." What a fine scabbard that makes for the sword of Gettysburg. It won't do. (Laughter.)

What is General Hancock for, besides the Presidency? (Laughter.) How does he stand upon the great questions affecting American prosperity? (Cries of "Give it up," "Give us an easier one." Laughter.) He told us the other day that the tariff is a local question. The tariff effects every man and woman that has a back to be covered or a stomach to be filled, and yet he says it is a local question. (Laughter.) So is death. (Laughter.) He also told us that he heard that question discussed once in Pennsylvania. (Great laughter.) He must have been "eavesdropping." (Great laughter.) And he tells us that his doctrine of the tariff will continue as long as Nature lasts. (Laughter.) Then Senator Randolph wrote him a letter. I don't know whether Senator Randolph answered it or not (laughter); but that answer was worse than the first interview; and I understand now that another letter is going through a period of incubation at Governor's Island, upon the great subject of tariff. It won't do. (Applause and laughter.)

They say one thing they are sure of, he is opposed to paying Southern pensions and Southern claims. He says that a man that fought against this Government has no right to a pension. Good! I say a man that fought against this Government has no right to office. (Loud and prolonged applause.) If a man cannot earn a pension by tearing our flag out of the sky, he cannot earn power. (A voice—"How about Longstreet?") Longstreet has repented of what he did. Longstreet admits that he was wrong. And there was no braver officer in the Southern Confederacy. (Applause.) Every man of the South who will say, "I made a mistake"—I don't want him to say that he knew he was wrong—all I ask him to say is that he now thinks he was wrong, and every man of the South to-day who says he was wrong, and who says from this day forward, henceforth and forever, he is for this being a nation, I will take him by the hand. (Renewed applause.) But while he is attempting to do at the ballot-box what he failed to accomplish upon the field of battle, I am against him; while he uses a Northern General to bait a Southern trap, I won't bite. I will forgive men when they deserve to be forgiven; but while they insist that they were right, while they insist that State Sovereignty is the proper doctrine, I am opposed to their climbing into power.

Hancock says that he will not pay these claims; he agrees to veto a bill that his party may pass; he agrees in advance that he will defeat a party that he expects will elect him; he in effect, says to the people, "You can't trust that party, but you can trust me." He says, "Look at them; I admit they are a hungry lot; I admit that they haven't had a bite in twenty years; I admit that an ordinary famine is satiety compared to the hunger they feel. But between that vast appetite known as the Democratic party, and the public treasury I will throw the shield of my veto." (Ap-

plause.) No man has a right to say in advance what he will veto, any more than a judge has a right to say in advance how he will decide a case. (Applause.) The veto-power is a distinction with which the Constitution has clothed the Executive, and no President has a right to say that he will veto until he has heard both sides of the question. (Applause.) But he agrees in advance. (Laughter.)

I would rather trust a party than a man. Death may vote Hancock, and death has not been a successful politician in the United States. (Laughter.) Tyler, Fillmore, Andy Johnson, (laughter)—I don't wish Death to elect any more Presidents; and if he does, and if Hancock is elected, William H. English becomes President of the United States. (Hisses. No, no, no!) All I need to say about him is simply to pronounce his name (laughter); that is all. You don't want him. Whether the many stories that have been told about him are true or not I don't know, and I will not give currency to a solitary word against the reputation of an American citizen unless I know it to be true. (Applause and cries of "Good.") What I have got against him is what he has done in public life. When Charles Sumner (loud applause), that great and splendid publicist—Charles Sumner, the great philanthropist, one who spoke to the conscience of the time and to the history of the future,—when he stood up in the United States Senate and made a great and glorious plea for human liberty, there crept into the Senate a villain and struck him down as though he had been a wild beast. That man was a member of Congress, and when a resolution was introduced in the House to expel that man William H. English voted No. (Hisses.) All the stories in the world could not add to the infamy of that public act. (Applause.) That is enough for me, and whatever his private life may be, let it be that of an angel, never, never, never will I vote for a man that would defend the assassin of free speech. (Applause.) General Hancock, they tell me, is a statesman (laughter); that what little time he has to spare from war he has given to the tariff (laughter), and what little time he could spare from the tariff he has given to the Constitution of his country; showing under what circumstances a Major-General can put at defiance the Congress of the United States. It won't do.

But while I am upon that subject it may be well for me to state that he never will be President of the United States. (Loud applause.) Now, I say that a man who, in time of peace prefers peace, and prefers the avocations of peace; a man who, in the time of peace would rather look at the corn in the air of June, rather listen to the hum of bees, rather sit by his door with his wife and children; the man who, in time of peace loves peace, and yet when the blast of war flows in his ears shoulders the musket and goes to the field of war to defend his country, and when the war is over goes home and again pursues the avocation of peace—that man is just as good, to say the least of him, as a man who in a time of profound peace makes up his mind that he would like to make his living killing other folks. To say the least of it, he is as good.

The Republicans have named as their standard bearers James A. Garfield (tremendous cheers, again and again renewed, the men standing up, waving their hats and the ladies their handkerchiefs)—James A. Garfield (cheers) and Chester A. Arthur (great cheers and applause.) James A. Garfield was a volunteer soldier, and he took away from the field of Chickamauga as much glory as any man could carry. (Great applause.) He is not a soldier—he is a statesman. (Applause.) He has studied and discussed all the great questions that affect the prosperity and well-being of the American people. His opinions are well known, and I say to you to-night that there is not in this Nation, there is not in this Republic a man with greater brain and greater heart than James A. Garfield. (Great cheers.) I know him and like him. (Applause.) I know him as well as any other public man, and I like him. The Democratic party say that he is not honest. I have been reading some Democratic papers to-day, and you would say that every one of their editors had a private sewer of his own (laughter) into which had been emptied for a hundred years the slop of hell. (Laughter and applause.) They tell me that James A. Garfield is not honest. Are you a Democrat? Your party tried to steal nearly half this country. (Applause.) Your party stole the armament of a nation. Your party was willing to live upon the unpaid labor of four millions of people. You have no right to the floor for the purpose of making a motion of honesty. (Applause.) Sit down. (Laughter and applause.) James A. Garfield has been at the head of the most important committees of Congress; he is a member of the most important one of the whole House. He has no peer in the Congress of the United States. (Applause.) And you know it. He is the leader of the House. With one wave of his hand he can take millions from the

pocket of one industry and put it into the pocket of another;—with a motion of his hand he could have made himself a man of wealth, but he is to-night a poor man. (Applause.) But he is rich in honor (applause), in integrity he is wealthy (applause), and in brain he is a millionaire. (Great applause.) I know him and I like him. (Cheers.) He is as genial as May and he is as generous as Autumn. (Applause.) And the men for whom he has done unnumerbered favors, the men whom he had pity enough not to destroy with an argument, the men who, with his great generosity, he has allowed, intellectuality, to live, are now throwing filth at the reputation of that great and splendid man. (Cheers.)

Several ladies and gentlemen were passing a muddy place around which were gathered ragged and wretched urchins. And these little wretches began to throw mud at them; and one gentleman said, "If you don't stop I will throw it back at you." And a little fellow said, "You can't do it without dirtying your hands." (Laughter and applause.) And it doesn't hurt us, anyway. (Renewed laughter.)

I never was more profoundly happy than on the night of that 12th day of October when I found that between an honest and a kingly man and his maligners, two great States had thrown their shining shields. (Great applause.) When Ohio said, "Garfield is my greatest son, and there never has been raised in the cabins of Ohio a grander man" (tremendous and prolonged applause and cheers); and when Indiana (loud cheers)—and when Indiana held up her hands and said, "Allow me to endorse that verdict," I was profoundly happy, because that said to me, "Garfield will carry every Northern State," that said to me, "The Solid South will be confronted by a great and splendid North." (Cheers.)

I know Garfield—I like him. (Laughter and cheers.) Some people have said, "How is it that you support Garfield, when he was a minister?" (Laughter.) "How is it that you support Garfield, when he is a Christian?" I will tell you. There are two reasons. The first is, I am not a beggar; and secondly, James A. Garfield is not a beggar. He believes in giving to every other human being every right he claims for himself. He believes in an absolute divorce between Church and State. He believes that every religion should rest upon its morality, upon its reason, upon its persuasion, upon its goodness, upon its charity, and that love should never appeal to the sword of civil power. He disagrees with me in many things; but in the one thing that the air is free for all, we do agree. I want to do equal and exact justice everywhere. I want the world of thought to be without a chain, without a wall. James A. Garfield, believing with me as he does, disagreeing with me as he does, is perfectly satisfactory to me. I know him, I like him.

Men are to-day blackening his reputation, who are not fit to blacken his shoes. (Applause.) He is a man of brain. Since his nomination he must have made forty or fifty speeches, and every one has been full of manhood and genius. He has not said a word that has not strengthened him with the American people. He is the first candidate who has been free to express himself and who has never made a mistake. (Great applause.) I will tell you why he don't make a mistake; because he spoke from the inside out. (Applause.) Because he was guided by the glittering Northern star of principle. Lie after lie has been told about him. Slander after slander has been hatched and put in the air, with its little short wings, to fly its dirty days and the last lie is a forgery. (Great applause.)

I saw today the facsimile of a letter that they pretend he wrote upon the Chinese question. I know his writing; I know his signature; I am well acquainted with his writings, I know handwriting, and I tell you to-night that letter and that signature are forgeries. (Long and continued applause.) A forgery for the benefit of the Pacific States; a forgery for the purpose of convincing the American workingman that Garfield is without heart. I tell you, my fellow citizens, that cannot take from him a vote. (Applause.) But Ohio pierced their center and Indiana rolled up both flanks and the rebel line can not reform with a forgery for a standard. (Applause.) They are gone. (Laughter.)

Now some people say to me, "How long are you going to preach the doctrine of hate? I never did preach it. In many states of this Union it is a crime to be a Republican. I am going to preach my doctrine until every American citizen is permitted to express his opinion, and vote as he may desire in every State of the Union. (Applause.) I am going to preach my doctrine until this is a civilized country. That is all. I will treat the gentlemen of the South precisely as we do the gentlemen of the North. I want to treat every section of the country precisely as we do ours. I want to improve their rivers and their harbors; I want to fill their land with commerce; I want them to prosper; I want them to build school houses; I want

them to open the lands to immigration to all people who desire to settle upon their soil. I want to be friends with them; I want to let the past be buried forever; I want to let bygones be bygones, but only upon the basis that we are now in favor of absolute liberty and eternal justice. (Great applause.) I am not willing to bury nationality or free speech in the grave for the purpose of being friends. Let us stand by our colors; let the old Republican party that has made this a Nation—the old Republican party that has saved the financial honor of this party—let that party stand by its color.

Let that party say, "Free speech forever!" Let that party say, "An honest ballot forever." Let that party say, "Honest money forever; the Nation and the flag forever." And let that party stand by the great men carrying her banner. James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur. (Applause.) I had rather trust a party than a man. If General Garfield dies, the Republican party lives; if General Garfield dies, General Arthur will take his place—a brave, and honest and intelligent gentleman, upon whom every Republican can rely. (Applause.) And if he dies, the Republican party lives, and as long as the Republican party does not die, the great Republic will live. As long as the Republican party lives this will be the asylum of the world. Let me tell you, Mr. Irishman, this is the only country on the earth where Irishmen have had enough to eat. Let me tell you, Mr. German, that you have more liberty here than you had in the Fatherland. Let me tell you, all men, that this is the land of humanity.

Oh! I love the old Republic, bound by the seas, walled by the wide air, domed by heaven's blue, and lit with the eternal stars. I love the Republic; I love it because I love liberty. Liberty is my religion, and at its altar I worship and will worship. (Long and continued applause.)

Address to the Business Men of New York

From the New York Tribune.

An immense meeting of business men was held on Thursday afternoon in front of the New York Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, under the direction of the Bankers' & Brokers' Republican Club. The Produce Exchange Club and the Dry Goods Club took part in the meeting. Jackson S. Schultz presided, and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll made a brilliant and effective speech, which was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Many prominent bankers and merchants were in the audience. William Dowd, the Republican candidate for Mayor, occupied a place on the platform and was greeted with cheers and spoke as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK: This is the grandest audience I ever saw. (Great applause.) This audience certifies that Gen. James A. Garfield (tremendous cheers) that James A. Garfield is to be the next President of the United States. (Renewed cheers.) This audience certifies that a Republican is to be the next Mayor of New York City. (Great cheers.) This audience certifies that the business men of New York understand their interests, and that the business men of New York are not going to let the country be controlled by the Rebel South and the Rebel North. (Cheers.) In 1860 the Democratic party appealed to force; now it appeals to fraud. (Applause.) In 1860 the Democratic party appealed to the sword; now it appeals to the pen. (Tremendous cheers and laughter.) It was treason then; it is forgery now. (Great cheers.) The Democratic party cannot be trusted (A voice "No, no, it cannot!") with the property or with the honor of the people of the United States. (Applause.) The City of New York owes a great debt to the country. Every man that has cleared a farm has helped to build New York; every man who helped to build a railway, helped to build up the palaces of this city. (Applause.) Where I am now speaking are the termini of all the railways in the United States. They all come here. New York has been built up by the labor of the country (applause), and New York owes it to the country to protect the best interests of the country. (Applause.) The farmers of Illinois depend upon the merchants, the brokers, and the bankers, upon the gentlemen of New York, to beat the rabble of New York. (Great cheers.) You owe to yourselves; you owe to the Republic, and this city that does the business of a hemisphere,—this city that will in ten years be the financial center of this world (applause), owes it to itself to be true to the great principles that have allowed it to exist and flourish. (Great applause.)

The Republicans of New York ought to say that this shall be forever a free country. The Republicans of New York ought to say that free speech shall forever be held sacred in the United States. (Applause.) The Republicans of New York ought to see that the party that defended the Nation shall still remain in power. (Applause.) The Republicans of New York should see that the flag is safely held by the hands that defended it in war. (Applause.) The Republicans of New York know that the prosperity of the country depends upon good government, and they also know that good government means protection to the people—rich and poor, black and white. (Applause.) The Republicans know that a black friend is better than a white enemy. ("Good! Good!" and cheers.) They know that a negro while fighting for the Government is better than any white man

who will fight against it. (Great cheers.) The Republicans of New York know that the colored party in the South, which allows every man to vote as he pleases, is better than any white man who is opposed to allowing a negro to cast his honest vote. (Applause.) A black man in favor of liberty is better than a white man in favor of slavery. (Applause.) The Republicans of New York must be true to their friends. (Applause.) This Government means to protect all citizens, at home and abroad, or it becomes a byword in the mouths of the nations of the world.

Now what do we want to do? A voice—"Vote for Garfield." (Great cheers and laughter.) Of course. We are going to have an election Tuesday, and every Republican knows why he is going to vote the Republican ticket; while every Democrat votes his without knowing why. (Great laughter.) A Republican is a Republican because he loves something; a Democrat is a Democrat because he hates something. (Great applause.) A Republican believes in progress; a Democrat in retrogression. A Democrat is a "has been." He is a "used to be." (Great laughter.) The Republican party lives on hope; the Democratic on memory. (Renewed laughter). The Democrat keeps his back to the sun and imagines himself a great man because he casts a great shadow. (Laughter.) Now, there are certain things we want to preserve,—that the business men of New York want to preserve,—and, in the first place, we want an honest ballot. (Applause.) And where the Democratic party has power there never has been an honest ballot. You take the worst ward in this city, and there is where you will find the greatest Democratic majority. (Applause.) You know it (laughter), and so do I (laughter). There is not a university in the North, East, or West that has not in it a Republican majority. (Applause.) There is not a penitentiary in the United States (tremendous laughter and cheers; cries of "Good! Good!")—how did you know what I was going to say? (great cheers and laughter)—there is not a penitentiary, I say (great cheers), in the United States that has not in it a Democratic majority (outbursts of laughter),—and they know it. (Great laughter.) Two years ago about 283 convicts were in the Penitentiary of Maine. Out of that whole number there was one Republican (laughter), and only one. (A voice—"Who was the man?") Well, I don't know, but he broke out. (Great laughter.) He said he didn't mind being in the Penitentiary, but the company was a little more than he could stand. (Renewed laughter.)

You cannot rely upon that party for an honest ballot. Every law that has been passed in this country, in the last twenty years to throw a safeguard around the ballot-box has been passed by the Republican party. (Applause.) Every law that has been defeated has been defeated by the Democratic party. (Applause.) And you know it. (Laughter.) Unless we have an honest ballot the days of the Republic are numbered; and the only way to get an honest ballot is to beat the Democratic party forever. (Cheers.) And that is what we are going to do. (Applause.) That party can never carry its record; that party is loaded down with the infamies of twenty years; yes, that party is loaded down with the infamies of fifty years. (Applause.) It will never elect a President in this world. I give notice to the Democratic party to-day that it has got to change its name before the people of the United States will change the Administration. (Cheers.) You will have to change your names (applause); you will have to change your personnel; and you will have to get enough Republicans to join you and tell you how to run a campaign. (Applause.) If you want an honest ballot,—and every honest man does,—then you will vote to keep the Republican party in power. (Applause.) What else do you want? You want honest money (applause), and I say to the merchants and to the bankers and to the brokers, the only party that will give you honest money is the party that resumed specie payments. (Applause.) The only party that will give you honest money is the party that has said a greenback is a broken promise until it is redeemed with gold. (Cheers.) You can only trust the party that has been honest in disaster. (Applause.) From 1863 to 1879—sixteen long years—the Republican party was the party of honor and principle, and the Republican party saved the honor of the United States. (Cheers.) And you know it. (Applause.) During that time the Democratic party did what it could to destroy our credit at home and abroad. (Applause.) We are not only in favor of free speech and an honest ballot, and honest money, but we go in for law and order. (Applause.) What part of this country believes in free speech—the South or North? (A voice—"The North.") The South should never give free speech to the country; there was no free speech in the city of New York until the Republican party got into power. (Applause.) The Democratic party has not intelligence

to know that free speech is the germ of this Republic. (Applause.) The Democratic party cares little for free speech because it has no argument to make. (Laughter.) No reasons to offer. (Applause.) Its entire argument is summed up and ended in three words, "Hurraw for Hancock." (Great laughter.) The Republican party believes in free speech because it has got something to say; because it believes in argument; because it believes in moral suasion; because it believes in education. (Great applause.) Any man that does not believe in free speech is a barbarian. (Applause.) Any State that does not support it is not a civilized State.

I have a right to express my opinions, and the right in common with every other human being, and I am willing to give to every other human being the right that I claim for myself. (Applause.) Republicanism says that out upon the great intellectual sea there is room for every sail; Republicanism says that in the intellectual air there is room enough for every wing. (Applause.) Republicanism means justice in politics. Republicanism means progress in civilization. (Applause.) Republicanism means that every man shall be an educated patriot and a gentleman. (Applause.) And I want to say to you to-day that the Republican party is the best that ever existed. (Applause.) I want to say to you to-day that it is an honor to belong to it. (Applause.) It is an honor to have belonged to it for twenty years; it is an honor to belong to the party that elected Abraham Lincoln President. (Great applause.) And let me say to you that Lincoln was the greatest, the best, the purest, the kindest man that has ever sat in the Presidential chair. (Great applause.) It is an honor to belong to the Republican party that gave 4,000,000 of men the rights of freemen; it is an honor to belong to the party that broke the shackles from 4,000,000 of men, women, and children. (Great applause.) It is an honor to belong to the party that declared that bloodhounds were not the missionaries of civilization. (Applause.) It is an honor to belong to the party that said it was a crime to steal a babe from its mother's breast. (Applause.) It is an honor to belong to the party that swore that this is a Nation forever, one and indivisible. (Great applause.) It is an honor to belong to the party that elected U. S. Grant President of the United States. (Tremendous cheers.) It is an honor to belong to the party that issued thousands and thousands of millions of dollars in promises—that issued promises until they became so thick as the withered leaves of winter; an honor to belong to the party that issued them to put down a rebellion; an honor to belong to the party that put it down; an honor to belong to the party that had the moral courage and honesty to make every one of the promises made in war, in peace as good as shining, glittering gold. (Great applause.) And I tell you that if there is another life, and if there is a day of judgment, all you need say upon that solemn occasion is, "I was in life, and in my death, a good square Republican." (Roars of laughter and great applause.)

I hate the doctrine of State sovereignty because it fostered State pride; because it fostered the idea that it is more to be a citizen of a State than a citizen of this glorious country. (Applause.) I love the whole country. I like New York because it is a part of the country; and I like the country because it has got New York in it. (Great applause.) I am not standing here to-day because the flag of New York floats over my head, but because that flag for which more heroic blood has been shed than for any other flag that is kissed by the air of heaven waves forever over my head. (Great applause.) That is the reason I am here. The doctrine of State sovereignty was appealed to in defense of the slave-trade; the next time in defense of the slave-trade as between the States; the next time in favor of the Fugitive-Slave law; and, if there is a Democrat in favor of the Fugitive-Slave law, he should be ashamed (applause)—if not of himself—of the ignorance of the time in which he lived. (Laughter.) That Fugitive-Slave law was a compromise, so that we might be friends of the South. They said in 1850-'52: "If you catch the slave we will be your friend;" and they tell us now: "If you let us trample upon the rights of the black man in the South, we will be your friend." I don't want their friendship on such terms. (Applause.) I am a friend of my friend, and an enemy of my enemy. (Applause.) That is my doctrine. We might as well be honest about it. (Laughter.) Under that doctrine of State-rights, such men as I see before me—bankers, brokers, merchants, gentlemen—were expected to turn themselves into hounds and chase the poor fugitive that had been lured by the love of liberty and guided by the glittering Northern star. (Great applause.)

The Democratic party wanted you to keep your trade with the South, no matter to what depths of degradation you had to sink, and the Democratic party to-day says if you want to sell your goods to the Southern people, you must throw your

honor and manhood into the streets. (Applause. Cries of "No; never.") The patronage of the splendid North is enough to support the City of New York. (Applause.)

There is another thing. Why is the city here filled with palaces covered with wealth? Because American labor has been protected. (Great applause.) I am in favor of protection to American labor everywhere. (Applause.) I am in favor of protecting American brain and muscle; I am in favor of giving scope to American ingenuity and American skill. (Great cheers.) We want a market at home, and the only way to have it is to have mechanics at home; and the only way to have mechanics is to have protection; and the only way to have protection is to vote the Republican ticket. (Great cheers.) You business men in New York know that Gen. Garfield (tremendous cheers.) understands these great——(A voice, "Three cheers for Gen. Garfield!" These were given with vigor.) I was going to say that he knows what the tarif' means; he understands the best interests not only of New York, but the entire country. (Applause.) And you want to stand by the men who will stand by you. What does a simple soldier know about the wants of the City of New York? What does he know about the wants of this great and splendid country? If he does not know more about them than he knows about the tariff, he doesn't know much. (Great laughter.) I don't like to hit the dead. (Renewed laughter.) My heart stops with the grave, and we are going to bury the Democratic party next Tuesday. (Cheers.) The pulse is feeble now (laughter), and if that party proposes to take advantage of the last hour, it is time that it goes into the repenting business. (Great laughter.) Nothing pleases me better than to see the condition of that party to-day. What do the Democrats know on the subject of the tariff? They are frightened; they are ratting. (Great laughter.) They swear their plank and platform meant nothing. They say in effect: "When we put that in we lied; and now having made that confession, we hope you will have perfect confidence in us from this out." (Great cheers and laughter.) Hancock says that the object of the party is, to get the tariff out of politics. That is the reason, I suppose, why they put that plank in the platform. (Laughter.) I presume he regards the tariff as a little local issue, but I tell you to-day that the great question of protecting American labor never will be taken out of politics. (Applause.) As long as men work, as long as the laboring man has a wife and family to support; just so long will he vote for the man that will protect his wages. ("Good, good," and cheers.) And you can no more take it out of politics than you can take the question of Government out of politics. (Cheers.) I don't want any question taken out of politics. (Applause.) I want the people to settle these questions for themselves and the people of this country are capable of doing it. (Great cheers.) If you don't believe it, read the returns from Ohio and Indiana. (Great cheers.) There are other persons who would take the question of office out of politics. (Great laughter.) Well, when we get the tariff and office out of politics, then, I presume we will see two parties on the same side. It won't do. (Laughter.)

David A. Wells has come to the rescue of the Democratic party on the tariff, and shed a few pathetic tears over scrap iron. But it won't do. (Laughter.) You cannot run this country on scraps. (Laughter.) We believe in the tariff because it gives skilled labor good pay. We believe in the tariff because it allows the laboring man to have something to eat. We believe in the tariff because it keeps the hands of the producer close to the mouth of the devourer. (Applause.) We believe in the tariff because it developed American brain; because it builds up our towns and cities; because it makes Americans self-supporting; because it makes us an independent Nation. (Applause.) And we believe in the tariff because the Democratic party don't. (Laughter.) That plank in the Democratic party was intended for a dagger to assassinate the prosperity of the North. The Northern people have become aroused, and that is the plank that is broken in the Democratic platform; and that plank was wide enough when it broke to let even Hancock through. (Laughter.)

Gentlemen they are gone. ("Honor bright?") They are gone—honor bright. (Laughter.) Look at the desperate means that have been resorted to by the Democratic party; driven to the madness of desperation. Not satisfied with having worn the tongue of slander to the very tonsils, not satisfied with attacking the private reputation of a splendid man, not satisfied with that, they have appealed to a crime; a deliberate and infamous forgery has been committed. (Loud applause—"Hit him hard.") That forgery has been upheld by some of the leaders of the Democratic party; that forgery has been defended by men calling themselves respectable. ("Give it to them.") Leaders of the Democratic party have stood by and said that they were acquainted with the handwriting of

James A. Garfield, and that the handwriting in the forged letter was his, when they know that it was absolutely unlike his. They knew it, and no man has certified that it was the writing of James A. Garfield who did not know that in his throat of throats he told a falsehood. (Applause.)

Every honest man in the City of New York ought to leave such a party if he belongs to it. ("Go for Hewitt.") Every honest man (repeated cries of "Go for Hewitt.") ought to refuse to belong to the party that did such an infamous crime. ("Go for Hewitt.") What is the use of going for Hewitt when all New York is going for Hewitt? (Laughter.) And there is no man in this city going for Hewitt like Hewitt himself.

Senator Barnum, Chairman of the Democratic Committee, has lost control. He is gone, and I will tell you what he puts me in mind of. There was an old fellow used to come into town every Saturday and get drunk. He had a little yoke of oxen, and the boys, out of pity, used to throw him into the wagon and start the oxen for home. Just before he got home they had to go down a long hill, and the oxen when they got to the brow of it, commenced to run. Now and then the wagon struck a stone and gave the fellow an awful jolt, and that would wake him up. After he had looked up and had one glance at the cattle he would fall helplessly back to the bottom, and always say, "Gee a little, if anything." (Laughter.) And that is the only order that Barnum has been able to give for the two weeks, "Gee a little," if anything. (Laughter.) I tell you now that forgery makes doubly sure the election of James A. Garfield. (Applause.) The people of the North believe in honest dealing; the people of the North believe in free speech and in an honest ballot. (Applause.) The people of the North believe that this is a Nation; the people of the North hate treason; the people of the North hate forgery (tremendous cheering), the people of the North hate slander. The people of the North have made up their minds to give to Gen. Garfield a vindication of which any American may be forever proud. (Loud applause.)

I will tell you why I am for Garfield. (Laughter.) I know him, and I like him. ("Good enough.") No man has been nominated for the office since I was born, by either party, who had more brains and more heart than James A. Garfield. (Loud applause.) He was a soldier, he is a statesman. In time of peace he preferred the avocations of peace, when the bugle of war blew in his ears he withdrew from his work and fought for the flag (cheers), and then he went back to the avocation of peace. And I say to-day that a man who, in a time of profound peace, makes up his mind that he would like to kill folks for living (laughter) is no better, to say the least of it, than the man who loves peace in the time of peace, and who, when his country is attacked, rushes to the rescue of her flag. (Loud cheers.)

James A. Garfield is to-day a poor man, and you know that there is not money enough in this magnificent street to buy the honor and manhood of James A. Garfield. (Enthusiastic applause.) Money cannot make such a man, and I will swear to you that money cannot buy him. (Renewed applause.) James A. Garfield to-day wears the glorious robe of honest poverty. He is a poor man; but I like to say it here in Wall street; I like to say it surrounded by the millions of America; I like to say it in the midst of banks, and bonds, and stocks; I love to say it where gold is piled,—that, although a poor man, he is rich in honor, in integrity he is wealthy, and in brain he is a millionaire. (Loud applause.) I know him, and I like him. ("So do we," and renewed applause.) So do you all, gentlemen. Garfield was a poor boy; he is a certificate of the splendid form of our Government. Most of these magnificent buildings have been built by poor boys ("That's so"); most of the success of New York began almost in poverty. You know it. The kings of this street were once poor, and they may be poor again (laughter); and if they are fools enough to vote for Hancock they ought to be. (Loud laughter and cheers.) Garfield is a certificate of the splendor of our Government, that says to every poor boy: "All the avenues of honor are open to you." I know him and I like him. He is a scholar; he is a statesman; he was a soldier; he is a patriot; and above all, he is a magnificent man (loud cheers); and if every man in New York knew him as well as I do, Garfield would not lose a hundred votes in this city. ("We will all be true to him," and cheers.) And yet this is the man against whom the Democratic party has been howling its filth; this is the great and good man whom the Democrats have slandered from the day of his nomination until now; this, the statesman, the soldier, the scholar, the patriot, is the man against whom the Democratic party was willing to commit the crime of forgery.

Compare him with Hancock, and then compare Gen. Arthur with William H. English. ("Oh!" "Oh!" and laughter.) If there ever was a pure Republican in this

world, Gen. Arthur is one. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, ("Give us something about English,")—there is no use my talking about English. I have made up my mind to avoid unpleasant subjects. (Laughter.)

You know in Wall street there are some men always prophesying disaster; there are some men always selling "short." (Laughter.) That is what the Democratic party is doing to-day. You know as well as I do that if the Democratic party succeeds, every kind of property in the United States will depreciate. ("That's so," "True enough.") You know it. There is not a man on the street who, if he knew Hancock was to be elected would not sell the stocks and bonds of every railroad in the United States "short." (Laughter.) I dare any broker here to deny it. There is not a man in Wall or Broad streets, or in New York, but what knows the election of Hancock will depreciate every share of railroad stock, every railroad bond, every Government bond, in the United States of America. And if you know that, I say it is a crime to vote for Hancock and English. (Loud cheers.)

I belong to a party that is prosperous when the country is prosperous. That's me. (Laughter.) I belong to the party that believes in good crops; that is glad when a fellow finds a gold mine; that rejoices when there are forty bushels of wheat to the acre; that laughs when every railroad declares dividends; that claps both of its hands when every investment pays; when the rain falls for the farmer, when the dew lies lovingly upon the grass. I belong to the party that is happy when the people are happy; when the laboring man gets $3 a day; when he has roast beef on his table (laughter); when he has a carpet on the floor, when he has a picture of Garfield on the wall. (Laughter and applause.) I belong to the party that is happy when everybody smiles; when we have plenty of money, good horses ("That's you,") good carriages; when our wives are happy and our children feel glad. (Loud applause.) I belong to the party whose banner floats side by side with the great flag of the country; that does not grow fat on defeat. (Laughter.) The Democratic party is a party of famine; it is a good friend of an early frost (laughter); it believes in the Colorado beetle and in the weevil. (Renewed laughter.) When crops are bad the Democratic mouth opens from ear to ear with smiles of joy; it is in partnership with bad luck; a friend of empty pockets; rags help it. I am on the other side. The Democratic party is the party of darkness. I belong to the party of sunshine, and to the party that even in darkness believes that the stars are shining and waiting for us. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, I have endeavored to give you a few reasons for voting the Republican ticket; and I have given enough to satisfy any reasonable man. And you know it. (Laughter.) Don't you go with the Democratic party, young man. You have got a character to make. You cannot make it, as the Democratic party does, by passing a resolution. (Laughter.) If your father voted the Democratic ticket, that is disgrace enough for one family. (Roars of laughter.) Tell the old man that you can stand it no longer. Tell the old gent that you have made up your mind to stand with the party of human progress; and if he asks you why you cannot vote the Democratic ticket, you tell him: "Every man that tried to destroy the Government, every man that shot at the holy flag in heaven, every man that starved our soldiers, every keeper of Libby, Andersonville, and Salisbury, every man that wanted to burn the negro, every one that wanted to scatter yellow fever in the North, every man that opposed human liberty, that regarded the auction-block as an altar and the howling of the bloodhound as the music of the Union, every man who wept over the corpse of slavery, that wrought lashes on the naked back, were a legal-tender for labor performed, every one willing to rob a mother of her child—every solitary one was a Democrat. (Applause.)

Tell him you cannot stand that party. Tell him you have to go with the Republican party; and if he asks you why, tell him it destroyed slavery; it preserved the Union; it paid the National debt; it made our credit as good as that of any nation on the earth. ("Better," and applause.) Tell him it makes a 4 per cent. bond worth $1.10; that it satisfies the demands of the highest civilization; that it made it possible for every greenback to hold up its hand and swear: "I know that my redeemer liveth." (Laughter and applause.) Tell the old man that the Republican party preserved the honor of the Nation; that it believes in education; that it looks upon the schoolhouse as a cathedral. (Applause.) Tell him that the Republican party believes in absolute intellectual liberty, in absolute religious freedom, in human rights, and that human rights rise above States. Tell him that the Republican party believes in humanity, justice, human equality, and that the Republican party believes this a Nation for ever and ever (applause); that an honest ballot is the breath of the Republic's life ("good; good"); that honest money

is the blood of the Republic; and that Nationality is the great throbbing beat of the heart of the Republic. (Great cheers.) Tell him that; and tell him that you are going to stand by the flag that the patriotic North carried upon the battle field of death. (Cheers.) Tell him that you are going to be true to the martyred dead; that you are going to vote exactly as Lincoln would have voted were he living. ("Good, good," and cheers.) Tell him that every traitor dead, were he living now, there would issue from his lips of dust, "Hurrah for Hancock" (laughter); that could every patriot rise he would cry for Garfield and liberty (cheers), for union and for human progress everywhere. (Great cheers.) Tell him that the South seeks to secure by the ballot what it lost by the bayonet ("No, no, never"); to whip by the ballot those who fought it in the field. But we saved the country, and we have got the heart and brains to take care of it. (Cheers.) I will tell you what we are going to do. We are going to treat them in the South just as well as we treat the people in the North. (Great cheers.) Victors cannot afford to have malice. (Cheers.) The North is too magnanimous to have hatred. (Cheers.) We will treat the South precisely as we treat the North. (Applause.) There are thousands of good people there. ("Good! good!" and cheers.) Let us give them money to improve their rivers and harbors; I want to see the sails of their commerce filled with the breezes of prosperity (cheers); their fences rebuilt (applause); their houses painted. ("Good! good!") I want to see their towns prosperous; I want to see school houses in every town ("Good! good!" and cheers); I want to see books in the hands of every child, and papers and magazines in every house (cheers); I want to see all the rays of light of the civilization of the nineteenth century enter every home of the South (cheers); and in a little while you will see that country full of good Republicans. (Roars of laughter.) We can afford to be kind; we cannot afford to be unkind. (Cheers.) I will shake hands cordially with every believer in human liberty; I will shake hands with every believer in Nationality. (Applause.) I will shake hands with every man who is a friend of the human race. (Cheers) That is my doctrine. I believe in the great Republic, in this magnificent country of ours. (Cheers.) I believe in the great people of the United States. (Cheers.) I believe in the muscle and brain of America, in the prairies and forests. I believe in New York. (Cheers.) I believe in the brain of your city. I believe that you know enough to vote the Republican ticket. (Great applause.) I believe that you are grand enough to stand by the country that has stood by you. (Cheers.) But whatever you do, I shall never cease to thank you for the great honor you have conferred upon me this day. (Great and long continued cheering.)

Ingersoll's Reply to His Chicago Critics

From the Chicago Times.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll returned to town from Rockford yesterday morning, and was shortly afterward captured at the Grand Pacific Hotel, in the hands of a barber. The captor at once produced his ecclesiastical pencil, and pitched into the "arch atheist."

"What have you to say to the remarks before the Methodist minister's meeting as published yesterday, of the Rev. Dr. Jewett?"

"Who?" was the response that sputtered through the lather.

"Did you ever hear of Dr. Jewett?"

"I don't think I ever did until you called my attention to his name."

Being informed of what that Methodist divine, and ex-Presiding Elder of Chicago, was quoted as saying, the wicked "Pope Bob" remarked:

"I think Dr. Jewett is extremely foolish. I never said I would commence suit against a minister for libel. I can hardly conceive of a proceeding that would be less liable to produce a dividend. The fact about it is that the Rev. Mr. Jewett seems to think anything true that he hears against me. Mr. Jewett is probably ashamed of what he said by this time. He must have known it to be entirely false. It seems to me by this time even the most bigoted should lose their confidence in falsehood. Of course there are times when a falsehood well told bridges over quite a difficulty, but in the long run you had better tell the truth, even if you swim the creek. I am astonished that these ministers were willing to exhibit their wounds to the whole world. I suppose of course, I would hit some, but I had no idea of wounding so many."

"What about the Rev. Mr. Crafts' statements at the same meeting?"

"Mr. Crafts states, I believe that a lady told him that she was visiting familiarly in my family, and that I used obscene language in my family. Of course Mr. Crafts could not have believed such a silly story. As a matter of fact, the Rev. Mr. Crafts knows that I know he is not a fair man.

"Besides, if this woman of whom he speaks was a lady, how did she happen to stay where obscene language was being used? No lady ever told Mr. Crafts any such thing. It may be that a lady did tell that I used profane language. I admit that I have not always spoken of the devil in a respectful way; that I have sometimes referred to his residence when it was not a necessary part of the conversation, and that at divers times I have used a good deal of the terminology of the theologian when the exact words of the scientist might have done as well. But if by swearing is meant the use of God's name in vain, there are very few preachers who do not swear more than I do, if by 'in vain' is meant without any practical result. I leave Mr. Crafts to cultivate the acquaintance of the unknown lady, knowing, as I do, that after they have talked this matter over again they will find that both have been mistaken."

"Another of the ministers at that meeting—Mr. Caldwell—claimed that you were intoxicated while delivering a lecture at or near Galesburg. Were you?"

"I never delivered any lecture at or near Galesburg in my life, but I believe I know to what the reverend gentleman refers. In 1860—twenty years ago—I made a speech at—what is the name of that town? Well, it was a few miles this side of Knoxville; I have forgotten the name, but it was very near Yates City. We had a political meeting, plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and I suppose, though I have no distinct recollection of what occurred after the drinking, that I was in the condition of the guests of the wedding feast where the

Lord furnished the wine, and when the best liquor was kept back to the last. But even at that time I don't recollect that one of the effects of the liquor was to make me want to injure somebody. This was a good while ago, and I don't count it. I don't pretend to be a teetotaler. I heard a story the other day that illustrates my position. There was an Irishman who joined the Sons of Temperance, and in a few days afterwards, one of his friends saw him in a saloon with a glass about half full of whisky in his hand. Said he, 'Pat, I thought you was a teetotaler?' 'So I am,' said Pat, 'but, thank God, I am no bigot.' I think that the Methodist ministers' Monday morning mischief meeting had better be abolished. They get together to abuse some one whose arguments they cannot answer. Allow me to say, however, that I never would have mentioned the name of either one of these gentlemen, had you not asked me direct questions concerning them. They do not injure me; on the contrary they unconsciously assist me. The moment people see what they have said, they know that these reverend gentlemen have no reply, and so after all I am in the fortunate position of being assisted by my enemies. When a man's friends help him and his enemies assist him, if he does not succeed, it is his own fault. But I want it understood that I forgive these men with all my heart.

"I think they dodge the point. The real point is this: If salvation by faith is the real doctrine of Christianity, I asked on Sunday before last; and I still ask, why didn't Matthew tell it? I still insist that Mark should have remembered it, and I shall always believe that Luke ought to have noticed it. I was endeavoring to show that modern Christianity has for its basis an interpolation. I think I showed it. The only gospel on the orthodox side is that of John, and that was certainly not written or did not appear in its present form, until long after the others were written. I know very well that the Catholic Church claimed during the Dark Ages, and still claims, that references had been made to the Gospels by persons living in the first, second, and third centuries; but I believe such manuscripts were manufactured by the Catholic Church. For many years in Europe, there was not one person to 20,000 who could read and write. During that time the Church had in its keeping the literature of our world. They interpolated as they pleased. They created. They destroyed. In other words, they did whatever in their opinion was necessary to substantiate the faith. The gentleman who saw fit to reply did not answer the question, and I again call upon the clergy to explain to the people why, if salvation depended upon belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, Matthew didn't mention it. Some one has said that Christ didn't make known this doctrine of salvation by belief or faith until after His resurrection. Certainly none of the gospels were written until after His resurrection; and if He made that doctrine known after His resurrection and before His ascension it should have been in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, as well as in John.

"The replies of the clergy show that they have not investigated the subject; that they are not well acquainted with the New Testament. In other words, they have not read it except with the regulation theological bias There is one thing I wish to correct here. In an editorial in the *Tribune* it was stated that I had admitted that Christ was beyond and above Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius and others. I didn't say so. Another point was made against me, and those who made it seemed to think it was a good one. In my lecture I asked why it was that the Disciples of Christ wrote in Greek, whereas, in fact they understood only Hebrew. It is now claimed that Greek was the language of Jerusalem at that time; that Hebrew had fallen into disuse; that no one understood it except the literati and the highly educated. If I fell into an error upon this point it was because I relied upon the New Testament. I find in the twenty-first chapter of Acts an account of Paul having been mobbed in the City of Jerusalem; that he was protected by a Chief Captain and some soldiers; that, when upon the stairs of the castle to which he was being taken for protection, he obtained leave from the captain to speak unto the people. In the fortieth verse of that Chapter I find the following:

"And when he had given him license, Paul stood on the stairs and beckoned with the hand unto the people and when there was made a great silence he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying—

"And then follows the speech of Paul, wherein he gives an account of his conversion. It seems a little curious to me that Paul, for the purpose of quieting a mob, would speak to that mob in an unknown language. If I were mobbed in the city of Chicago, and wished to defend myself with explanation, I certainly would not make that explanation in Choctaw, even if I understood that tongue. My present opinion is that I would speak in English: and the reason I would speak in English is because that language is generally understood in this city. And so I conclude from the ac-

count in the twenty-first chapter of the Acts that Hebrew was the language of Jerusalem at that time, or that Paul would not have addressed the mob in that tongue."

The reporter then put some questions regarding the sermons reported Monday. He first mentioned Prof. Swing.

"Well," said the Colonel, laughing—the barber by this time working up into the sparse hair—"Professor Swing so nearly agrees with me that I do not feel called upon to reply."

"And now as to Professor Swing?"

"Mr. Swing has been out of the orthodox church so long that he seems to have forgotten the reason for which he left it. I don't believe there is an orthodox minister in the city of Chicago who will agree with Mr. Swing that salvation by faith is no longer preached. Professor Swing seems to think it of no importance who wrote the Gospel of St. Matthew. In this I agree with him. Judging from what he said, there is hardly difference enough of opinion between us to justify a reply on his part. He, however, makes one mistake. I did not in the lecture say one word about tearing churches down. I have no objection to people building all the churches they wish. While I admit that it is a pretty sight to see children on a morning in June going through the fields to the country church, I still insist that the beauty of that sight does not answer the question how it is that Matthew forgot to say anything about salvation through Christ. Professor Swing is a man of poetic temperament, but this is not a poetic question."

"Did you read Mr. Courtney's answer?"

"I read what Mr. Courtney read from others, and think some of his quotations very good; and have no doubt that the authors will feel complimented by being quoted."

"But what about there being 'belief' in Matthew?"

"Mr. Courtney says that certain people were cured of diseases on account of faith. Admitting that mumps, measles and whooping-cough could be cured that way, there is not even a suggestion that salvation depended upon a like faith. I think he can hardly afford to rely upon the miracles of the New Testament to prove his doctrine. There is one instance in which a miracle was performed by Christ without His knowledge. And I hardly think that even Mr. Courtney would insist that any faith could have been great enough for that. The fact is, I believe, that all these miracles were ascribed to Christ after His death, and that Christ never, at any time or place, pretended to have any supernatural power whatever. Neither do I believe that He claimed any supernatural origin. He claimed simply to be a man; no less, no more. I don't believe Mr. Courtney is satisfied with his own reply."

"The Rev. Mr. Courtney thinks you were very much off on Matthew."

"Dr. Courtney does not seem to understand Matthew; probably has not read it for many years. There certainly is no need of my answering Dr. Courtney; some time I may answer the French gentleman from whom he quoted. The rest of the answers, so-called, by the other ministers, do not challenge particular reply at present. The best thing that has come from the other side is from Dr. Thomas. I regard him as by far the grandest intellect in the Methodist Church. He is intellectually a wide and tender man. I cannot conceive of an article being written in a better spirit. He finds a little fault with me for not being exactly fair. If there were more ministers like Dr. Thomas the probability is I never should have laid myself liable to this criticism. There is some human nature in me, and I find it exceedingly difficult to preserve at all times perfect serenity. I have the greatest possible respect for Dr. Thomas, and must heartily thank him for his perfect fairness.

"Dr. Lorimer? Really I have no time to answer him. I presume it will greatly offend him, but I beg his pardon. He will have to do better before he is entitled to an answer, and besides I have not the time now.

"Bishop Fellows? Well, I have only time to say he finds fault with my statement that that 'his New Testament' did not exist until the apostles had been dead for hundreds of years. In answer to that he said we have manuscripts fifteen hundred years old. It seems to me that, even according to his statement, the apostles must have been dead about three hundred years before the date of his oldest manuscript. Other preachers, I believe, claimed that Hebrew was not spoken in Jerusalem, stating that Alexander the Great having swept over that country, Hebrew had ceased to be understood, and was known only to the educated few. This may be so, and I may have been misled in that particular. But if I was misled it was owing to my confiding in a statement in the New Testament, and I freely admit that those who confide in statements in the New Testament will always be liable to be misled. I find in the Acts that St. Paul was mobbed; that he was rescued from the mob by a chief captain and some

soldiers, or policemen, and taken to the castle, and while on the stairs of the castle he begged permission to speak to the mob. The permission was granted, and thereupon he spoke to them in the Hebrew language. If Hebrew was not the language of Jerusalem at that time it seems a little strange that one would endeavor to appease a mob by speaking in an unknown tongue. This account, I believe, is in the twenty-first chapter of Acts.

"Since I have been studying the New Testament I have found that some, even of the clergy, do not live up to its best teachings at all times, but I hope to cause some improvement in that regard."

"Mr. Crafts stated that you were in the habit of swearing in company and before your family."

"I often swear. In other words, I take the name of God in vain; that is to say, I take it without any practical thing resulting from it. And in that sense I think most ministers are guilty of the same thing. I heard an old story of a clergyman who rebuked a neighbor for swearing, to whom the neighbor replied, 'You pray and I swear, but as a matter of fact, neither of us mean anything by it.' As to the charge that I am in the habit of using indecent language in my family, no reply is needed. I am willing to leave that question to the people who know us both. Mr. Crafts says he was told this by a lady. This cannot by any possibility be true, for no lady will tell a falsehood. I sincerely regret that clergymen who really believe an infinite God is on their side think it necessary to resort to such things to defeat one man. According to their idea, God is against me, and they ought to have confidence enough in His infinite wisdom and strength to suppose that he could dispose of one man, even if they failed to say a word against me. Had you not asked me, I should have said nothing upon these topics. Such charges cannot hurt me. I do not believe it possible for such men to injure me. No one believes what they say, and the testimony of such clergymen against an infidel is no longer considered of value. People know what they said concerning every man whose arguments they could not answer. I believe it was Goethe who said, 'I always know that I am traveling when I hear the dogs bark.'"

"Are you going to make a formal reply to their sermons?"

"Not unless something better is done than has been. Of course I don't know what another Sabbath may bring forth. I am waiting. But of one thing I feel perfectly assured: that no man in the United States, or in the world can account for the fact, if we are to be saved only by faith in Christ, that Matthew forgot it, that Luke said nothing about it, and that Mark never mentioned it except in two passages written by *another* person. Until that is answered, as one gravedigger says to the other in 'Hamlet,' I shall say: 'Aye, tell me that and unyoke.' In the meantime I wish to keep on the best terms with all parties concerned. I cannot see why my forgiving spirit fails to gain their sincere praise."

Views on the Religious Outlook

Cincinnati Commercial, March 25, 1881.

The Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle* called on Col. Ingersoll one evening last week, and after a chat on politics and things in general, the conversation branched off into a religious vein by the correspondent asking the Colonel what was going on among the churches that was worthy of note.

"Well," said the Colonel, "from what little I learn there has not been much doing during the last year. There are 526 Congregational churches in Massachusetts, and 200 of these churches have not received a new member for an entire year, and the others have scarcely held their own. In Illinois there are 483 Presbyterian churches and they have now less members than they had in 1879; and of the 483, 183 have not received a single new member for twelve months. A report has been made, under the auspices of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, to the effect that there are in the whole world about 3,000,000 of Presbyterians. This is about one-fifth of 1 per cent. of the inhabitants of the world. The probability is that of the 3,000,000 nominal Presbyterians, not more than 200,000 or 300,000 actually believe the doctrine, and of the 200,000 or 300,000 not more than 500 or 600 have any true conception of what the doctrine is. As the Presbyterian Church has only been able to induce one-fifth of 1 per cent. of the people to even call themselves Presbyterians about how long will it take, at this rate, to convert mankind? The fact is, there seems to be a general lull along the entire line, and just at present very little is being done by the orthodox people to keep their fellow-citizens out of hell."

"Do you really think that the orthodox people now believe in the old doctrine of eternal punishment, and that they really think there is the kind of hell that our ancestors so carefully described?"

"I am afraid that the old idea is dying out and that many Christians are slowly giving up the consolations naturally springing from the old belief. Another terrible blow to the old infamy is the fact that in the revised New Testament the consoling word hell has been left out. I am informed that in the revised New Testament the word Hades has been substituted. As nobody knows exactly what Hades means, it will not be quite so easy to frighten people at revivals by threatening them with something that they don't clearly understand. After this, when the impassioned orator cries out that all the unconverted will be sent to Hades, the poor sinners, instead of getting frightened, will begin to ask each other what and where that is. It will take many years of preaching to clothe that word in all the terrors and horrors, pains and penalties, and pangs of hell. Hades is a compromise. It is concession to the philosophy of our day. It is a graceful acknowledgment to the growing spirit of investigation that Hell, after all, is a barbaric mistake. Hades is the death of revivals. It cannot be used in song. It won't rhyme with anything with the same force that hell does. It is altogether more shadowy than hot. It is not associated with brimstone and flame. It sounds somewhat indistinct, somewhat lonesome,—a little desolate, but not altogether uncomfortable. For revival purpose, Hades is simply useless, and few conversions will be made in the old way under the revised Testament."

"Do you really think that the Church is losing ground?"

"I am not, as you probably know, connected with any orthodox organization, and consequently have to rely upon them for my information. If they can be believed the Church is certainly in an extremely bad condition. I find that the Rev. Dr. Cutler, only a few days ago, speaking of the religious conditions of Brooklyn,—and Brooklyn, you know, has been called the city of Churches—stated that the great mass of that Christian city was out of Christ, and that more professing Christians went to the

theatre than to the prayer meeting. This certainly from their standpoint, is a most terrible declaration. Brooklyn, you know, is one of the great religious centres of the world—a city in which nearly all the people are engaged either in delivering or in hearing sermons; a city filled with the editors of religious periodicals; a city of prayer and praise, and yet, while prayer meetings are free, the theatres, with the free-list entirely suspended, catch more Christians than the churches, and this happens while all the pulpits thunder against the stage, and the stage remains silent as to the pulpit. At the same meeting in which the Rev. Dr. Cuyler made his astounding statement, the Rev. Mr. Pentecost was the bearer of the happy news that four out of five persons living in the city of Brooklyn were going down to Hell with no God and no hope. If he had read the revised Testament he would have said "Hades," and the effect of the statement would have been entirely lost. If four-fifths of the people of that great city are destined to eternal pain, certainly we cannot depend upon the churches for the salvation of the world. At the meeting of the Brooklyn pastors they were in doubt as to whether they should depend upon further meetings, or upon a day of fasting and prayer for the purpose of converting the city. In my judgment, it would be much better to devise ways and means to keep a good many people from fasting in Brooklyn. If they had more meat, they could get along with less meeting. If fasting would save a city, there are plenty of hungry folks even in that Christian town. The real trouble with the Church of to-day is that it is behind the intelligence of the people. Its doctrines no longer satisfy the brains of the nineteenth century; and if the Church proposes to hold its power, it must lose its superstitions. The day of revivals is gone. Only the ignorant and unthinking can hereafter be impressed by preaching the orthodox creed. Fear has in it no reformatory power, and the more intelligent the world grows the more despicable and contemptible the doctrine of eternal misery will become. The tendency of the age is towards intellectual liberty, toward personal investigation. Authority is no longer taken for truth. People are beginning to find that all the great and good are not dead—that some good people are alive, and that the demonstrations of to-day are fully equal to the mistaken theories of the past."

"Do you think, after all, the people who are in favor of having you arrested for blasphemy are acting in accordance with the real spirit of the Old and New Testaments?"

"Of course they act in accordance with many of the commands in the Old Testament and with several passages in the New. At the same time, it may be said that they violate passages in both. If the Old Testament is true, and it is the inspired word of God, of course, an infidel ought not to be allowed to live, and if the New Testament is true, an unbeliever should not be permitted to speak. There are many passages, though, in the New Testament, that should protect even an infidel. Among them is this: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." But that is a passage that has probably had as little effect upon the Church as any other in the Bible. So far as I am concerned I am willing to adopt that passage, and I am willing to extend to every other human being every right that I claim for myself. If the Churches would act upon this principle, if they would say, 'Every soul, every mind, may think and investigate for itself, and around all, and over all, shall be thrown the sacred shield of liberty,' I should be on their side."

"How do you stand with the clergymen, and what is their opinion of you and of your views?"

"Most of them envy me; envy my independence; envy my success; think that I ought to starve; that the people should not hear me; say that I do what I do for money, for popularity; that I am actuated by hatred of all that is good, and tender, and holy in human nature; think that I wish to tear down the churches, destroy all morality and goodness, and usher in the reign of crime and chaos. They know that shepherds are unnecessary in the absence of wolves, and it is to their interest to convince their sheep that they—the sheep—need protection. This they are willing to give them for half the wool. No doubt most of these ministers are honest, and are doing what they consider their duty. Be this as it may, they feel the power slipping from their hands. They know that they are not held in the estimation they once were. They know that the idea is slowly growing that they are not absolutely necessary for the protection of society. They know that the intellectual world cares little for what they say, and that the great tide of human progress flows on careless of their help or hindrance. So long as they insist on the inspiration of the Bible, they are compelled to take the ground that slavery was once a divine institution; they are forced to defend cruelties that would shock the heart of a savage, and beside, they are

bound to teach the eternal horror of everlasting punishment. They poison the minds of children; they deform the brain and pollute the imagination by teaching the frightful and infamous dogmas of endless misery. Even the laws of Delaware shock the enlightened public of to-day. In that State they simply fine and imprison a man for expressing his honest thought; and yet, if the Churches are right, God will damn a man forever for the same offense. The brain and heart of our time can not be satisfied with the ancient creeds. The Bible must be revised again. Most of the creeds must be blotted out. Humanity must take the place of theology. Intellectual liberty must stand in every pulpit. There must be freedom in all the pews, and every human soul must have the right to express its honest thought."

Some Reasons Why

What Humanity Owes to Some Invisible, Infinite, and Supreme Being. Chicago Tribune, April 28, 1881.

New York, April 25.—There was a great rush to Booth's Theater to-night to hear Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in his new lecture entitled "Some Reasons Why." The sidewalks were crowded long before the doors opened, and speculators reaped a rich harvest, the seats they held bringing from $3 to $4. By 7:45 the theater was filled from top to bottom, and every inch of available standing-room was occupied. At 8:15 Ingersoll made his appearance on the stage, and was warmly welcomed. He placed his manuscript on the reading-desk, and at once plunged into his subject. He spoke for an hour and fifty minutes, and held his audience intensely interested until the last word had been uttered. His address was as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The history of the world shows that religion has made enemies instead of friends. That one word "religion" paints the horizon of the past with every form of agony and torture, and when one pronounces the name of "religion" we think of 1,500 years of persecution, of 6,000 years of hatred, slander, and vituperation. Strange, but true, that those who have loved God most have loved men least; strange that in countries where there has been the most religion there has been the most agony; and that is one reason why I am opposed to what is known as religion. (Applause.) By religion I mean the duties that men are supposed to owe to God; by religion I mean, not what man owes to man, but what we owe to some invisible, infinite, and Supreme Being. The question arises, can any relation exist between finite man and infinite being? An infinite being is absolutely conditional. An infinite being cannot walk, cannot receive, and a finite being cannot give to the infinite. Can I increase his happiness or decrease his misery? Does he need my strength or my life? What can I do for him? I say, nothing. For one, I do not believe there is any God who gives rain or sunshine for praying. (Applause.) For one, I do not believe there is any being who helps man simply because he kneels. I may be mistaken, but that is my doctrine, that the finite cannot by any possibility help the infinite or the infinite be indebted to the finite; that the finite cannot by any possibility assist a being who is all in all. What can we do? We can help man; we can help clothe the naked, feed the hungry; we can help weave a garment of joy that will finally cover this world. (Applause.) That is all that man can do. Wherever he has endeavored to do more he has simply increased the misery of his fellows. I can find out nothing of these things myself by my unaided reasoning. If there is an infinite God and I have not reason enough to comprehend His universe, whose fault

is it? I am told that we have the inspired will of God. I do not know exactly what they mean by inspired. No two sects agree on that word. Some tell me that every great work is inspired, that Shakespeare is inspired. I would be less apt to dispute that than a similar remark about any other book on this earth. (Applause.) If the Jehovah had wanted to have a book written, the inspiration of which should not be disputed, He should have waited until Shakespeare lived. Whatever they mean by inspiration they at least mean that it is true. If it is true, it does not need to be inspired. The truth will take care of itself. Nothing except a falsehood needs inspiration. (Applause.) What is inspiration? A man looks at the sea and the sea says something to him. Another man looks at the same sea, and the sea tells another story to him. The sea cannot tell the same story to any two human beings. There is not a thing in Nature, from a pebble to a constellation, that tells the same story to any two human beings. It depends upon the man's experience, his intellectual development, and what chord of memory it touches. One looks upon the sea and is filled with grief; another looks upon it and laughs. Last year, riding in the cars from Boston to Portsmouth, a lady and gentleman sat opposite me. As we reached the latter place the woman, for the first time in her life, caught a burst of the sea, and she looked and said to her husband: "Isn't that beautiful," and he looked and said: "I'll bet you can dig clams right there." (Laughter.)

Another illustration. A little while ago a gentleman was walking with another in South Carolina, at Charleston,—one who had been upon the other side. Said the Northerner to the Southerner: "Did you ever see such a night as this; did you ever in your life see such a moon?" "Oh my God," said he, "You ought to have seen that moon before the war." (Laughter.) I simply say these things to convince you that everything in nature has a different story to tell every human being. So the Bible tells a different story to every man that reads it. History proves what I say. Why so many sects? Why so much persecution? Simply because two people couldn't understand it exactly alike. You may reply that God intended it should be so understood, and that is the real revelation that God intended. For instance, I write a letter to Smith, I want to convey to him certain thoughts. If I am honest, I will use the words which will convey to him my thoughts, but not being infinite I don't know exactly how Smith will understand my words; but if I were infinite I would be bound to use the words that I know Smith would get my exact idea from. (Applause.) If God intended to make a revelation to me He has to make it to me through my brain and my reasoning. He cannot make a revelation to another man for me. That other man will have God's word for it but I will only have that man's word for it. (Laughter.) As that man has been dead for several thousand years, and as I don't know what his reputation was for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which he lived (laughter), I will wait for the Lord to speak again. Suppose when I read it, the revelation to me, through the Bible, is that it is not true, and God knew that I would know that when I did read it, and knew, if I did not say it, I would be dishonest.

Is it possible that he would damn me for being honest and give me wings if I would play the hypocrite? (Applause.) The inspiration of the Bible depends upon the ignorance of the gentleman who reads it. (Laughter.) Yet they tell me this book was written by the Creator of every shining star. Now let us see. I want to be honest and candid. I have just as much at stake in the way of soul as any doctor of divinity that ever lived, and more than some I have met. (Laughter.) According to this book the first attempt at peopling this world was a failure. God had to destroy all but eight. He saved some of the same kind to start again, which I think was a mistake. (Laughter.) After that, the people still getting worse, he selected from the wide world a few of the tribe of Abraham. He had no time to waste with everybody. He had no time to throw away on Egypt. It had at that time a vast and splendid civilization, in which there were free schools; in which the one man married the one wife; where there were courts of law; where there were codes of laws. Neither could he give attention to India, that had at that time a literature as splendid almost as ours, a language as perfect, that had produced poets, philosophers, statesmen. He had no time to waste with them, but took a few of the tribe of Abraham, and he did his best to civilize these people. He was their Governor, their Executive, their Supreme Court. He established a despotism, and from Mount Sinai he proclaimed his laws. They didn't pay much attention to them. He wrought thousands of miracles to convince them that he was a God. Isn't it perfectly wonderful that the priest of one religion never believes the miracle told by the priest of another? (Laughter.) Is it

possible that they know each other? (Laughter.) I heard a story the other day. A gentleman was telling a very remarkable circumstance that happened to himself, and all the listeners except one said, "Is it possible; did you ever hear such a wonderful thing in all your life?" They noticed that this one man didn't appear to take a vivid interest in the story, so one said to him, "You don't express much astonishment at the story?" "No," says he, "I am a liar myself." I find by reading this book that a worse Government was never established than that established by Jehovah; that the Jews were the most unfortunate people who lived upon the globe. Let us compare this book. In all civilized countries it is not only admitted, but passionately asserted, that slavery is an infamous crime; that a war of extermination is murder; that polygamy enslaves woman, degrades man, and destroys home; that nothing is more infamous than the slaughter of decrepit men and hopeless women and of prattling babes; that the captured maiden should not be given to her captors; that wives should not be stoned to death for differing in religion from their husbands. We know there was a time in the history of most nations when all these crimes were regarded as divine institutions. Nations entertaining these views to-day are called savage, and with the exception of the Feejee Islanders, some tribes in Central Africa, and a few citizens of Delaware (laughter), no human being can be found degraded enough to agree upon those subjects with Jehovah. To-day, the fact that a nation has abolished and abandoned those things is the only evidence that it can offer to show that it is not still barbarous; but a believer in the inspiration of the Bible is compelled to say there was a time when slavery was right, when polygamy was the highest form of virtue, when wars of extermination were waged with the sword of mercy, and when the Creator of the whole world commanded the soldier to sheathe the dagger of murder in the dimpled breast of infancy. The believer of inspiration of the Bible is compelled to say there was a time when it was right for a husband to murder his wife because they differed upon subjects of religion. I deny that such a time ever was. If I knew the real God said it, I would still deny it. (Applause.) Four thousand years ago, if the Bible is true, God was in favor of slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination and religious persecution. Now we are told the Devil is in favor of all those things, and God is opposed to them, in other words, the Devil stands now where God stood 4,000 years ago; yet they tell me God is just as good now as he was then, and the devil just as bad now as God was then. Other nations believed in slavery, polygamy, and war and persecution without ever having received one ray of light from Heaven. That shows that a special revelation is not necessary to teach a man to do wrong. Other nations did no worse without the Bible than the Jews did with it. Suppose the Devil had inspired a book? In what respect would he have differed from God on the subject of slavery, polygamy, wars of extermination, and religious persecution? Suppose we knew that after God had finished his book the Devil had gotten possession of it, and wrote a few passages to suit himself, which passages, O Christian, would you pick out now as having probably been written by the Devil? which of these two, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," or "Kill all the males among the little ones, and kill every man, but all the women and girls keep alive for yourselves,"—which of these two passages would they select as having been written by the Devil? (Applause.) If God wrote the last, there is no need of a Devil. Is there a Christian in the wide world who does not wish that God, from the thunder and lightning of Siani, had said: "You shall not enslave your fellow-man?" I am opposed to any man who is in favor of slavery. (Applause.) If a revolution is needed at all it is to prevent man enslaving his fellow-man. But they say God did the best he could; that the Jews were so bad that He had to come up kind of slow. (Laughter.) If he had told them suddenly they must not murder and steal, they would not have paid any respect to the Ten Commandments. Suppose you go to the Cannibal Islands to prevent the gentlemen there from eating missionaries, and you found they ate them raw. The first move is to induce them to cook them. (Laughter.) After you get them to eat cooked missionaries, you will then, without their knowing it, occasionally slip in a little mutton. (Laughter.) We will go on gradually decreasing missionaries and increasing mutton (laughter), until finally the last will be so cultivated that they will prefer the sheep to the priest. (Laughter.) I think the missionaries would object to this mode, of course. I know this was written by the Jews themselves. If they were to write it now it would be different to-day. They are a civilized people. I do not wish it understood that a word I say to-night touches the slightest prejudice in any man's mind against the Jewish people. They are

as good a people as live to-day. I will say right here, they never had any luck until Jehovah abandoned them. (Laughter.) Now we come to the New Testament. They tell me that is better than the old. I say it is worse. The great objection to the Old Testament is that it is cruel; but in the Old Testament the revenge of God stopped with the portals of the tomb. He never threatened punishment after death. He never threatened one thing beyond the grave. It is reserved for the New Testament to make known the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Is the New Testament inspired? I have not time to give many reasons, but I will give some. In the first place, they tell me that the very fact the witnesses disagree in minor matters shows that they have not conspired to tell the same story. Good. And I say in every lawsuit where four or five witnesses testify, or endeavor to testify, to the same transaction, it is natural that they should differ on minor points. Why? Because no two occupy exactly the same position; no two see exactly alike; no two remember precisely the same, and their disagreement is due to and accounted for by the imperfection of human nature and the fact that they did not all have an equal opportunity to know. But if you admit or say that the four witnesses were inspired by an infinite being who did see it all, then they should remember all the same, because inspiration does not depend on memory. That brings me to another point. Why were there four gospels? What is the use of more than one correct account of anything? (Laughter.) If you want to spread it, send copies. (Laughter.) No human being has got the ingenuity to tell me why there were four gospels when one correct gospel would have been enough. Why should there have been four original multiplication tables? (Laughter.) One is enough, and if anybody has got any use for it he can copy that one. The very fact that we have got four gospels shows that it is not an inspired book. The next point is that according to the New Testament the salvation of the world depended upon the atonement. Only one of the books in the New Testament says anything about that, and that is John. The Church followed John, and they ought to follow John because the Church wrote that book called John. According to that the whole world was to be damned on account of the sins of one man; and that absurdity was the father and mother of another absurdity, that the whole world could be saved on account of the virtue of another man. I deny both propositions. No man can sin for me; no man can be virtuous for me; I must reap what I sow. But they say the law must be satisfied. What kind of a law is it that would demand punishment of the innocent? Just think of it. Here is a man about to be hanged, and another comes up and says: "That man has got a family, and I have not; that man is in good health and I am not well, and I will be hung in his place." And the Governor says, "All right. There has a murder been committed, and we have got to have a hanging,—we don't care who." (Laughter.) Under the Mosaic dispensation there was no remission of sins without the shedding of blood. If a man committed a murder he brought a pair of doves or a sheep to the priest, and the priest laid his hands on the animal, and the sins of the man were transferred to the animal. You see how that could be done easy enough. (Laughter.) Then they killed the animal, and sprinkled its blood on the altar. That let the man off. And why did God demand the sacrifice of a sheep? I will tell you; because priests love mutton. (Laughter.) To make the innocent suffer is the greatest crime. I don't wish to go to Heaven on the virtue of somebody else. If I can't settle by the books and go, I don't wish to go. I don't want to feel as if I was there on sufferance,—that I was in the poorhouse of the universe, supported by the town. (Laughter.) They tell us Judas betrayed Christ. Well, if Christ had not been betrayed no atonement would have been made, and then every human soul would have been damned and Heaven would have been for rent. (Laughter.) Supposing that Judas knew the Christian system, then perhaps he thought that by betraying Christ he could get forgiven not only for the sins that he had already committed, but for the sin of betrayal, and if, on the way to Calvary, and later, some brave, heroic soul had rescued Christ from the mob, he would have made his own damnation sure. It won't do. There is no logic in that. They say God tried to civilize the Jews. If He had succeeded, according to the Christian system, we all would have been damned, because if the Jews had been civilized they would not have crucified Christ. They would have believed in freedom of speech, and as a result the world would have been lost for 2,000 years. The Christian world has been trying to explain the atonement, and they have always ended by failing to explain it. Now I come to the second objection, which is that certain belief is necessary to salvation. I will believe accord-

ing to the evidence. In my mind are certain scales which weigh everything, and my integrity stands there and knows which side goes up and which side goes down. If I am an honest man I will report the weights like an honest man. They say I must believe a certain thing or I will be eternally damned. They tell me that to believe is the safer way. I deny it. The safest thing you can do is to be honest. No man, when the shadows of the last hours were gathering around him, ever wished that he had lived the life of a hypocrite. (Applause.) If I find at the day of judgment that I have been mistaken, I will say so like a man. If God tells men that he is the author of the Old Testament I will admit that he is worse than I thought he was, and when he comes to pronounce sentence upon me I will say to him: do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. (Applause.) I have a right to think; I cannot control my belief; my brain is my castle, and if I don't defend it, my soul becomes a slave and a serf. (Applause.) If you throw away your reason, your soul is not worth saving. Salvation depends not upon belief, but upon mercy. Your own deeds are your savior, and you can be saved in no other way. (Applause.) I am told in this Testament to love my enemies. I cannot; I will not. I don't hate enemies; I don't wish to injure enemies, but I don't care about seeing them. I don't like them. I love my friends, and the man who loves enemies and friends loves me. (Applause.) The doctrine of non-resistance is born of weakness. The man that first said it said it because it was the best he could do under the circumstances. (Applause.) While the church said love your enemies, in her sacred vestments gleamed the daggers of assassination. (Applause.) With her cunning hand she wore the purple for hypocrisy and placed the crown upon the brow of crime. For more than 1,000 years larceny held the scales of justice and hypocrisy wore the miter, and the tiara of Christ was in fact God. He knew of the future, He knew what crimes and horrors would be committed in His name. He knew the fires of persecution would climb around the limbs of countless martyrs, that brave men and women would languish in dungeons and darkness, that the Church would use instruments of torture, that in His name His followers would trade in human flesh, that cradles would be robbed and women's breasts unbabed for gold, and yet He died with voiceless lips. (Applause.) If Christ was God, why did He not tell his disciples, and through them the world, man shall not persecute his fellow-man? Why didn't He say, "I am God?" why didn't He explain the doctrine of the Trinity? why didn't He tell what manner of baptism was pleasing to Him? why didn't He say the Old Testament is true? why didn't He write His Testament Himself? why did He leave His words to accident, to ignorance, to malice, and to chance? Why didn't He say something positive, definite, satisfactory about another world? Why did He not turn the tear-stained hope of immortality to the glad knowledge of another life? (Applause.) Why did He go dumbly to his death, leaving the world to misery and to doubt? Because He was a man.

Col. Ingersoll read several extracts from the Bible, which he said originated with Zoroaster, Buddha, Cicero, Epictetus, Pythagoras, and other ancient writers, and he read extracts from various pagan writers, which he claimed contrasted favorably with the best things in the Bible. He continued, that no God has a right to create a man who is to be eternally damned. Infinite wisdom has no right to make a failure, and a man that is to be eternally damned is not a conspicuous success. (Laughter.) Infinite wisdom has no right to make an instrument that will not finally pay a dividend. No God has a right to add to the agony of this universe, and yet around the angels of immortality Christianity has coiled this serpent of eternal pain. Upon love's breast the Church has placed that asp, and yet people talk to me about the consolation of religion. (Laughter.) A few days ago the bark Tiger was found upon the wide sea 126 days from Liverpool. For nine days not a mouthful of food or a drop of water was to be had. There was on board the Captain, mate, and eleven men. When they had been out 117 days they killed the captain's dog.

Nine days more—no food, no water and Capt. Kruger stood upon the deck in the presence of his starving crew, with a revolver in his hand, put it upon his temple, and said, "Boys, this can't last much longer; I am willing to die to save the rest of you." The mate grasped the revolver from his hand, and said, wait; and the next day upon the horizon of despair was the smoke of the ship which rescued them. Do you tell me to-night if Capt. Kruger was not a Christian and he had sent that ball crashing through his generous brain that there was an Almighty waiting to clutch his naked soul that he might damn him forever? (Applause.) It won't do. Ah, but they tell me you have no right to

pick the bad things out of the Bible. I say, an infinite God has no right to put bad things into His Bible. Does anybody believe if God was going to write a book now He would uphold slavery; that He would favor polygamy; that He would say kill the heathen, stab the women, dash out the brains of the children? We have civilized Him.

We make our own God, and we make Him better day by day. Some honest people really believe that in some wonderful way we are indebted to Moses for geology, to Joshua for astronomy and military tactics, to Samson for weapons of war, to Daniel for holy curses, to Solomon for the art of cross-examination, to Jonah for the science of navigation, to St. Paul for steamships and locomotives, to the four Gospels for telegraphs and sewing-machines, to the Apocalypse for looms, saw-mills, and telephones; and that to the Sermon on the Mount we are indebted for mortars and Krupp guns. (Laughter.) We are told that no nation has ever been civilized without a Bible. The Jews had one, and yet they crucified a perfectly innocent man. They couldn't have done much worse without a Bible. (Laughter.) God must have known 6,000 years ago that it was impossible to civilize people without a Bible just as well as they know it now. Why did He ever allow a nation to be without a Bible? Why didn't He give a few leaves to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? (Laughter.)

Take from the Bible the miracles, and I admit that the good passages are true. If they are true they don't need to be inspired. Miracles are the children of mendacity. Nothing can be more wonderful than the majestic, sublime, and eternal march of cause and effect. (Applause.) Reason must be the final arbiter. An inspired book cannot stand against a demonstrated fact. Is a man to be rewarded eternally for believing without evidence or against evidence? Do you tell me that the less brain a man has the better chance he has for heaven? Think of a heaven filled with men who never thought. Better that all that is should cease to be; better that God had never been; better that all the springs and seeds of things should fall and wither in great Nature's realm; better that causes and effects should lose relation; better that every life should change to breathless death and voiceless blank, and every star to blind oblivion and moveless naught, than that this religion should be true. The religion of the future is humanity. The religion of the future will say to every man, you have the right to think and investigate for yourself. Liberty is my religion. (Applause.) Everything that is true, every good thought, every beautiful thing, every self-denying action—all these make my Bible. Every bubble, every star, are passages in my Bible. A constellation is a chapter. Every shining world is a part of it. You cannot interpolate it; you cannot change it. It is the same forever. My Bible is all that speaks to man. Every violet, every blade of grass, every tree, every mountain crowned with snow, every star that shines, every throb of love, every honest act, all that is good and true combined, make my Bible, and upon that book I stand. (Applause.)

The Great Infidels

History of Human Progress Written in the Lives and Careers of Doubters and Agnostics—Chicago Tribune, May 5, 1881.

NEW YORK, May 1.—Robert G. Ingersoll delivered another new lecture this evening to an immense audience. Booth's Theater was found to be too small for the crowd which flocked to hear him last Sunday night, so for this occasion he secured the Academy of Music. The change proved disastrous to ticket speculators, for there was room in the great building for all who came, and before the lecture began, scalpers were selling on the sidewalks at box-office prices. The audience was highly intelligent, and listened attentively for two hours and ten minutes to probably Ingersoll's best effort. There were not less than 3,000 persons present. The title of the lecture was "The Great Infidels." The lecturer appeared on the stage at 8:20, and, placing the manuscript on the desk, broke into the subject at once. He spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: There is nothing grander in this world than to rescue from the leprosy of slander a great and splendid name. (Applause.) There is nothing nobler than to benefit our benefactors. The infidels of one age have been the aureole saints of the next. The destroyers of the old have always been the creators of the new. The old passes away and the new becomes old. There in the intellectual world, as in the material, decay and growth; and ever by the sunken grave of age stand youth and joy. The history of progress is written in the lives of infidels. Political rights have been preserved by traitors; intellectual rights by infidels. (Applause.) To attack the Kings was treason; to dispute the priests blasphemy. The sword and cross have always been allies; they defended each other. The throne and altar are twins,—vultures born of the same egg. It was James I. who said: "No King no Bishop; no church no crown; no tyrant in Heaven no tyrant on earth." (Applause.) Every monarchy that has disgraced the world, every despotism that has covered the cheeks of men with fear has been copied after the supposed despotism of Hell. The King owned the bodies and the priest owned the souls; one lived on taxes and the other on alms; one was a robber and the other a beggar. (Applause and laughter.) The history of the world will not show you one charitable beggar. He who lives on charity never has anything to give away. The robbers and beggars controlled not only this world, but the next. The King made laws, the priest made creeds; with bowed backs the people received and bore the burdens of the one, and with the open mouth of wonder the creed of the other. If any aspired to be free they were crushed by the King, and every priest was a hero who slaughtered the children of the brave. The King ruled by force, the priest by fear and by the Bible. The King said to the people: "God made you peasants and me a King; He clothed you in rags and housed you in hovels; upon me He put robes and gave me a palace." Such is the justice of God. The priest said to the people: "God made you ignorant and vile; me holy and wise; obey me or God will punish you here and hereafter." Such is the mercy of God. (Applause.) Infidels are the intellectual discoverers. Infidels have sailed the unknown sea and have discovered the isles and continents in the vast realms of thought. What would the world have been had infidels never existed? What the infidel is in religion the inventor is in mechanics. What the infidel is in religion the man willing to fight the hosts of tyranny is in the political world. An infidel is a gentleman who has discovered a fact and is not afraid to talk about it. (Applause.)

There has been for many thousands of years an idea prevalent that in some way you can prove whether the theories defended or advanced by a man are right or wrong by showing what kind of a man he was, what kind of a life he lived, and

what manner of death he died. There is nothing to this. It makes no difference what the character of the man was who made the first multiplication table. It is absolutely true, and whenever you find an absolute fact, it makes no difference who discovered it. The Golden Rule would have been just as good if it had first been whispered by the Devil. (Applause.) It is good for what it contains, not because a certain man said it. Gold is just as good in the hands of crime as in the hands of virtue. Wherever it may be, it is gold. A statement made by a great man is not necessarily true. A man entertains certain opinions, and then he is proscribed because he refuses to change his mind. He is burned to ashes, and in the midst of the flames he cries out that he is of the same opinion still. Hundreds then say that he has sealed his testimony with his blood, and that this doctrine must be true. All the martyrs in the history of the world are not sufficient to establish the correctness of any one opinion. Martyrdom as a rule establishes the sincerity of the martyr, not the correctness of his thought. Things are true or false independently of the man who entertains them. Truth cannot be affected by opinion; an error cannot be believed sincerely enough to make it a truth. No Christian will admit that any amount of heroism displayed by a Mormon is sufficient to show that Joseph Smith was an inspired prophet. All the courage and culture, all the poetry and art of ancient Greece do not even tend to establish the truth of any myth. The testimony of the dying, concerning some other world, or in regard to the supernatural, cannot be any better than that of the living. In the early days of Christian experience an intrepid faith was regarded as a testimony in favor of the Church. No doubt in the arms of death many a one went back and died in the lap of the old faith. After awhile Christians got to dying and clinging to their faith; and then it was that Christians began to say: "No man can die serenely without clinging to the cross." According to the theologians, God has always punished the dying who did not happen to believe in Him. As long as men did nothing except to render their fellow-men wretched, God maintained the strictest neutrality, but when some honest man expressed a doubt as to the Jewish Scriptures, or prayed to the wrong God, or to the right God, then the real God leaped like a wounded tiger upon this dying man, and from his body tore his wretched soul. There is no recorded instance where the uplifted hand of murder has been paralyzed, or the innocent have been shielded by God. Thousands of crimes are committed every day and God has no time to prevent them. (Applause.) He is too busy numbering hairs and matching sparrows: He is listening for blasphemy; He is looking for persons who laugh at priests; He is examining baptismal registers; He is watching professors in colleges who begin to doubt the geology of Moses or the astronomy of Joshua. All kinds of criminals, except infidels, meet death with reasonable serenity. As a rule, there is nothing in the death of a pirate to cast discredit upon his profession. The murderer upon the scaffold smilingly exhorts the multitude to meet him in Heaven. The Emperor Constantine, who lifted Christianity into power, murdered his wife and oldest son. Now and then, in the history of the world, there has been a man of genius, a man of intellectual honesty. These men have denounced the superstition of their day. They were honest enough to tell their thoughts. Some of them died naturally in their beds, but it would not do for the Church to admit that they died peaceably; that would show that religion was not necessary in the last moments. The first grave, the first cathedral; the first corpse was the first priest. If there was no death in the world there would be no superstition. The Church has taken great pains to show that the last moments of all infidels have been infinitely wretched. Upon this point Catholics and Protestants have always stood together. They are no longer men; they become hyenas; they dig open graves. They devour the dead. It is an auto-de-fé presided over by God and his angels. These men believed in the accountability of men in the practice of virtue and justice. They believed in liberty, but they did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible. That was their crime. In order to show that infidels died overwhelmed with remorse and fear they have generally selected from all the infidels since the days of Christ until now, five men,—the Emperor Julian, Bruno, Diderot, David Hume, and Thomas Paine.

They forget that Christ himself was not a Christian; that He did what He could to tear down the religion of His day; that He held the temple in contempt. I like Him because He held the old Jewish religion in contempt; because He had sense enough to say that doctrine was not true. In vain have their calumniators been called upon to prove their statements. They simply charge it, they simply relate it, but that is no evidence. The Emperor Julian did what he could to prevent Christians from destroying each other. He held pomp and

pride in contempt. In battle with the Persians he was mortally wounded. Feeling that he had but a short time to live, he spent his last hour in discussing with his friends the immortality of the soul. He declared that he was satisfied with his conduct, and that he had no remorse to express for any act he had ever done.

The first great infidel was Giordhna Bruno. He was born in the year of grace 1550. He was a Dominican friar,—Catholic,—and afterwards he changed his mind. The reason he changed was because he had a mind. (Applause.) He was a lover of nature, and said to the poor hermits in their caves, to the poor monks in their monasteries, to the poor nuns in their cells, "Come out in the glad fields; come and breathe the fresh, free air; come and enjoy all the beauty there is in this world. There is no God who can be made happier by your being miserable; there is no god who delights to see upon the human face the tears of pain, of grief, of agony; come out and enjoy all there is of human life; enjoy progress, enjoy thought, enjoy being somebody and belonging to yourself." (Applause.) He revolted at the idea of transubstantiation; he revolted at the idea that the eternal God could be in a wafer. (Laughter.) He revolted at the idea that you could make the trinity out of dough,—bake God in an oven as you would a biscuit. (Laughter.) I should think he would have revolted.

The idea of a man devouring the Creator of the Universe by swallowing a piece of bread. (Laughter.) And yet that is just as sensible as any of it. Those who, when smitten on one cheek turn the other, threatened to kill this man. He fled from his native land and was a vagabond in nearly every nation of Europe. He declared that he fought not what men really believed, but what they pretended to believe, and, do you know, that is the business I am in? (Laughter.) I am simply saying what other people think; I am furnishing clothes for their children, I am putting on exhibition their offspring, and they like to hear it, they like to see it. We have passed midnight in the history of this world. Bruno was driven from his native country because he taught the rotation of the earth; you can see what a dangerous man he must have been in a well-regulated monarchy. (Laughter.) You see he had found a fact, and a fact has the same effect upon religion that dynamite has upon a Russian Czar. A fellow with a new fact was suspected and arrested, and they always thought they could destroy it by burning him, but they never did. All the fires of martyrdom never destroyed one truth; all the churches of the world have never made one lie true. (Applause.) Germany and France would not tolerate Bruno. According to the Christian system this world was the center of everything. The stars were made out of what little God happened to have left when He got the world done. (Laughter.) God lived up in the sky, and they said this earth must rest upon something, and finally science passed its hand clear under, and there was nothing. It was self-existent in infinite space. Then the church began to say they didn't say it was flat (laughter)—not so awful flat,—it was kind of rounding. (Laughter.) According to the ancient Christians, God lived from all eternity, and never worked but six days in His whole life, and then had the impudence to tell us to be industrious. (Laughter.) I heard of a man going to California over the plains, and there was a clergyman on board and he had a great deal to say, and finally he fell in conversation with the forty-niner, and the latter said to the clergyman, "Do you believe that God made this world in six days?" "Yes, I do." They were then going along the Humboldt. Says he, "Don't you think He could put in another day to advantage right around here?" (Laughter.) Bruno went to England and delivered lectures at Oxford. He found that there was nothing taught there but superstition, and so called Oxford the "wisdom of learning." Then they told him they didn't want him any more. He went back to Italy, where there was a kind of fascination that drew him back to the very doors of the Inquisition. He was arrested for teaching that there were other worlds, and that stars are suns around which revolve other planets. He was in prison for six years. During those six years Galileo was teaching mathematics; six years in a dungeon, and then he was tried, denounced by the Inquisition, excommunicated, condemned by brute force pushed upon his knees while he received the benediction of the Church, and on the 16th of February, in the year of our Lord 1600, he was burned at the stake. He believed that the world is animated by an intelligent soul, the cause of force, but not of matter, that matter and force have existed from eternity; that this force lives in all things, even in such as appear not to live, in the rock as much as in the man; that matter is the mother of forms and the grace of forms, that the matter and force together constitute God. He was a pantheist,—that is to say, he was an atheist. He had the courage to die for what he believed to be right. The murder of Bruno will never, in my judgment, be completely

and perfectly revenged until from the city of Rome shall be swept every vestige of priests and pope—(applause); until from the shapeless ruin of St. Peter's, the crumbled Vatican and the fallen cross of Rome, rises a monument sacred to the philosopher, the benefactor, and the martyr—Bruno. (Applause.)

Voltaire was born in 1694. When he was born, the natural was about the only thing that the Church did not believe in. Monks sold amulets, and the priests cured in the name of the Church. The worship of the Devil was actually established, which today is the religion of China. They say, "God is good; He won't bother you: Joss is the one." They offer him gifts, and try to soften his heart; so in the Middle ages the poor people tried to see if they could not get a short cut, and trade directly with the Devil, instead of going round-about through the Church. In these days witnesses were cross-examined with instruments of torture. Voltaire did more for human liberty than any other man who ever lived or died. He appealed to the common sense of mankind,—he held up the great contradictions of the sacred Scriptures in a way that no man once having read him could forget. For one, I thank Voltaire for the liberty I am enjoying this moment. How small a man a priest looked when he pointed his finger at him; how contemptible a King. Toward the last of May, 1778, it was whispered in Paris that Voltaire was dying. He expired with the most perfect tranquillity. There have been constructed more shameless lies about the death of this great and wonderful man, compared with who all of his calumniators, living or dead, were but dust and vermin. (Applause.) From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. He was the pioneer of his century.

In 1771, in Scotland, David Hume was born. Scotch Presbyterianism is the worst form of religion that has ever been produced. (Laughter.) The Scotch Kirk had all the faults of the Church of Rome, without a redeeming feature.

The Church hated music, despised painting, abhorred statuary, and held architecture in contempt. Anything touched with humanity, with the weakness of love, with the dimple of joy, was detested by the Skotch Kirk. God was to be feared; God was infinitely practical, no nonsense about God. They used to preach four times a day. They preached on Friday before the Sunday upon which they partook of the sacrament, and then on Saturday; four sermons on Sunday, and two or three on Monday to sober up on. (Laughter.) They were bigoted and heartless. One case will illustrate. In the beginning of this nineteenth century a boy 17 years of age was indicted at Edinburgh for blasphemy. He had given it as his opinion that Moses had learned magic in Egypt, and had fooled the Jews. (Laughter.) They proved that on two or three occasions, when he was real cold, he jocularly remarked that he wished he was in Hell, so that he could warm up. (Laughter.) He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. He recanted; he even wrote that he believed the whole business, and that he just said it for pure devilment. It made no difference. They hung him, and his bruised and bleeding corpse was denied to his own mother, who came and besought them to let her take her boy home. That was Scotch Presbyterianism. If the Devil had been let loose in Scotland he would have improved that country at that time. (Laughter.) David Hume was one of the few Scotchmen who was not owned by the church. He had the courage to examine things for himself, and to give his conclusion to the world. His life was unstained by an unjust act. He did not, like Abraham turn a woman from his door with his child in her arms. (Applause.) He did not like King David, murder a man that he might steal his wife. (Applause.) He didn't believe in Scotch Presbyterianism. I don't see how any good man ever did. Just think of going to the day of judgment, if there is one, and standing up before God and admitting without a blush that you have lived and died a Scotch Presbyterian. (Laughter.) I would expect the next sentence would be, "Depart ye, cursed in everlasting fire." (Laughter.) Hume took the ground that a miracle could not be used as evidence until you had proved the miracle. Of course that excited the Church. Why? Because they could not prove one of them. How are you going to prove a miracle? Who saw it, and who would know a devil if he did see him? (Laughter.) Hume insisted that at the bottom of all good is something useful; that after all, human happiness was the great object, end, and aim of life; that virtue was not a termagant, with sunken cheeks and frightful eyes, but was the most beautiful thing in the world, and would strew your path with flowers from the cradle to the grave. When he died they gave an account of how he had suffered. They knew that the horror of death would fall upon him, and that God would get his revenge. But his attending physician said that his death was the most serenest and

most perfectly tranquil of any he had ever seen. Adam Smith said he was as near perfect as the frailty incident to humanity would allow human being to be. The next is Benedict Spinoza, a Jew, born at Amsterdam in 1632. He studied theology, and asked the rabbis too many questions, and talked too much about what he called reason and finally he was excommunicated from the synagogue and became an outcast at the age of 24, without friends. Cursed, anathematized, bearing upon his forehead the mark of Cain, he undertook to solve the problem of the universe. To him the universe was one. The infinite embraced the all. That all was God. He was right, the universe is all there is, and if God does not exist in the universe He exists nowhere. The idea of putting some little Jewish Jehovah outside the universe, as if to say that from an eternity of idleness He woke up one morning and thought He would make something. (Laughter.) The propositions of Spinoza are as luminous as the stars, and his demonstrations, each one of them, is a Gibraltar, behind which logic sits laughing at all the sophistries of theological thought. (Applause.) In every relation of life he was just, true, gentle, patient, loving, affectionate. He died in 1677. In his life of 44 years he had climbed to the very highest alpine of human thought. He was a great and splendid man, an intellectual hero, one of the benefactors, one of the Titans of our race. (Applause.) And now I will say a few words about our infidels. We had three, to say the least of them,—Paine, Franklin and Jefferson. (Applause.) In their day the colonies were filled with superstition and the Puritans with the spirit of persecution. Law, savage, ignorant and malignant, had been passed in every colony for the purpose of destroying intellectual liberty. Manly freedom was unknown. The toleration act of Maryland tolerated only chickens, not thinkers, not investigators. It tolerated faith not brains. The charity of Roger Williams was not extended to one who denied the Bible. Let me show you how we have advanced. Suppose you took every man and woman out of the penitentiary in New England and shipped them to a new country, where men before had never trod, and told them to make a government, and constitution, and a code of laws for themselves. I say to-night that they would make a better constitution and a better code of laws than any that were made in any of the original thirteen colonies of the United States. (Applause.) Not that they are better men, not that they are more honest, but that they have got more sense. They have been touched with the dawn of eternal day of liberty that will finally come to this world. They would have more respect for others' rights than they had at that time. But the Churches were jealous of each other, and we got a constitution without religion in it from the mutual jealousies of the Church and from the genius of men like Paine, Franklin and Jefferson. (Applause.) We are indebted to them for a constitution without a God in it. They knew that if you put God in there, an infinite God, there wouldn't be any room for the people. (Laughter.) Our fathers retired Jehovah from Politics. (Laughter.) Our fathers, under the directions and leadership of those infidels, said, "All power comes from the consent of the governed." (Applause.) George Washington wanted to establish a Church by law in Virginia. Thomas Jefferson prevented it. (Applause.) Under the guaranty of liberty of conscience which was given, our legislation has improved, and it will not be many years before all laws touching liberty of conscience, excepting it may be in the state of Delaware (laughter) will be blotted out, and when that time comes we or our children may thank the infidels of 1776. The Church never pretended that Franklin died in fear. Franklin wrote no books against the Bible. He thought it useless to cast the pearls of thought before the swine of his generation. Jefferson was a statesman. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, founder of a university, father of a political body, President of the United States, a statesman, and a philosopher. He was too powerful for the Churches of his day. Paine attacked the Trinity and the Bible both. He had done these things openly. His arguments were so good that his reputation got bad. (Laughter.) I want you to recollect to-night that he was the first man who wrote these words: "The United States of America." (Applause.) I want you to know to-night that he was the first man who suggested the Federal Constitution. I want you to know that he did more for the actual separation from Great Britain than any man that ever lived. (Applause.) I want you to know that he did as much for liberty with his pen as any soldier did with his sword. (Applause.) I want you to know that during the Revolution his Crisis was the pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day. I want you to know that his Common Sense was the one star in the horizon of despotism. I want you to know that he did as much as any living man to give our free flag to the free air. (Applause.) He was not content to waste

all his energies here. When the volcano covered Europe with the shreds of robes and the broken fragments of thrones, Paine went to France. He was elected by four constituencies. He had the courage to vote against the death of Louis, and was imprisoned. He wrote to Washington, the President, and asked him to interfere. Washington threw the letter in the waste-basket of forgetfulness. When Paine was finally released, he gave his opinion of George Washington, and under such circumstances, I say, a man can be pardoned for having said even unjust things. (Applause.) The eighteenth century was crowning its gray hairs with the wreaths of progress, and Thomas Paine said: "I will do something to liberate mankind from superstition."

He wrote the "Age of Reason." For his good he wrote it too soon; for ours not a day too quick. (Applause.) From that moment he was a despised and calumniated man. When he came back to this country he could not safely walk the streets for fear of being mobbed. Under the Constitution he had suggested, his rights were not safe; under the flag that he had helped give to heaven, with which he had enriched the air, his liberty was not safe. Is it not a disgrace to us all that the lies that have been told about him, and will be told about him, are a perpetual disgrace? I tell you that upon the grave of Thomas Paine the Churches of America have sacrificed their reputation for veracity. (Laughter.) Who can hate a man with a creed, "I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for immortality; I believe in the equality of man, and that religious duty consists in doing justice, in doing mercy, and in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy. It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be faithful to himself. One good schoolmaster is worth a thousand priests. Man has no property in man, and the key to Heaven is in the keeping of no saint." (Applause.) Grand, splendid, brave man! with some faults, with many virtues; the world is better because he lived,—and, if Thomas Paine had not lived, I could not have delivered this lecture here to-night. (Applause.) Did all the priests of Rome increase the mental wealth of man as much as Bruno? Did all the priests of France do as great a work for the civilization of this world as Diderot and Voltaire? Did all the ministers of Scotland add as much to the sum of human knowledge as David Hume? Have all the clergymen, monks, friars, ministers, priests, Bishops, Cardinals, and Popes from the day of Pentecost to the last election done as much for human liberty as Thomas Paine? (Applause.) What would the world be now if infidels had never been? Infidels have been the flower of all this world. Recollect, by infidels I mean every man who has made an intellectual advance. (Laughter.) By orthodox I mean a gentleman who is petrified in his mind, whopping around intellectually, simply to save the funeral expenses of his soul. (Laughter.) Infidels are the creditors of all the years to come. They have made this world fit to live in, and without them the human brain would be as empty as the chronicles soon will be. (Laughter.) Unless they preach something that the people want to hear, it is not a crime to benefit our fellow men intellectually. The churches point to their decayed saints, and their crumbled Popes, and say, "Do you know more than all the ministers that ever lived? And without the slightest egotism or blush I say, yes, and the name of Humboldt outweighs them all. The men who stand in the front rank, the men who know most of the secrets of nature, the men who know most are to-day the advanced infidels of this world. I have lived long enough to see the brand of intellectual inferiority on every orthodox brain. (Applause.)

Ingersoll's Review of His Reviewers

From the New York Truth Seeker.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll delivered the following address in reply to his critics, in the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, in the summer of 1877. Every portion of the house except the upper gallery was filled, fully three hundred persons being seated on the stage. At the lowest estimate there were 2,800 persons present who listened to the lecture. The Colonel made his appearance a few moments after 8 o'clock, and, after introducing his subject, continued speaking uninterruptedly until twenty minutes of eleven o'clock. His eloquent remarks were listened to with the profoundest attention, which was only disturbed by frequent bursts of applause when the lecturer was particularly earnest, or by occasional hisses when he excoriated the holders of the sentiments which he condemns. He began by stating that the object of his lecture was to reply to some of the aspersions of the pulpit and the press. He claimed that he represented in part the glorious and holy cause of intellectual liberty, a cause too holy to be touched or smirched and defiled by any single person. What he had said he dared say, because he believed it would make men more just, the father more tender, the mother more loving, the child more affectionate, and the rose bloom in the pathway of every human being.

"What have I said?" asked the lecturer vehemently. "What has been my offense? I have been spoken of as if I were a wolf endeavoring to devour the entire fold of sheep in the absence of the shepherd." He repeated his definition of human liberty as laid down in his lecture on the "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child," and asseverated that he believed in Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, and all that that glorious trinity involved and insured. He believed in the trinity of Observation, Reason and Science, the trinity of Man, Woman and Child; the trinity of Love, Joy and Hope; and thought that every man has a right to think for himself, and no other man has a right to debar him of this privilege by torture, by social ostracism, or any of the numerous other expedients resorted to by the enemies of advancement. He asked: "Does God wish the lip-worship of a slave? a sneak? of the man that dares not reason? If I were the infinite God, I would rather have the worship of one good man of brains than of a world of such men. I am told that I am in danger of everlasting fire, and that I shall burn forever in hell. I tell you, my friends, if I were going to hell to-night I would take an overcoat with me. Do not tell me that the eternal future of a man may depend upon his belief, I deny it. That a man should be punished for having come to an honest conclusion, the honest production of his brain; that an honest conclusion should be deemed a crime and so declared, it is an infamous, monstrous assertion, and I would rather go to hell than to keep the company of a God who would damn his child for an honest belief.

"Next I 'preached' that a woman was the equal of man, entitled to everything that he is entitled to, to be his partner, and to be cherished and respected because she is the weaker, to be treated as a splendid flower. I said that man should not be cross to her, but fill the house that she is in with such joy that it would burst out of the window. I have said that matrimony is the holiest of sacraments, and I have said that the Bible took woman up thousands of years ago and handed her down to man as a slave, and I have said that the Bible is a barbarous book for teaching that she is a slave, and I repeat it, and will prove later what I have said. I have pleaded for the right of man, of wife, and of the little child; I have said we can govern children by love and affection; I have asked for tender treatment for the

child of crime; I have asked mothers to cease beating their chidren and take them to their hearts; and for this I am denounced by the religious press and men in the pulpits as a demon and a monster of heresy, who should be driven out from among you as an unclean thing.

"But I should not complain. Only a few years ago I should have been compelled to look at my denouncers through flame and smoke; but they dare not treat me so now or they would. One hundred years ago I should have been burned for claiming the right of reason; fifty years ago I should have been imprisoned and my wife and children would have been torn away from me, and twenty-five years ago I could not have made a living in the United States in my profession—the law. But I live now and can see through it all, and all is light. I delivered another lecture, on 'Ghosts,' in which I sought to show that man had been controlled in the past by phantoms created by his own imagination; in which the pencil of fear had drawn pictures for him on the canvas of superstition, and that men had groveled in the dirt before their own superstitious creations. I endeavored to show that man had received nothing from these ghosts but hatred, blood, ignorance and unhappiness, and that they had filled our world with woe and tears. This is what I endeavored to show—no more. Now, every one has as much right to differ with me as I with them, but it does not make the slightest difference for the purpose of argument whether I am a good man or a bad, whether I am ugly or handsome—although I would not object to resting my case on that issue; the only thing to be considered and discussed is, is what I have said true, or is it untrue?

"Now, I said that the Bible came from the ghosts, and that they gave us the doctrine of immortality of the soul, which I deny. Now, the immortality of the soul, if there is such a thing, is a fact, and therefore no book could make it. If I am immortal, I am; if not, no book could make me so. The doctrine of immortality is based in the hope of the human heart, and is not derived from any book or a creed. It has its origin in the ebb and flow of the human affections, and will continue as long as affection, and is the rainbow in the sky of hope. It does not depend on a book, on ghosts, superstition of any kind; it is a flower of the human heart. I did say that these ghosts, or the book, taught that human slavery was right, that most monstrous of all crimes, that makes miserable the victim and debases the master, for a slave can have all the virtues while the master can not. I did say that it riveted the chains upon the oppressed, and that it counseled the robbing of that most precious of all boons—Liberty. I add that the book upheld all this, that it sustained and sanctified the institution of human slavery. I did also assert that this same book, which my critics claim was inspired by God, inculcated the doctrine of witchcraft, for which people, through its teaching, were hanged and burned for bringing disease upon the regal persons of kings, and for souring beer. I did say that this book upheld that most of all infamies, polygamy, and that it did not teach political liberty or religious toleration, but political slavery and the most wretched intolerance. I did try to prove that these ghosts knew less than nothing about medicine, politics, legislation, astronomy, geology and astrology, but I am also aware that in saying these things I have done what my censors think I ought not to have done. But the victor ought not to feel malice, and I shall have none. As soon as I had said all these things, some gentlemen felt called upon to answer them, which they had a right to do. Now, I like fairness, am enamored with it, probably because I get so little of it. I can say a great many mean things, for I have read all the religious papers, and I ought to be able to account for every motive in a mean manner after that, but I will not.

"The first gentleman whom I shall call your attention to is the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge. It seems that when I delivered my lectures the conclusion was come to that 'that man does not believe in anything but matter and force—that man does not believe in spirit.' Why not? If by spirit you mean that which thinks, I am one of them myself. If you mean by spirit that which hopes and reasons and loves and aspires, why, then, I am a believer in spirits; but whatever spirit there is in this Universe I will take my oath is a natural product and not superimposed upon this world. All I will say is that whatever is, is natural, and there is as much goodness in my judgment, as much spirit here in this world as in any other, and you are just as near the heart of the Universe here as you ever can be. But they say, 'there is matter and force, and there is force and there is spirit.' Well, what of it? There is no matter without force. What would keep it together unless there was force? Can you imagine matter without force? Honor bright, can you conceive of force without matter? And what is spirit? They say spirit is the first thing that ever was. It seems to me sometimes as

though spirit was the blossom and fruit of all, and not the commencement. But they say spirit was first. What would that spirit do? No force—no matter—a spirit living in an infinite vacuum without side, edge or bottom. This spirit created the world; and if this spirit did, there must have been a time when it commenced to create, and back of that an eternity spent in absolute idleness. Can a spirit exist without matter or without force? I honestly say I do not know what matter is, what force is, what spirit is; but if you mean by matter anything that I can touch, or by force anything that we can overcome then I believe in them. If you mean by spirit anything that can think and love, I believe in spirits.

"The next critic who assailed me was the Rev. Mr. Kalloch. I am going to show you what I can withstand. I am not going to say a word about the reputation of this man, although he took some liberties with mine. (Prolonged and thrice-repeated applause.) This gentleman says negation is a poor thing to die by. I would just as lief die by that as the opposite. He spoke of the last hours of Paine and Voltaire and the terrors of their death-beds; but the question arises, Is there a word of truth in all he said? I have observed that the murderer dies with courage and firmness in many instances, but that does not make me think that it sanctified his crime; in fact, it makes no impression upon me one way or the other. When a man through old age or infirmity approaches death the intellectual faculties are dimmed, his senses become less and less, and as he loses these he goes back to his old superstition. Old age brings back the memories of childhood. And the great bard gave even in the corrupt and besotted Falstaff—who prattled of babbling brooks and green fields—an instance of the retracing steps taken by the memory at the last gasp. It has been said that the Bible was sanctified by our mothers. Every superstition in the world, from the beginning of all time, has had such a sanctification. The Turk dying on the Russian battle-field pressing the Koran to his bosom, breathes his last thinking of the loving adjuration of his mother to guard it. Every superstition has been rendered sacred by the love of a mother. I know what it has cost the noble and the brave to throw to the winds these superstitions. Since the death of Voltaire, who was innocent of all else than a desire to shake off the superstition of the past, the curse of Rome has pursued him, and ignorant Protestants have echoed that curse. I like Voltaire. Whenever I think of him it is as a plumed knight coming from the fray with victory shining upon his brow. He was once in the Bastille, and while there he changed his name from Francis Marie Aloysius to Voltaire; and when the Bastille was torn down 'Voltaire' was the battle cry of those who did it. He did more to bring about religious toleration than any man in the galaxy of those who strove for the privilege of free thought. He was always on the side of justice. He was full of faults and had many virtues. His doctrines have never brought unhappiness to any country. He died as serenely as anyone could. Speaking to his servant, he said, 'Farewell my faithful friend.' Could he have done a more noble act than to recognize him who had served him faithfully as a man? What more could be wished? And now let me say here, I will give $1,000 in gold to any clergyman who can substantiate that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the dawn. And of Thomas Paine, whom they assert died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils, in fact, frightened to death by God—I will give $1,000 likewise to anyone who can substantiate this absurd story—a story without a word of truth in it. And let me ask, who dies in the most fear, the man who, like the saint, exclaims: 'My God, my god! why hast thou forsaken me?' or Voltaire, who peacefully and quietly bade his servant farewell? The question is not who died right, but who lived right. I look upon death as the most unimportant moment of life, and believe that not half the responsibility is attached to dying that is to living properly. This Rev. Mr. Kalloch is a Baptist. He has a right to be a Baptist. The first Baptist, though was a heretic; but it is among the wonders that when a heretic gets fifteen or twenty to join him he suddenly begins to be orthodox. Roger Williams was a Baptist, but how he, or anyone not destitute of good sense, could be one, passes my comprehension. Let me illustrate:

"Suppose it was the Day of Judgment to-night and we were all assembled, as the ghosts say we will be, to be judged, and God should ask a man:

"'Have you been a good man?'

"'Yes.'

"'Have you loved your wife and children?'

"'Yes.'

"'Have you taken good care of them and made them happy?'

"'Yes.'

"'Have you tried to do right by your neighbors?'

"'Yes.'

"'Paid all your debts?'

"'Yes.'

"And then cap the climax by asking:

"'Were you ever baptized?'

"Could a solitary being hear that question without laughing? I think not. I once happened to be in the company of six or seven Baptist elders (I never have been able to understand since how I got into such bad company), and they wanted to know what I thought of baptism. I answered that I had not given the matter any attention, in fact I had no special opinion upon the subject. But they pressed me and finally I told them that I thought, with soap baptism was a good thing.

"The Rev. Mr. Guard has attacked me, and has described me, among other things, as a dog barking at a train. Of course he was the train. He said, first the Bible is not an immoral book, because I swore upon it when I joined the Free and Accepted Masons. That settles the question. Secondly, he says that Solomon had softening of the brain and fatty degeneration of the heart; thirdly, that the Hebrews had the right to slay all the inhabitants of Canaan according to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. He says that the destruction of the Canaanites, the ripping open by the bloody sword of women with child was an act of sublime mercy. Think of that! He says that the Canaanites should have been driven from their homes, and not only driven, but that the men who simply were guilty of the crime of fighting for their native land—the old men with gray hairs; the old mothers, the young mothers, the little dimpled, prattling child—that it was an act of sublime mercy to plunge the sword of religious persecution into old and young. If that is mercy, let us have injustice. If there is that kind of a God I am sorry that I exist. Fourthly, Mr. Guard said God has the right to do as he pleases with the beings he has created; and, fifthly, that God, by choosing the Jews and governing them personally, spoiled them to that degree that they crucified him the first opportunity they had. That shows what a good administration will do. Sixthly, he says polygamy is not a bad thing when compared with the picture of Antony and Cleopatra, now on exhibition in this city. I will just say one word about art. I think this is one of the most beautiful words in our language, and do you know, it never seemed to me necessary for art to go into partnership with a rag? I like the paintings of Angelo, of Raphael—I like those splendid souls that are put upon canvas—all there is of human beauty. There are brave souls in every land who worship nature grand and nude, and who, with swift, indignant hand, tear off the fig leaves of the prude. Seventhly, it may be said that the Bible sanctions slavery, but that it is not an immoral book if it does. Mr. Guard playfully says that he is a puppy nine days old; that he was only eight days old when I came here. I'm inclined to think he has overstated his age. I account for his argument precisely as he did for the sin of Solomon, softening of the brain, or fatty degeneration of the heart. It does seem to me that if I were a good Christian and knew that another man was going down to the Bottomless Pit to be miserable and in agony forever I would try to stop him, and instead of filling my mouth with epithet and invective, and drawing the lips of malice back from the teeth of hatred, my eyes would be filled with tears, and I would do what I could to reclaim him and take him up in the arms of my affection.

"The next gentleman is the Rev. Mr. Robinson, who delivered a sermon entitled 'Ghost against God, or Ingersoll against Honesty.' Of course he was honesty. He apologized for attending an Infidel lecture upon the ground that he hated to contribute to the support of a materialistic showman. I am willing to trade fagots for epithets, and the rack for anything that may be said in his sermon. I am willing to trade the instrument of torture with which they could pull the nails from my fingers for anything which the ingenuity of orthodoxy can invent. When I saw that report—although I do not know that I ought to tell it—I felt bad. I knew that man's conscience must be rankling like a snake in his bosom that he had contributed a dollar to the support of a man as bad as I. I wrote him a letter, in which I said: 'The Rev. Samuel Robinson, *My dear Sir:* In order to relieve your conscience of the stigma of having contributed to the support of an unbeliever in Ghosts, I herewith enclose the dollar you paid to attend my lecture.' I then gave him a little good advice to be charitable, and regretted exceedingly that any man could listen to me for an hour and a half and not go away satisfied that other men had the same right to think that he had."

The speaker went on to answer the argument of Mr. Robinson with regard to persecution, contending that Protestants had been guilty of it no less than Catholics; and showing that the first people to pass an act of toleration in the New World were the Catholics in Maryland. The reverend gentleman has stated also that Infidelity has done nothing for the world in the development of art and science. Has he ever heard of

Darwin, of Tyndall, of Huxley, of John W. Draper, of Auguste Comte, of Descartes, Laplace, Spinoza, or of any man who has taken a step in advance of his time? Orthodoxy never advances; when it does advance, it ceases to be orthodoxy.

A reply to certain strictures in the *Occident* led the lecturer up to another ministerial critic, namely, the Rev. W. E. Ijams.

"I want to say that, so far as I can see, in his argument this gentleman has treated me in a kind and considerate spirit. He makes two or three mistakes, but I suppose they are the fault of the report from which he quoted. I am made to say in his sermon that there is no sacred place in the Universe. What I did say was: 'There is no sacred place in all the universe of thought; there is nothing too holy to be investigated, nothing too sacred to be understood,' and I said that 'the fields of thought were fenceless, that they should be without a wall.' I say so to-night. He further said that I said that a man had not only the right to do right but to do wrong. What I did say, was: 'Liberty is the right to do right, and the right to think right, and the right to think wrong,' not the right to do wrong. That is all I have to say in regard to that gentleman, except that, so far as I could see, he was perfectly fair, and treated me as though I was a human being as well as he."

The speaker sarcastically referred to the slurs thrown upon him by his reviewers, who have claimed that his theories have no foundation, his arguments no reason, and that his utterances are vapid, blasphemous, and unworthy a reply. He said that their statements and their actions were sadly at variance, for, while declaring him a senseless idiot, they spent hours in striving to prove themselves not idiots; in other words, in one breath they declare that his views were absolutely without point, and needed no explaining away; while in direct rebuttal of this declaration they devoted time and labor in attempts to disprove the very things they called self-evident absurdities.

Turning from this subject, Mr. Ingersoll read numerous extracts from the Bible, with interpolated comments. He claimed that the Bible authorized slavery, and that many devoted believers in that book had turned the cross of Christ into a whipping-post. He did not wish it understood that he could find no good in believers in creeds; far from it, for some of his dearest friends were most orthodox in their religious ideas, and there had been hundreds of thousands of good men among both clergy and laymen. History has shown no people more nobly self-sacrificing than the Jesuit Fathers who first visited this country to proselyte among the Indians. But these men and their like were better than their creeds; better than the book in which their faith was centered. The Bible tells us distinctly that the world was made in six days—not periods, but actual, *bona fide* days—a statement which it iterates and re-iterates. It also tells us that God lengthened the day for the benefit of a gentleman named Joshua, in other words, that he stopped the rotary motion of the earth. Motion is changed into heat by stoppage, and the world turns with such velocity that its sudden stoppage would create a heat of intensity beyond the wildest flight of our imagination, and yet this impossible feat was performed that Joshua might have longer time to expend in slaying a handful of Amorites. The Bible also upholds the doctrines of witchcraft and spiritualism, for Saul visited the witch of Endor, and she, after preparing the cabinet trotted out the spirit of Samuel, said spirit kindly joining in conversation with Saul, without requiring the aid of a trance medium. The speaker then quoted at length from Leviticus concerning wizards and evil spirits, described the temptation of Christ by Satan, and the driving of devils from man into swine. He sneered at the rights of children as biblically described, citing the law which sentenced them to be stoned to death for disobedience to parents, the almost sacrifice of Isaac by his father, and the actual murder of Jephthah's daughter, asking if a God who could demand such worship was worthy the love of man. He next referred to the conversation between God and Satan concerning the man Job, and of the reward given to the latter for his long continued patience. His three daughters and his seven sons had been taken from him merely to test his patience, and the merciful God gave him in exchange three other daughters and seven sons, but they were not the children whom he had loved and lost. The Bible represents woman as vastly inferior to man, while he believed, with Robbie Burns, that God made man with prentice-hand, and woman after he had learned the trade. Polygamy, also, was a doctrine supported by this pure and pious work; a doctrine so foul that language is not strong enough to express its infamy. The Bible taught, as a religious creed, that if your wife, your sister, your brother, your dearest friend, tempted you to change from the religion of your fathers, your duty to God demanded that you should at once strike a blow at the life of your tempter. Let us suppose, then, that in truth God went

to Palestine and selected the scanty tribes of Israel as his chosen people, and supposing that he afterwards came to Jerusalem in the shape of a man and taught a different doctrine from the one prescribed by their book and their clergy, and that the chosen people, in obedience to the education he had prepared for them, struck at the life of him who tempted them. Were they to be cursed by God and man because the former had reaped the harvest of his own sowing?

At a few minutes before eleven o'clock the speaker brought his address to a close, with a happy compliment to San Francisco and her people. He spoke about two hours and a half.

Ingersoll's Oration at a Child's Grave

Chicago Tribune, Jan. 13, 1882.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9.—In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery yesterday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads were ranged around a newly-opened grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George O. Miller and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry, a recent victim of diphtheria. As the casket rested upon the trestles there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the undertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him, the words being inaudible to the looker-on.

This gentleman was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who had attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then said suddenly, "Does Mrs. Miller desire it?"

The undertaker gave an affirmative nod. Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the distinguished orator, and then Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and, in a voice of exquisite cadence, delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent, and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words of eloquence and hope that fell from the lips of the famed orator.

Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening and sobs becoming hushed. The Colonel said:

MY FRIENDS: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell, which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most

authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is pust as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other.

No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The largest and the noblest faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day until at last these graves will be to them a place of rest and peace, and almost joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this : "Help for the living, hope for the dead."

At the conclusion of the eloquent oration the little coffin was deposited in its last resting place covered with flowers.

Comment on Ingersoll's Oration

Chicago Tribune, Jan. 14, 1882.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—In this morning's *Tribune* you quote from Col. Ingersoll's remarks at the grave of the little boy in Washington and ask: "Is Mr. Ingersoll beginning to experience a change of heart, and is he hedging the way for his return to the belief of his fathers? Or is he assailing that faith in one place and in another using what he terms the 'mummeries' of that faith to rob the grave of its terrors? If the latter, then the man is insincere!"

I think you do not quite correctly expound Mr. Ingersoll. His position is that of profound recognition of the infinite mysteries of life and death, and a frank and honest confession that he is helpless in the presence of these "kings," and unable to explain them; also that the representatives of the most authentic creeds, in fact, are as helpless as he is, and with all their pretensions to knowledge know no more than he does.

Who knows whether "the grave is the end of this life or the door of another"? Does not Mr. Ingersoll know as much about that great unanswered question as the recognized representatives of the creeds? If not, why not? Is there any secret knowledge that is not accessible to men of Mr. Ingersoll's intellect? "It may be that death gives all there is of worth in life." That is, ushers us into a new life which is the culmination and fruition of this life. Who knows? And who knows more or better than you, Mr. Editor, or I, or Mr. Ingersoll, except those who have passed the gates of death? Are there any arguments, or philosophies, or revelations, or facts of science not accessible to Mr. Ingersoll that are known to a priest, or a Pope, or a Doctor of Divinity?

In all departments of human thought except religion, actual facts, discoveries, and established principles only are relied upon. Why should this not be the rule in religious investigation? It is true all men may and must speculate beyond the regions of actual explorations and survey. Discoveries, or the germs thereof, are first found in the imagination. Imagination is the pioneer corps of the mind. The creedmakers and upholders have a right, and it is laudable to speculate. It is all right to use the imagination, and build theories upon assumed facts; but it is not proper to claim actual knowledge and infallible law and hard facts, when there is nothing but speculation and guesswork. Mr. Ingersoll has directed his wit at these assumptions of the clergy. This is the head and front of his offending. He has stopped at the line which separates, so far as known, the known from the unknowable; while the clergy have pretended to know, as well, what is beyond that line as they do what is

this side of it, and sometimes even better. It is to this assumption that Mr. Ingersoll directs his terrible batteries.

He has many times said that it would be no more wonderful for man to live hereafter than to live now. But who knows that he actually does live hereafter? Do the clergy? All men know that D. D. does not stand for any more, intellectually or spiritually, than A. B. or LL. D.—not an iota. This age is peculiar. It has thought more profoundly on the great problems of life and death than any preceding age, perhaps. If our thinkers have made no new discoveries of positive truth they have found out negatively that they do not know many things that have been taught as verities.

They deal in negatives because that which is not known to be true is positively asserted in the bulk of the creeds. There is discernible in all this negative thought progress toward a higher, a broader positivism.

Why should mankind be able in an early and unenlightened age to reach a finality on the profound problems of religion, when ignorance was equally profound on most of the common questions of this world and this life? Why should religion come by unnatural processes, cross-lots, and in a lump, to ignorant men, when geography, geology, chemistry, astronomy, political economy, social science, physiology, architecture, and all branches of human thought and correct conduct come by slow degrees and in a natural way to wisest men at first and by the profoundest research?

These questions are being widely considered by the common people, both in the churches and outside of the churches, and the Ingersolls and the subjects of the creed-expounders are getting nearer and nearer together every day, and ancient positivism is crumbling rapidly to pieces, and new and profounder, and more rational theories are taking its place. A. J. GROVER.

Answers to Interrogatories of Eminent Indiana Clergymen

Chicago Tribune, Jan. 28, 1882.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Jan. 23.—Your occasional correspondent, Mr. W. H. Lemaster, has embarked in the new enterprise of infidel journalism. That is, he has published two copies of the *Iconoclast* at Noblesville, and now proposes to pull up stakes and establish the same as a monthly organ in this city. To insure a popular run, he has been fortunate enough to obtain a long letter from the great, big-brained, big-hearted Bob Ingersoll, which will, of course, be the leading attraction of the first number. This does not embrace all the attraction. There is to be a combination series of interrogatories from the leading divines of this city—viz.: Dr. S. B. Taylor, and the Revs. Myron W. Reed, David Walk and D. O'Donaghue, the answers to which will form the subject of Mr. Ingersoll's letter.

The questions are as follows:

The Rev. David Walk (Christian Church)—Is the character of Jesus of Nazareth, as described in the four gospels, fictional or real?

Among other things Mr. Ingersoll says in reply is the following:

"I do not believe that Christ ever claimed to be divine, ever claimed to be inspired, ever claimed to work a miracle. In short, I believe He was an honest man. These claims were all put in His mouth by others—by mistaken friends, by ignorant worshipers, by zealous and credulous followers, and sometimes by dishonest and designing priests. This has happened to all the great men of this world.

"All historical characters are, in part, deformed or reformed by fiction. There was a man by the name of George Washington, but no such George Washington ever existed as we find portrayed in history.

"I place Him (Christ) with the great, the generous, the self-denying of the earth, and for the man, Christ, I feel only admiration and respect."

Question 2. How do you account for the difference between the Christian and other modern civilization?

Mr. Ingersoll devotes two columns to answering this question, and I quote from closing paragraphs:

"After all, I am compelled to account for the advance that we have made by the discoveries and inventions of men of genius. For the future I rely upon the sciences; upon the cultivation of the intellect. I rely upon labor, upon human interests in this world, upon the love of wife, children and home. I do not rely upon sacred books, but upon good men and women; I do not rely upon superstition, but upon knowledge; not upon miracles, but upon facts; not upon the dead, but upon the living, and when we become absolutely civilized, we shall look back upon the superstition of the world, not simply with contempt, but with pity.

"Our civilization is not Christian. It did not come from the skies. It is not the result of 'inspiration!' It is the child of invention, of discovery, of applied knowledge—that is to say, of science. When man becomes great and grand enough to admit that all have equal rights; when thought is untrammeled; when worship shall consist in doing useful things; when religion means the discharge of obligations to our fellow men then, and not until then, will the world be civilized."

Questions by Dr. S. B. Taylor.

1. Since La Place and other most distinguished astronomers held to the theory that the earth was originally in a gaseous state, and then a molten mass in which the germs, even of vegetable or animal life could not exist, how do you account for the origin of life on this planet without a Creator?

Mr. Ingersoll says: "Man must give up searching for the origin of anything.

"No one knows the origin of life, nor of matter, nor of what we call mind. The whence and the whither are questions that no man can answer. In the presence of these questions all intellects are upon a level. The barbarian knows exactly the same as the scientists, the fool as the philosopher.

"There can be no relation between cause and nothing. We can understand how things can be arranged—joined or separated—and how relations can be changed or destroyed, but we cannot conceive of creation—of nothing being changed into something, nor of something being made—except from pre-existing materials."

Question 2. Since the universal testimony of the ages is in the affirmation of phenomena that attest the continued existence of man after death—which testimony is overwhelmingly sustained by the phenomena of the nineteenth century—what further evidence should thoughtful people require, in order to settle the question, *Does Death End All?*

Mr. Ingersoll dwells upon the fact that the so-called spiritual manifestations or phenomena have not been of any practical use to man, and, while he expresses a partiality for the liberal views of Spiritualists, is free to say:

"But I cannot admit that they have furnished conclusive evidence that death does not end all. Beyond the horizon of this life we have not seen. From the mysterious beyond no messenger has come to me.

"For the whole world I would not blot from the sky of the future a single star. Arched by the bow of hope, let the dead sleep."

Question 3. How, when, where, and by whom was our present calendar originated—that is, "Anno Domini," and what event in the history of the nations does it establish as a fact, if not the birth of Jesus of Nazareth?

Mr. Ingersoll, in reply, traces the observance of Christians back thousands of years as a celebration of the lengthening of the days of the years, just as the yearly miracle of spring, leaf, bud, and flower has for centuries been commemorated in temperate zones. I quote:

"Right here, it might be well enough to remark, that all the monuments and festivals in the world are not sufficient to establish an impossible event. No amount of monumental testimony, no amount of living evidence, can substantiate a miracle. The monument only proves, the *belief* of the builder."

Questions by the Rev. Myron W. Reed (First Presbyterian Church):

1. Letting the question as to hell hereafter rest for the present, how do you account for the hell here—namely: the existence of pain? There are people who by no fault of their own are at this present time in misery. If for these there is no life to come, their existence is a mistake; but if there is a life to come, it may be that the sequal to the acts of the play to come will justify the pain and misery of the present time.

Mr. Ingersoll devotes much space to the answer to this question, reasoning thus:

"I cannot see why we should expect an infinite God to do better in another world than He does in this. If He allows injustice to prevail here, why will He not allow the same thing in the world to come? If there is any being with power to prevent it, why is crime permitted? If a man standing upon the railway should ascertain that a bridge had been carried off by a flood; and if he also knew that the train was coming filled with men, women and children—with husbands going to their wives, and wives rejoining their families; if he made no effort to stop that train; if he simply sat down by the roadside to witness the catastrophe, and so remained until the train dashed off the precipice and its load of life became a mass of quivering flesh, he would be denounced by every good man as the most monstrous of human beings. And yet this is exactly what the supposed God does. He, if He exists, sees the train rushing to the gulf. He gives no notice. He sees the ship rushing for the hidden rock. He makes no sign. And He so constructed the world that assassins lurk in the air—hide even in the sunshine; and when we imagine that we are breathing the breath of life, we are taking unto ourselves the seeds of death.

"There are two facts inconsistent in my mind—a martyr and a God. Injustice upon earth renders the justice of a heaven impossible."

Question 2. State with what words you can comfort those who have, by their own fault, or by the fault of others, found this life not worth living.

Mr. Ingersoll warms up to this point, and asks:

"Why has any life been a failure here? If God is a being of infinite wisdom and kindness, why does He make failures? What excuse has infinite wisdom for peopling the world with savages? Why should one feel grateful to God for having made him with a poor, weak, and diseased brain; for having allowed him to be the heir of consumption, of scrofula, or of insanity?

Why should one thank God who lived and died a slave?

"After all, there are but few lives worth living, in great and splendid sense. Nature seems filled with failure, and she has made no exception in favor of man. To the greatest, to the most successful, there comes a time when the fevered lips of life long for the cool, delicious kiss of death; when, tired of the dust and glare of day, they hear with joy the rustling garments of the night."

The Rev. D. O'Donaghue presented the case of two men devoted to a life of ease one of whom robbed the owner and lived a contented and happy man, while the other was driven by wrong and penury to suicide, and asked if there is no remedy to correct such irregularities.

Mr. Ingersoll hoots at the idea of such a man as the one described being contented and happy, and rails against the injustice of the "orthodox God."

Mr. Ingersoll closes his epistle of infidelity with these words: "As long as the idea of eternal punishment remains a part of the Christian system that system will be opposed by every man of heart and brain. Of all religious dogmas it is the most shocking, infamous, and absurd. The preachers of this doctrine are the enemies of human happiness. They are the assassins of natural joy. Every father, every mother, every good woman every loving woman, should hold this doctrine in abhorrence. They should refuse to pay men for preaching it. They should not build churches in which this infamy is taught. They should teach their little children that it is a lie. They should take this horror from childhood's heart—a horror that makes the cradle as terrible as the tomb."

Ingersoll

The Great Agnostic's Reply to Talmage's Two Assaults—Was Eve a Rib or a Side?—The Gallantry of Robert Burns.

From Chicago Tribune, Feb. 4, 1882.

(THE TRIBUNE having published the Rev. De Witt Talmage's four recent sermons preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, denouncing Col. Ingersoll and his views of the Jewish Old Testament, calling them blasphemous, and taking bold issue with the great Agnostic on the credibility of Jewish miracles, the subjoined is the reply of "Pope Bob":)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 4.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll sat quietly smoking in his pleasant study as your correspondent, impelled by Mr. Talmage's sermons, entered and plied him with some Biblical questions. He talked freely and remarkably well. He has read this interview over, and thinks it the best he has had yet. We proceeded as follows:

Question—I want to ask you a few questions about the second sermon of Mr. Talmage; have you read it, and what do you think of it?

Answer—The text taken by the reverend gentleman is an insult, and was intended as such: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Mr. Talmage seeks to apply this text to any one who denies that the Jehovah of the Jews was and is the infinite and eternal Creator of all. He is perfectly satisfied that any man who differs with him on this question is a "fool," and he has the Christian forbearance and kindness to say so. I presume he is honest in this opinion, and no doubt regards Bruno, Spinoza, and Humboldt as idiots. He entertains the same opinion of some of the greatest, wisest, and best of Greece and Rome. No man is fitted to reason upon this question who has not the intelligence to see the difficulties in all theories. No man has yet evolved a theory that satisfactorily accounts for all that is. No matter what his opinion may be, he is beset by a thousand difficulties, and innumerable things insist upon an explanation. The best that any man can do is to take that theory which to his mind presents the fewest difficulties. Mr. Talmage has been educated in a certain way—has a brain of a certain quantity, quality, and form—and accepts, in spite it may be, of himself, a certain theory. Others, formed differently, having lived under different circumstances, cannot accept the Talmage view, and thereupon he denounces them as fools. In this he follows the example of David the murderer; of David, who advised one of his children to assassinate another; of David, whose last words were those of hate, and crime. Mr. Talmage insists that it takes no especial brain to reason out a "design" in Nature, and in a moment afterward says that "when the world slew Jesus, it showed what it would do with the eternal God, if once it could get its hands on Him." Why should a God of infinite wisdom create people who would gladly murder their Creator? Was there any particular "design" in that? Does the existence of such people conclusively prove the existence of a good Designer? It seems to me—and I take it that my thought is natural, as I have only been born once—that an infinitely wise and good God would naturally create good people, and if He has not, certainly the fault is His. The God of Mr. Talmage knew, when He created Guiteau, that he would assassinate Garfield. Why did He create him? Did He want Garfield assassinated? Will somebody be kind enough to show the "design" in this transaction? Is it possible to see "design" in earthquakes, in volcanoes, in pestilence, in famine, in ruthless and relentless war? Can we find design in the fact that every animal lives upon some other—that every drop of every sea is a battlefield where the strong devour the weak? Over the precipice of cruelty rolls a perfect

Niagara of blood. Is there design in this? Why should a good God people a world with men capable of burning their fellow-men—and capable of burning the greatest and best? Why does a good God permit these things? It is said of Christ that He was infinitely kind and generous, infinitely merciful, because when on earth He cured the sick, the lame, and blind. Has He not as much power now as He had then? If He was kind and is the God of all worlds, why does He not now give back to the widow her son? Why does He withhold light from the eyes of the blind? And why does One who had the power miraculously to feed thousands, allow millions to die for want of food? Did Christ only have pity when He was part human? Are we indebted for His kindness to the flesh that clothed His spirit? Where is He now? Where has He been through all the centuries of slavery and crime? If this universe was designed, then all that happens was designed. If a man constructs an engine the boiler of which explodes, we say either that he did not know the strength of his materials or that he was reckless of human life. If an infinite being should construct a weak or imperfect machine, he must be held accountable for all that happens. He cannot be permitted to say that he did not know the strength of the materials. He is directly and absolutely responsible. So, if this was designed by a being of infinite power and wisdom, he is responsible for the result of that design. My position is this: I do not know. But there are so many objections to the personal God theory that it is impossible for me to accept it. I prefer to say that the universe is all the God there is. I prefer to make no being responsible. I prefer to say:

If the naked are clothed, man must clothe them; if the hungry are fed, man must feed them. I prefer to rely upon human endeavor, upon human intelligence, upon the heart and brain of man. There is no evidence that God has ever interfered in the affairs of man. The hand of earth is stretched uselessly toward heaven. From the clouds there comes no help. In vain the shipwrecked cry to God. In vain the imprisoned ask for release—the world moves on, and the heavens are deaf, and dumb, and blind. The frost freezes, the fire burns, slander smites, the wrong triumphs, the good suffer, and prayer dies upon the lips of faith.

Q.—Mr. Talmage charges you with being "the champion blasphemer of America." What do you understand blasphemy to be?

A.—Blasphemy is an epithet bestowed by superstition upon common sense. Whoever investigates a religion as he would any department of science is called a blasphemer. Whoever contradicts a priest, whoever has the impudence to use his own reason, whoever is brave enough to express his honest thought is a blasphemer in the eyes of the religionist. When a missionary speaks slightingly of the wooden god of a savage the savage regards him as a blasphemer. To laugh at the pretensions of Mohammed in Constantinople is blasphemy. To say in St. Petersburg that Mohammed was a prophet of God is also blasphemy. There was a time when to acknowledge the divinity of Christ was blasphemy in Jerusalem. To deny his divinity is now blasphemy in New York. Blasphemy is to a considerable extent, a geographical question. It depends not only on what you say, but where you are when you say it. Blasphemy is what the old calls the new. The founder of every religion was a blasphemer. The Jews regarded Christ as a blasphemer. The Athenians had the same opinion of Socrates.

The Catholics have always looked upon the Protestants as blasphemers, and the Protestants have always held the same generous opinion of the Catholics. To deny that Mary is the Mother of God is blasphemy. To say that she is the Mother of God is blasphemy. Some savages think that a dried snake skin stuffed with leaves is sacred, and he who thinks otherwise is a blasphemer. It was once blasphemy to laugh at Diana, of the Ephesians. Many people think that it is blasphemous to tell your real opinion of the Jewish Jehovah. Others imagine that words can be printed upon paper, and the paper bound into a book covered with sheepskin, and that the book is sacred, and that to question its sacredness is blasphemy. Blasphemy is also a crime against God, and yet nothing can be more absurd than a crime against God. If God is infinite you cannot injure Him. You cannot commit a crime against any being that you cannot injure. Of course, the infinite cannot be injured. Man is a conditioned being. By changing his condition, his surroundings, you can injure him, but if God is infinite he is conditionless. If he is conditionless, he cannot by any possibility be injured. You can neither increase nor decrease the well-being of the infinite. Consequently, a crime against God is a demonstrated impossibility. The cry of blasphemy means only that the argument of the blasphemer cannot be answered. The sleight-of-hand performer, when some one tries to raise the curtain behind which he operates, cries "blasphemer!" The priest, finding that he has been attacked by com-

mon sense, by a fact, resorts to the same cry. Blasphemy is the black flag of theology, and it means no argument and no quarter! It is an appeal to prejudices, to passions, and ignorance. Blasphemy marks the point where argument stops and slander begins. In old times, it was the signal for throwing stones, for gathering fagots, and for tearing flesh; now it means falsehood and calumny.

Q.— Then you think there is no such thing as the crime of blasphemy, and that no such offense can be committed?

A.—Any one who knowingly speaks in favor of injustice is a blasphemer. Whoever wishes to destroy liberty of thought, the honest expression of ideas, is a blasphemer. Whoever is willing to malign his neighbor simply because he differs with him upon a subject about which neither of them knows anything for certain, is a blasphemer. If a crime can be committed against God, he commits it who imputes to God the commission of crime. The man who says that God ordered the assassination of women and babes, that He gave maidens to satisfy the lust of soldiers, that He enslaved His own children, that man is a blasphemer. In my judgment, it would be far better to deny the existence of God entirely. It seems to me that every man ought to give his honest opinion. No man should suppose that any infinite God requires him to tell as truth what he knows nothing about. Mr. Talmage, in order to make a point against infidelity, states from his pulpit that I was in favor of poisoning the minds of children by the circulation of immoral books. This statement was entirely false. He ought to have known that I withdrew from the Liberal League upon the very question whether the law should be repealed or modified. I favored a modification of that law so that books and papers could not be thrown from the mails simply because they were "infidel." I was and am in favor of the destruction of every immoral book in the world. I was and am in favor not only of the law against the circulation of such filth, but wanted it executed to the letter in every State of this Union. Long before he made that statement I had introduced a resolution to that effect, and supported the resolution in a speech. Notwithstanding these facts, hundreds of clergymen have made haste to tell the exact opposite of the truth. This they have done in the name of Christianity, under the pretense of pleasing their God. In my judgment it is far better to tell your honest opinions, even upon the subject of theology, than to knowingly tell a falsehood about a fellowman. Mr. Talmage may have been ignorant of the truth. He may have been misled by other ministers, and for his benefit I make this explanation. I wanted the laws modified so that bigotry could not interfere with the literature of intelligence, but I did not want in any way to shield the writers or publishers of immoral books.

Upon this subject I used, at the last meeting of the Liberal League that I attended, the following language: "But there is a distinction, wide as the Mississippi, yes, wider than the Atlantic, wider than all the oceans, between the literature of immorality and the literature of free thought. One is a crawling, slimy lizard, and the other an angel with wings of light. Let us draw this distinction. Let us understand ourselves. Do not make the wholesale statement that all these laws ought to be repealed. They ought not to be repealed. Some of them are good, and the law against sending instruments of vice through the mails is good. The law against sending obscene pictures and books is good. The law against sending bogus diplomas through the mails, to allow a lot of ignorant hyenas to prey upon the sick people of the world, is a good law. The law against rascals who are getting up bogus lotteries, and send their circulars in the mail is a good law. You know, as well as I, that there are certain books not fit to go through the mails. You know that. You know there are certain pictures not fit to be transmitted, not fit to be delivered to any human being. When these books and pictures come into the control of the United States I say, burn them up! And when any man has been trying to make money by pandering to the lowest passions in the human breast, then I say, prosecute him! let the law take its course." I can hardly convince myself that when Mr. Talmage made this charge he was acquainted with the facts. It seems incredible that any man pretending to be governed by the law of common honesty could make a charge like this, knowing it to be untrue. Under no circumstances would I charge Mr. Talmage with being an infamous man, unless the evidence was complete and overwhelming. Even then, I should hesitate long before making the charge. The side I take on the theological questions does not render a resort to slander or calumny a necessity. If Mr. Talmage is an honorable man he will take back the statement he has made.

Q.—What have you to say to the charge that you are endeavoring to "assassinate God," and that you are "far worse than the man who attempts to kill his father, or his mother, or his sister, or his brother."

A.—Well I think that is about as reasonable as anything he says. No one wishes, so far as I know, to assassinate God. The idea of assassinating an infinite being is, of course infinitely absurd. One would think Mr. Talmage had lost his reason! And yet this man stands at the head of the Presbyterian clergy. It is for this reason that I answer him. He is the only Presbyterian minister in the United States, so far as I know, able to draw a big audience. He is, without doubt, the leader of that denomination. He is orthodox and conservative. He believes implicitly in the "Five Points" of Calvin, and says nothing simply for the purpose of attracting attention. He believes that God damns a man for His own glory; that He sends babes to Hell to establish His mercy, and that He filled the world with disease and crime simply to demonstrate His wisdom. He believes that billions of years before the earth was God had made up His mind as to the exact number that He would certainly damn, and had counted His saints. This doctrine he calls "glad tidings of great joy." He really believes that every man who is true to himself is waging war against God; that every infidel is a rebel; that every free thinker is a traitor; and that only those are good subjects who have joined the Presbyterian Church, know the Shorter Catechism by heart, and subscribe liberally toward lifting the mortgage on the Brooklyn Tabernacle. All the rest are endeavoring to assassinate God, plotting murder of the Holy Ghost, and applauding the Jews for the crucifixion of Christ. If Mr. Talmage is correct in his views as to the power and wisdom of God, I imagine that his enemies at last will be overthrown, that the assassins and murderers will not succeed, and that the Infinite, with Mr. Talmage's assistance, will finally triumph. If there is an Infinite God, certainly He ought to have made man grand enough to have and express an opinion of his own. Is it possible that God can be gratified with the applause of moral cowards? Does he seek to enhance His glory by receiving the adulation of cringing slaves? Is God satisfied with the adoration of the frightened?

Q.—You notice that Mr. Talmage finds nearly all the inventions of modern times mentioned in the Bible?

A.—Yes, Mr. Talmage has made an exceedingly important discovery. I admit that I am somewhat amazed at the wisdom of the ancients. This discovery has been made just in the nick of time. Millions of people were losing their respect for the Old Testament. They were beginning to think that there was some discrepancy between the prophecies of Ezekiel and Daniel and the latest developments in physical science. Thousands of preachers were telling their flocks that the Bible is not a scientific book; that Joshua was not an inspired astronomer, that God never enlightened Moses about geology, and that Ezekiel did not understand the entire art of cookery. These admissions caused some young people to suspect that the Bible, after all, was not inspired; that the prophets of antiquity did not know as much as the discoverers of today. The Bible was falling into disrepute. Mr. Talmage has rushed to the rescue. He shows, and shows conclusively, as anything can be shown from the Bible, that Job understood all the law of light thousands of years before Newton lived; that he anticipated the discoveries of Descartes, Huxley, and Tyndall; that he was familiar with the telegraph and the telephone; that Morse, Bell, and Edison simply put his discoveries in successful operation; that Nahum was, in fact, a master-mechanic; that he understood perfectly the modern railway, and described it so accurately that Trevithick, Foster, and Stephenson had no difficulty in constructing a locomotive. He also has discovered that Job was well acquainted with the trade winds and understood the mysterious currents, tides, and pulses of the sea. That Lieutenant Maury was a plagiarist, that Humboldt was simply a Biblical student. He finds that Isaiah and Solomon were far behind Galileo, Morse, Meyer, and Watt. This is a discovery wholly unexpected to me. If Mr. Talmage is right, I am satisfied the Bible is an inspired book. If it shall turn out that Joshua was superior to Laplace, that Moses knew more about geology than Humboldt, that Job as a scientist was the superior of Kepler, that Isaiah knew more than Copernicus, and that even the minor prophets excelled the inventors and discoverers of our time—then I will admit that infidelity must become speechless forever. Until I read this sermon I had never even suspected that the inventions of modern times were known to the ancient Jews. I never supposed that Nahum knew the least thing about railroads, or that Job would have known a telegraph if he had seen it. I never supposed that Joshua comprehended the three laws of Kepler. Of course I have not read the Old Testament with as much care as some other people have, and when I did read it I was not looking for inventions and discoveries. I had been told so often that the Bible was no authority upon scientific questions that I was lulled almost into a state of lethargy. What is amazing to me is that so many men did read it with-

out getting the slightest hint of the smallest invention. To think that the Jews read that book for hundreds and hundreds of years, and yet went to their graves without getting the slightest hint of the smallest invention. To think that the Jews read that book for hundreds and hundreds of years, and yet went to their graves without the slightest notion of astronomy or geology, of railroads, telegraphs, or steamboats. And then to think that the early fathers made it the study of their lives and died without inventing anything! I am astonished that Mr. Talmage does not figure in the records of the Patent Office himself. I cannot account for this, except upon the supposition that he was too honest to infringe on the patents of the patriarchs. After this, I shall read the Old Testament with more care.

Q.—Do you see that Mr. Talmage endeavors to convict you of great ignorance in not knowing that the word translated "rib" should have been translated "side," and that Eve, after all, was not made out of a rib, but out of Adam's side?

A.—I may have been misled by taking the Bible as it is translated. The Bible account is simply this: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept. And He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made He a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said: 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.'" If Mr. Talmage is right, then the account should be as follows: "And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and He took one of his sides, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the side which the Lord God had taken from man made He a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said: 'This is now side of my side, and flesh of my flesh.'" I do not see that the story is made any better by using the word "side" instead of "rib." It would be just as hard for God to make a woman out of a man's side as out of a rib. Mr. Talmage ought not to question the power of God to make a woman out of a bone, and he must recollect that the less the material the greater the miracle. There are two accounts of the creation of man in Genesis, the first being in the twenty-first verse of the first chapter and the second being in the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the second chapter. According to the second account, "God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." And after this "God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and put the man" in this garden. After this "He made every tree to grow that was good for food and pleasant to the sight," and, in addition, "the tree of life in the midst of the garden," beside "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil." And He "put the man in the garden to dress it and keep it," telling him that he might eat of everything he saw except of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. After this, God having noticed that it "was not good for man to be alone, formed out of the ground every beast of the field, every foul of the air, and brought them to Adam to see what he would call them, and Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field. But for Adam there was not found an helpmeet for him." We are not told how Adam learned the language, nor how he understood what God said. I can hardly believe that any man can be created with the knowledge of a language. Education cannot be ready made and stuffed into a brain. Each person must learn a language for himself. Yet in this account we find a language ready made for man's use. And not only man was enabled to speak, but a serpent also has the power to speech, and the woman holds a conversation with this animal and with her husband; and yet no account is given of how any language was learned. God is described as walking in the garden in the cool of the day, speaking like a man—holding conversation with the man and woman, occasionally addressing the serpent. In the nursery rhymes of the world there is nothing more childish than the creation of man and woman. The early fathers of the church held that woman was inferior to man, because man was not made for woman, but woman for man, because Adam was made first and Eve afterward. They had not the gallantry of Robert Burns, who accounted for the beauty of woman from the fact that God practiced on man first, and then gave woman the benefit of his experience. Think, in this age of the world, of a well educated, intelligent gentleman telling his little child that about 6,000 year ago a mysterious being called God made the world out of His "omnipotence"; then made a man out of some dust which He is supposed to have molded into form; that He put this man in a garden for the purpose of keeping the trees trimmed; that after a little while He noticed that the man seemed lonesome, not particularly happy, almost homesick; that then it occurred to

this God that it would be a good thing for the man to have some company, somebody to help him trim the trees, to talk to him and cheer him up on rainy days; that thereupon this God caused a deep sleep to fall on the man, took a knife, or a long, sharp piece of "omnipotence," and took out one of the man's sides, or a rib, and of that made a woman; that then this man and woman got along real well till a snake got into the garden and induced the woman to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; that the woman got the man to take a bite; that afterwards both of them were detected by God, who was walking around in the cool of the evening, and thereupon they were turned out of the garden, lest they should put forth their hands and eat of the tree of life forever. This foolish story has been regarded as the sacred, inspired truth, as an account substantially written by God himself; and thousands and millions of people have supposed it necessary to believe this childish falsehood, in order to save their souls. Nothing more laughable can be found in the fairy tales and folk-lore of savages. Yet this is defended by the leading Presbyterian divine, and those who fail to believe in the truth of this story are called "brazen faced fools, "deicides" and "blasphemers." By this story woman in all Christian countries was degraded. She was considered too impure to preach the Gospel, too impure to distribute the sacramental bread, too impure to hand about the sacred wine, too impure to step within the "holy of holies," in the Catholic churches, too impure to be touched by a priest. Unmarried men were considered purer than husbands and fathers. Nuns were regarded as superior to mothers, a monastery holier than a home, a nunnery nearer sacred than the cradle. And through all these years it has been thought better to love God than to love man, better to love God than to love your wife and children, better to worship an imaginary Deity than to help your fellow-men. I regard the rights of men and women equal. In love's fair realm husband and wife are King and Queen, sceptered and crowned alike, and seated on the self-same throne.

Q. Do you still insist that the Old Testament upholds polygamy? Mr. Talmage denies this charge, and shows how terrible God punished those who were not satisfied with one wife.

A.—I see nothing in what Mr. Talmage has said calculated to change my opinion. It has been admitted by thousands of theologians that the Old Testament upholds polygamy. Mr. Talmage is among the first to deny it. It will not do to say that David was punished for the crime of polygamy or concubinage. The Bible says he was "a man after God's own heart." He was made a King. He was a successful general, and his blood is said to have flowed in the veins of God. Solomon was, according to the account, enriched with wisdom above all human beings. Was that a punishment for having had so many wives? Was Abraham pursued by the justice of God because of the crime against Hagar, or for the crime against his own wife? The verse quoted by Mr. Talmage to show that God was opposed to polygamy—namely: the eighteenth verse of the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus—cannot by any ingenuity be tortured into a command against polygamy. The most that can be possibly said of it is, that you shall not marry the sister of your wife while your wife is living. Yet this passage is quoted by Mr. Talmage as "a thunder of prohibition against having more than one wife." In the twentieth chapter of Leviticus it is enacted: "That if a man take a wife and her mother they shall be burned with fire." A commandment like that shows that he might take his wife and somebody else's mother. These passages have nothing to do with polygamy. They show whom you may marry, not how many; and there is not in Leviticus a solitary word against polygamy—not one. Nor is there such a word in Genesis, or Exodus, or in the entire Pentateuch—not one word. And yet these books are filled with the most minute directions about killing sheep, and goats, and doves—about making clothes for priests, about fashioning tongs and snuffers—and yet, not one word against polygamy. It never occurred to the inspired writers that polygamy was a crime. It was taken as a matter of course. Women were simple property. Mr. Talmage, however, insists that, although God was against polygamy, He permitted it, and at the same time threw His moral influence against it.

Upon this subject he says: "No doubt God permitted polygamy to continue for some time, just as He permits murder, arson, and theft and gambling to-day to continue, although He is against them." If God is the author of the Ten Commandments, He prohibited murder and theft, but He said nothing about polygamy. If He was so terribly against that crime, why did He forget to mention it? Was there not room enough on the tables of stone for just one word on this subject? Had He no time to give a commandment against slavery? Mr. Talmage of course insists that

God has to deal with these things gradually, his idea being that if God had made a commandment against it all at once the Jews would have had nothing more to do with Him. Mr. Talmage insists that polygamy cannot exist among people who believe the Bible. In this he is mistaken. The Mormons all believe the Bible. There is not a single polygamist in Utah who does not insist upon the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments. The Rev. Mr. Newman, a kind of peripatetic theologya once had a discussion, I believe, with Elder Heber Kimball at Salt Lake City, upon the question of polygamy. It is sufficient to say of this discussion that it is now circulated by the Mormons as a campaign document. The elder overwhelmed the parson. Passages of Scripture in favor of polygamy were quoted by the hundred. The lives of all the patriarchs were brought forward and poor Parson Newman was driven from the field. The truth is, the Jews at that time were much like our forefathers. They were barbarians, and many of their laws were unjust and cruel. Polygamy was the right of all, practiced, as a matter of fact, by the rich and powerful, and the rich and powerful were envied by the poor. In such esteem did the ancient Jews hold polygamy, that the number of Solomon's wives was given simply to enhance His glory. My own opinion is, that Solomon had very few wives and that polygamy was not general in Palestine. The country was too poor, and Solomon, in all his glory, was hardly able to support one wife. He was a poor barbarian King with a limited revenue, with a poor soil, with a sparse population, without art, without science, and without power. He sustained about the same relation to other kings that Delaware does to other States. Mr. Talmage says that God persecuted Solomon, and yet, if he will turn to the twenty-second chapter of I. Chronicles, will find what God promised to Solomon. God, speaking to David, says: "Behold a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest, and I will give him rest from his enemies around about; for his name shall be Solomon, and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days. He shall build a house in my name, and he shall be my son, and I will be his Father, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel forever." Did God keep his promise? So he tells us that David was persecuted by God on account of his offenses, and yet I find in the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of I. Chronicles, the following account of the death of David: "And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honor." Is this true?

Q.—What have you to say to the charge that you were mistaken in the number of years that the Hebrews were in Egypt? Mr. Talmage says that they were there 430 years, instead of 215 years.

A.—If you will read the third chapter of Galatians, sixteenth and seventeenth verses, you will find that it was 430 years from the time God made the promise to Abraham to the giving of the law from Mount Sinai. The Hebrews did not go to Egypt for 215 years after the promise was made to Abraham, and consequently did not remain in Egypt more than 215 years. If Galatians is true I am right.

Strange that Mr. Talmage should try to belittle the miracles. The trouble with this defender of the faith is that he cares nothing for facts. He makes the strangest statements, and cares the least for proof, of any man I know. I can account for what he says of me only upon the supposition that he has not read my lectures. He may have been misled by the pirated editions. Persons have stolen my lectures, printed the same ones under various names, filled them with mistakes and things I never said. Mr. C. P. Farrell, of Washington, is my only authorized publisher. Yet Mr. Talmage prefers to answer the mistakes of literary thieves and charge their ignorance to me.

Q.—Did you ever attack the character of Queen Victoria, or did you draw any parallel between her and George Eliot, calculated to depreciate the reputation of the Queen?

A.—I never said a word against Victoria. The fact is, I am not acquainted with her—never met her in my life, and know but little of her. I never happened to see her "in plain clothes, reading the Bible to the poor in the lane"—neither did I ever hear her sing. I most cheerfully admit that her reputation is good in the neighborhood where she resides. In one of my lectures I drew a parallel between George Eliot and Victoria. I was showing the difference between a woman who had won her position in the world of thought and one who was Queen by chance. This is what I said: "It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be a king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being the Emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head—he wanted some evidence that he had something of value in his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Caesar that he might become a member of the French Assembly. The Emperors, the Kings, the

Popes no longer tower above their fellows. Compare King William with the philosopher Haeckel. The King is one of the "anointed by the Most High'—as they claim—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this King with Haeckel, who towers an intellectual Colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The Queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius. The world is beginning to pay homage to intellect, to genius, to heart." I said not one word against Queen Victoria, and did not intend to even intimate that she was not an excellent woman, wife, and mother. I was simply trying to show that the world was getting great enough to place the genius above an accidental Queen. Mr. Talmage, true to the fawning, cringing spirit of orthodoxy, lauds the living Queen and cruelly maligns the genius dead. He digs open the grave of George Eliot, and tries to stain the sacred dust of one who was the greatest woman England has produced. He calls her "an adultress." He attacks her because she was an atheist—because she abhorred Jehovah, denied the inspiration of the Bible, denied the dogma of eternal pain, and with all her heart despised the Presbyterian creed. He hates her because she was great, and brave, and free—because she lived without "faith" and died without fear—because she dared to give her honest thought, and grandly bore the taunts and slanders of the Christian world. George Eliot tenderly carried in her heart the burdens of our race. She looked through pity's tears upon the faults and frailties of mankind. She knew the springs and seeds of thought and deed, and saw with cloudless eyes through all the winding ways of greed, ambition and deceit, where folly vainly plucks with thorn-pierced hands the fading flowers of selfish joy—the highway of eternal right. Whatever her relations may have been—no matter what I think or others say, or how much all regret the one mistake in all her self-denying, loving life—I feel and know that in the court where her own conscience sat as judge she stood acquitted—pure as light and stainless as a star. How appropriate here, with some slight change, the wondrously poetic and pathetic words of Laertes at Ophelia's grave:

> Leave her i' the earth;
> And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
> May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
> A ministering angel shall this woman be,
> When thou liest howling!

I have no words with which to tell my loathing for a man who violates a noble woman's grave.

There are a number of other questions I would like to have asked him, but as the hour grew late and the interview is already quite long, I left the questions written out for him to look over.

COPE.

Talmagian Theology

A Sunday Evening Sermon Nearly Three Hours Long—Some Sample Ingersollisms—New York Times, April 17, 1882.

(Second Lecture.)

There is seldom a greater exhibition of physical endurance than was given by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in his lecture on "Talmagian Theology" in the Academy of Music last evening. For nearly three hours Col. Ingersoll kept himself at the highest pitch of oratorical effort, making physical and mental exertions that would have been impossible except for a man in the full vigor of health and the prime of life. Time, nevertheless, has not stood still with Col. Ingersoll in the last year. His face is older, and his form more portly. He is still full of Ingersollism, of mirth, of cutting sarcasm, and of what Mr. Talmage terms blasphemy, and his audience, which last night filled nearly every seat in the Academy, was kept alternating between shouts of laughter and bursts of applause. The auditors were all well dressed, all evidently respectable people, and nearly all, judging from the way they applauded the most unorthodox sentiments, believers in no settled religious faith. The argument for the defense in the celebrated case of Ingersoll versus Talmage was as lively as it was long. With the exception of a few generalities at the outset, the lecture was almost entirely new. It was a striking address, and some parts of it will be read by Mr. Talmage and his admirers this morning with great interest.

It was long past the hour, as it always is, when Col. Ingersoll began. "Only a few years ago," he said, "the pulpit was almost supreme. The palace was in the shadow of the cathedral, and the power behind every throne was a priest." The speaker had begun at least two previous lectures in almost these identical words; but they were uttered with all the force of a smiling countenance and a well rounded corporation, and were well applauded. "Man was held in physical slavery by kings, he continued, "and in a mental prison by the Church. He was allowed to hold no opinions as to where he came from, nor as to where he was going. It was sufficient for him to do the labor and believe the kings would do the governing and the priests the thinking—and, my God, what thinking! If the world had obeyed the priests we would all be idiots to-night. The eagle of intellect would have given way to the blind bat of faith. They were the rack, the fagot, the thumb-screw in this world, and hell in the next. Only a few years ago no man could express an honest thought unless he agreed with the Church. The Church has been a perpetual beggar. (Applause.) It has never plowed, it never sowed, it never spun, yet Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed. Thanks to modern thought, the brain of the nineteenth century, to Voltaire, Paine, Hume, to all the free men, that beggar—the Church—is not longer upon horseback; and it fills me with joy to state that even its walking is not now good. Only a little while ago a priest was thought more than human. Nobody dared contradict the minister. Now there are other learned professions. There are doctors, lawyers, writers, books, newspapers, and the priest has hundreds of rivals.

"The priest grew jealous, hateful; he was always thankful for an epidemic or a pestilence, so that people would turn to him in despair. In our country all the men of intellect were in the pulpit once. Now there are so many avenues to distinction, the men of brain, heart, red blood, have left the pulpit and gone to useful things. (Applause.) I do not say all. There are still some men of mind in the pulpit, but they are nearer infidels than any others. Where do we get our ministers? A young man, without constitution enough to be wicked

(applause), without health enough to enjoy the things of this world, naturally fixes his gaze on high. He is educated, sent to a university where he is taught that it is criminal to think. Stuffed with a creed, he comes out a shepherd. Most of them are intellectual shreds and patches, mental ravelings, selvage. (Laughter.) Every pulpit is a pillory in which stands a convict; every member of the Church stands over him with a club, called a creed. He is an intellectual slave, and dare not preach his honest thought. There are thousands of good men in the pulpit, honest men. I am simply describing the average shepherd; they tell me "they've been called," that, Almighty God selected them. He looked all over the world and said: 'Now, there's a man I want!' (Applause.) And what selections! Shakespeare was not called. Yet he has done more for this world than all the ministers who have ever lived in it. Beethoven! He was not called. Raphael was not called. He was all an accident. All the inventors, discoverers, poets—God never called one of them; he turned his attention to Popes, Cardinals, priests, exhorters; and what selections he has made! It's astonishing.

"In the United States a great many ministers have been good enough to take me for a text. Among others the Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. I have nothing to say about his reputation. It has nothing to do with the question. Some ministers think he has more gesticulation than grace. Some call him a pious pantaloon, a Christian clown; but such remarks, I think, are born of envy. He is the only Presbyterian minister in the United States who can draw an audience. He stands at the head of the denomination, and I answer him. He's a strange man. I believe he's orthodox, or intellectual pride, would prevent his saying these things. (Applause.) He believes in a literal resurrection of the dead; that we shall see countless bones flying through the air. He has some charges against me, and he has denied some of my statements. He has produced what he calls arguments, and I am going to answer some of the charges. Next Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in this place, I shall have a matinee, and answer his arguments.

"He says I am the champion blasphemer. What is blasphemy? To contradict a priest? to have a mind of your own? Whoever takes a step in advance is a blasphemer. Blasphemy is what a last year's leaf says circulate obscene books. One of my objections to the Bible is that it contains obscene stories. Any book, couched in decent language, should have the liberty of the United States mails. Where books are immoral and obscene, I say, burn them, and have to a this year's bud. To deny that Mohammed is the prophet of God is not blasphemy in New York. It is in Constantinople. It is a question, then, largely of geography. It depends on where you are. The missionary who laughs at a modern God is a blasphemer. In a Catholic country whoever says Mary is not the mother of God is a blasphemer. In a Protestant country to say she is the mother of God is blasphemy. Everything has been blasphemy. My doctrine is this: He is a blasphemer who refuses to tell his honest thought; who is not true to himself; who enslaves his fellow-man; who charges that God was once in favor of slavery. If there is any God, that man is a blasphemer. They're afraid we'll injure God. How? Is infinite goodness and mercy to become livid with wrath because a finite being expresses an opinion? I cannot help the infinite. That man only is the good man who helps his fellow-man. I know men who would do anything for God, who doesn't need it, but nothing for men, who do need it. Why should God be so particular about my believing His book? It's no more His work than the stars of gravitation. Yet I may declare that the earth is flat, and He'll not damn me for that. But if I make a mistake about that book I'm gone. I can blaspheme the multiplication table and deny the power of the wedge—in fact, the less I know the better my chance will be. I say that book is not inspired, and there is no infinitely good God who will damn one human soul. At the judgment, if I am mistaken I own up—I am here, I do not know where I came from, nor where I am going—I'll be honest about it. I am on a ship and not on speaking terms with the Captain, but I propose to have a happy voyage, and the best way is to do what you can to make your fellow passengers happy. If we run into a good port, I'll be as happy an angel as you'll meet that day.

"Blasphemy is the cry of a defeated priest—the black flag of theology—it shows where argument stops and slander and persecution begin. I am told by Mr. Talmage that whoever contradicts this word is a fool, a howling wolf, one of the assassins of God. I presume the gentleman is honest. Take Mr. Talmage, now, he is a good man; Mr. Humboldt, he was another good man. What Humboldt knew and what Talmage didn't know would make a library. (Laughter.)

"The next charge is that I have said the universe was made of nothing, according to the Bible. False in one thing, false in all he says. Think of that rule. Let us apply that to him. If the world was created, what was it made of? and who made that? If the Lord created it, what did He make it of? Nothing. That's all he had. No sides, no top, nothing. Yet God had lived there forever. What did He think about? What did He do? Nothing. Nothing had ever happened. All at once He made something. What did He make it of? Mr. Talmage explains. He says if I knew anything I would know that God made this world out of His omnipotence. He might just as well have made it out of His memory. What is omnipotence? Is it a raw material? The weakest man in the world can lift as much nothing as God. Yet He made this world out of His omnipotence. It is so stated by a Doctor of Divinity, and I should think such divinity would need a doctor! I don't believe this. I believe this universe has existed throughout all eternity—everything. All that is, is God. I do not give to that universe a personality that wants man to get his knees in dust and his fingers in holy water; that wants somebody to ring a bell or eat a wafer. I am a part of this universe, and I believe all there is, is all the God there is. I may be mistaken; I don't know. I just give my best opinion. If there's any Heaven, I'll give it there. But there'll be no discussions in Heaven. Hell is the only place where mental improvement will be possible.

"I have said, it is charged, that the Bible says the world was made in six days. He says I don't understand Hebrew. The Bible says the world was made in six days. God didn't work nights—evening and morning were the first day. God rested on the seventh day, and sanctified it. That, they say, didn't mean days; it meant good whiles. He made the world in six good whiles. Adam was made, I think, along about Saturday. If the account is correct, it's only 6,000 years since man made his appearance. We know that to be false. A few years ago a gentleman who was going to California in the cars met a minister. They came to the place called the Sink of the Humboldt, the most desolate place in the world. Just imagine perdition with the fire out. The traveler asked the minister whether God made the earth in six days, and the minister said He did. Then don't you think, said he, He could have put in another day's work to great advantage right here? I am charged, too, with saying that the sun was not made till the fourth day, whereas, according to the Bible, vegetation began on the third day, before there was any light. But Mr. Talmage says there was light without the sun. They got light, he says, from the crystallization of rocks A nice thing to raise a crop of corn by. There may have been volcanoes, he says. How'd you like to farm it, and depend on volcanic glare to raise a crop? That's what they call religious science. God won't damn a man for things like that. What else? The aurora borealis! A great cucumber country! It's strange He never thought of glow worms! Imagine it! A Presbyterian divine gravely saying vegetation could grow by the light of the crystallization of rocks—by the light of volcanoes in other worlds, probably now extinct.

"He says of me, too, in his pulpit, that I was in favor of the circulation of immoral literature. (Hisses.) Let me tell you the truth. Several gentlemen, so called, were trying to exclude from the mails, books called infidel. I said the law should be modified. It is impossible for anybody to reach the depth of one who will print or always said it. Mr. Talmage said what he knew to be untrue. He said it out of hatred, and because he cannot answer the arguments I have urged. I believe in pure books and pure literature. But when a God writes there is no excuse for Him. In Shakespeare we say obscene things are impure—we do not say they are inspired.

"That I have falsified the records of the Bible showing the period of Jewish slavery," Col. Ingersoll continued, "is another of the charges against me. That slavery extended over a period of 215 years;" and he proceeded to substantiate this statement by going through a long and somewhat complicated genealogical table. "If I made any misstatement I was misled by the New Testament. Mr. Talmage may settle it with St. Paul. If you can depend on what my friend Paul says, the Jews, in 215 years, increased from seventy persons till they had 600,000 men of war. I know it isn't so, and so does any man who knows anything. For such an increase as this each woman must have borne somewhat over fifty-seven children, and every child lived.

"The next charge is that I have laughed at holy things. Holy things! The priest always says: 'Now don't laugh; look solemn; this is no laughing matter.' There's nothing a priest hates like mirthfulness. He despises a smile. I read in the Bible that God gave a recipe to Aaron for making hair-oil and said if anybody made any like it, kill him. Well, I don't believe it. The penalty for infringing on that patent was

death do you believe an infinite God gave a recipe for hair-oil? Is it possible for absurdity to go beyond that? That's what they call a holy thing. And water for baptism! Do you believe God will look for this water-mark on the soul?

"The next charge is that I misquote the Scriptures. That's because I don't know Hebrew. Why didn't he write to me in English. If he wishes to hold a gentleman responsible, why doesn't he address him in his native tongue? Why write His word in such a way that hundreds of thousands make their living explaining it? If I'd only understood Hebrew I would have known God didn't make Eve out of a rib. He made her out of Adam's side. How did He get it out? Well, I suppose He cut it out with a kind of a splinter of His omnipotence! Then our mother was made from a rib. When you consider the material used it was the most successful job ever done. There's even a serpent in the Bible that knows a language. It won't do. Sin, how did it come into the world? Where did the serpent come from? He was wicked. Adam's sin did not make him bad. Then there was sin in the world before Adam. There's no sense in it—not a particle. Then Talmage touches me upon the flood. His flood didn't come to America, because America wasn't discovered then. He says it was a partial flood. Then why did they have to take any birds into the ark? How did Noah get the animals in the ark? Talmage says it was through the instinct to get out of the rain. According to the Bible they went in before the rain began. Dr. Scott says the angels helped carry them in. Imagine an angel with an animal under each wing. It must have rained 800 feet a day for forty days. Why does Talmage try to explain a miracle? The beauty of a miracle is it cannot be explained. The moment the Church begins to explain the Church is gone. All it's got to do is to swear it's so. The ark landed on Ararat, which is 17,000 feet high. There was only one window, twenty-two inches square. Talmage says the window ran clear around the ark. The Bible doesn't say so. That's Brooklyn; that's no Bible.

"If the Bible account is true the ark must have struck bottom on the top of a mountain. Would any but a God of mercy and kindness people a world, and then drown them all? A God cruel enough to drown His own children ought not to have the impudence to tell how to bring up mine. Why did He save eight of the same kind of people to take a fresh start? Why didn't He make a fresh lot, kill His snake, and give His children a fair show? It won't do.

"Talmage says the Bible does not favor polygamy and slavery. There was room enough on the table of stone for saying man should have only one wife and no slaves. If not, God might have written it on the other side. David and Solomon were pursued of God, but they had a pretty good time of it. Most anybody would be willing to be pursued that way. There is not a word in the Old Testament against slavery or polygamy. Frederick Douglass, a slave in Maryland, is the greatest man that State ever produced. He was enslaved by Christians. Why did God pay so much attention to blasphemers, and so little to slaveholders and robbers? I am opposed to any God that was ever in favor of slavery. The Bible upholds polygamy, and that's the reason I don't uphold the Bible. The most glorious temple ever erected is the home—that's my church. I've misquoted the story of Jonah. Talmage says, When somebody had been guilty of blasphemy the winds rose; they tried to get Jonah ashore, but couldn't do it. The sea waxed. He was swallowed by a whale. The people of Minerva wrapped all their cattle up in sackcloth, and if anything would have pleased God I should think that would. Jonah sat under a gourd, and God made a worm out of some omnipotence he had left over, and set it at work on the ground. Talmage doesn't think Jonah was in the whale's belly—he said in his mouth. Well, judging from the Doctor's photograph, that explanation would be quite natural to him. He says he might have been in the whale's stomach, and avoided the action of the gastric juice by walking up and down. Imagine Jonah, sitting on a back tooth, leaning against the upper jaw, longingly looking through the open mouth for signs of land! But that's scripture and you've got to believe it or be damned. Let me say, his brother preachers will not thank Talmage for his explanations. I don't believe it, and if I am to be damned for it. I'll accept it cheerfully.

"They say I was defeated for Governor of Illinois because I was an infidel, and that I am an infidel because I was defeated. That's logic. Now I'll tell you. They asked me whether I was an infidel, and I said I was! I was defeated. I preserved my manhood and lost an office. If everybody were as frank as I was, some men now in office would be private citizens. I would rather be what I am than hold any office in the world and be a slimy hypocrote.

"Next they say I slandered my parents because I do not believe what they believed.

My father at one time believed the Bible to be the inspired word of God. He was an honorable man, and told me to read the Bible for myself and be honest. He lived long enough to believe that the Old Testament was not the word of God. He had not in his life as much happiness as I have in one year. I hope my children will dishonor me by being nearer right than I am. If I have made a mistake, I want my children to correct it. My mother died when I was two years old. Were she living to-night, or if she does live, she would say, be absolutely true to yourself and preserve your manhood. If Talmage had been born in Constantinople he would have been a Dervish. He is what he is because he can't help it. His head is just that shape. I am taking away the hope and consolation of the world, he says. His consolation is that ninety-nine out of every hundred are going to Hell. His Church was founded by John Calvin, a murderer. Better have no Heaven than a Hell. I would rather God would commit suicide this minute than that a single soul should go to Hell. I want no Presbyterian consolation, I want no fore-ordination, no consolation, no damnation."

Col. Ingersoll concluded with a few remarks about the Bible Women, saying that women to-day are as true to the gallows as Mary Magdalene was to the cross. Wherever there are women there are heroines. Shakespeare's women are vastly superior to the Bible women. "I am accused of putting out the light-house on the shore of the other world. The Christians are trimming invisible wicks and pouring in allegorical oil. The Christian is willing wife, children and parents shall burn if only he can sing and have a harp. Mr. Talmage can see countless millions burn in hell without decreasing the length of his orthodox smile."

Ingersoll's Answer to Judge Comegys of Delaware

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13, '82—No attack upon Col. Ingersoll has attracted so much attention as the recent charge of Chief Justice Comegys to the Delaware grand jury. Every one has been looking to the eloquent radical for a reply. For several days he has been silent, too much occupied with his large law business to give the subject attention. This morning the Time's correspondent succeeded in persuading Col. Ingersoll to make his answer to the Delaware judge through the columns of the Times.

"Have you read Chief Justice Comegys' compliments to you before the Delaware grand jury?"

"Yes, I have seen his charge, in which he relies upon the law passed in 1740. After reading his charge, it seemed to me as though he had died about the date of the law, had risen from the dead, and gone right on where he left off. I presume he is a good man, but compared with other men something like his state when compared with other states. A great many people will probably regard the charge of Judge Comegys as unchristian, but I do not. I consider that the law of Delaware is in exact accord with the bible, and that the pillory, the whipping-post, and the suppression of free speech, are the natural fruit of the Old and New Testament. Delaware is right. Christianity cannot succeed, cannot exist, without the protection of law. Take from orthodox Christianity the protection of law, and all church property would be taxed like other property. The Sabbath would be no longer a day devoted to superstition. Every one could express his honest thought upon every possible subject. Every one, notwithstanding his belief, could testify in a court of justice. In other words, honesty, would be on an equality with hypocrisy. Science would stand on a level, so far as the law is concerned, with superstition. Whenever this happens, the end of orthodox Christianity will be near. By Christianity I do not mean charity, mercy, kindness, forgiveness; I mean no natural mercy, because all the natural virtues existed and had been practiced by hundreds and thousands of millions before Christ was born. There certainly were some good men even in the days of Christ in Jerusalem, before His death. By Christianity I mean the ideas of redemption, atonement, a good man dying for a bad man; and the bad man getting a receipt in full. By Christianity I mean that system that insists that in the next world a few will be forever happy, while the many will be eternally miserable.

"Christianity, as I have explained it, must be protected, guarded and sustained by law. It was founded by the sword—that is to say by physical force—and must be preserved by like means. In many of the states of the Union an infidel is not allowed to testify. In the state of Delaware, if Alexander Von Humboldt were living, he could not be a witness, although he had more brains than the state of Delaware has ever produced, or is likely to produce as long as the laws of 1740 remain in force. Such men as Huxley, Tyndall, and Haeckel could be fined and imprisoned in the state of Delaware, and, in fact, in many states of this Union. Christianity, in order to defend itself, puts the brand of infamy on the brow of honesty. Christianity marks with a letter 'C,' standing for 'convict,' every brain that is great enough to discover the frauds. I have no doubt but that Judge Comegys is a good and sincere Christian. I believe that he in his charge gives an exact reflection of the Jewish Jehovah. I believe that every word he said was in exact accord with the spirit of orthodox Christianity. Against this man personally I have nothing to say. I know nothing of his character except as I gather it from this charge, and after reading the charge I am forced simply to say, Judge Comegys is a Christian.

"It seems, however, that the grand jury dared to take no action, notwithstanding

they had been counseled to do so by the Judge. Although the judge had quoted to them the words of George I. of blessed memory; although he had quoted to them the words of Lord Mansfield, who became a judge simply because of his hatred of the English colonists, simply because he despised liberty in the new world; notwithstanding the fact that I could have been punished with insult, with imprisonment and with stripes, and with every form of degredation; notwithstanding that only a few years ago I could have been branded upon the forehead, bored through the tongue, maimed and disfigured, still, such has been the advance even in the state of Delaware, owing, it may be in great part to the one lecture delivered by me, that the grand jury absolutely refused to indict me. The grand jury satisfied themselves and their consciences simply by making a report in which they declared that my lecture had 'no parallel in the habits of respectable vagabondism;' that I was an 'arch blasphemer and reviler of God and religion,' and recommended that should I ever attempt to lecture again I should be taught 'that in Delaware blasphemy is a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment.' I have no doubt but what every member of the grand jury signing this report was entirely honest; that he acted in exact accord with what he understood to be the demand of the Christian religion. I must admit that for Christians the report is exceedingly mild and gentle. I have now in the house letters that passed between certain bishops in the fifteenth century, in which they discussed the propriety of cutting out the tongues of heretics before they were burned. Some of the bishops were in favor of and some against it. One argument for cutting out their tongues which seemed to have settled the question was that unless the tongues of heretics were cut out they might scandalize the gentlemen who were burning them by blasphemous remarks during the fire. I would commend these letters to Judge Comegys and the members of his grand jury. I want it distinctly understood that I have nothing against Judge Comegys or the grand jury. They act as most anybody would, raised in Delaware, in the shadow of the whipping-post and the pillory. We must remember that Delaware was a slave state; that the Bible became extremely dear to the people because it upheld the peculiar institution. We must remember that the Bible was the block on which mother and child stood for sale when they were separated by the Christians of Delaware. The Bible was regarded as the title papers to slavery, and as the book of all books that gave the right to masters to whip mothers and to sell children. There are many offenses now for which the punishment is whipping and standing in the pillory; where persons are convicted of certain crimes and sent to the penitentiary, and upon being discharged from the penitentiary are furnished by the state with a dark jacket plainly marked on the back with a large Roman 'C,' the letter to be of a light color. This they are to wear for six months after being discharged, and if they are found at any time without the dark jacket and the illuminated 'C,' they are to be punished with twenty lashes upon the bare back.

The object, I presume, of this law is to drive from the state all the discharged convicts for the benefit of New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland—that is to say, other Christian communities. A cruel people make cruel laws. The objection I have to the whipping-post is that it is a punishment which can not be inflicted by a gentleman. The person who administers the punishment must, of necessity, be fully as degraded as the person who receives it. I am opposed to any kind of punishment that cannot be administered by a gentleman. I am opposed to corporal punishment everywhere. It should be taken from the asylums and penitentiaries, and any man who would apply the lash to the naked back of another is beneath the contempt of honest people."

Talmagian Theology

Inspiration of the Jewish Bible — Truth of the Miracles Challenged.
New York Tribune, April 24, 1882.
(Third Lecture.)

Col. Ingersoll gave his third lecture on the "Talmagian Theology" in the Academy of Music yesterday afternoon. Every seat was occupied. The lecturer was often interrupted by long-continued applause and laughter. He came upon the stage alone a little after 3 o'clock, and began his lecture as usual without being introduced.

"We must judge people," Mr. Ingersoll said, "somewhat by their creeds. Mr. Talmage is a Calvinist, and he therefore regards every human being who has been born only once as totally depraved. He thinks that God never made a single creature that didn't deserve to be damned the minute He finished him. (Laughter.) So every one who opposes Mr. Talmage is infamous. The generosity of an agnostic is meanness, his honesty is larceny and his love is hate. Talmage is a consistent follower of Calvin and Knox, and a consistent worshiper of the Jehovah of the ancient Jews. I oppose not him, but his creed, because it tends to crush out the natural tendencies in men to joyousness and goodness. There is something good in every human being, and there is something bad. There are no perfect saints and no totally bad persons. There is the seed of goodness in every human heart and the capacity for improvement in every human soul. (Applause.) Isn't it possible for a man who acts like Christ to be saved, whatever be his belief? Cannot a soul be infinitely generous? And can any God damn such a soul? If Mr. Talmage's creed be true, nearly all the great and glorious men of the past are burning to-day. If it be true, the greatest man England has produced in 100 years is in Hell. The world is poorer since I spoke here last, for Darwin has passed away. (Applause.) He was a true child of nature—one who knew more about his mother than any other child she had. Yet he was not a Calvinist. (Laughter.) He did not get his inspiration from any book, but from every star in the heavens, from the insect in the sunbeam, from the flowers in the meadows, and from the everlasting rocks. (Applause.)

"If the doctrine of the Calvinists is true, what right had any one to ask an unbeliever to fight for his country in the Civil War? What right has a believer to buy an unbelieving substitute, when some day he would look over the edge of Heaven, and pointing downward, would say to a friend, 'that is my substitute blistering there.' (Laughter.)

"Mr. Talmage says that my mind is poisoned, and that the reason why all infidels' minds are poisoned is that they don't believe the Jew Bible. Let us see whether it is worth believing. I deny that an infinitely merciful God would protect slavery or would uphold polygamy, which pollutes the sweetest words in language. I will not believe that God told men to exterminate their fellow-men, to plunge the sword into women's breasts and into the hearts of tender babes. I am opposed to the Jew Bible because it is bad. (Applause.) I don't deny that there are many good passages in it, nor that among all the thorns there are some roses. I admit that many Christians are doing all they can to idealize the frightful things in the Old Testament. It is the protest of human nature. Now, they tell me that this book is inspired. Let us see what inspired means. If it means anything, it is that the thoughts of God, through the instrumentality of men, constitute this Jew Bible, and that these thoughts were written. Now just suppose that some voice whispered in your ear, how would you know it was God? How did these gentlemen of old know it was God who was talking to them? If any one now told you that God

whispered in his ear, you wouldn't believe him. Why? Because you know him. Why are we asked to believe those ancient gentlemen? Because we don't know them. (Laughter.) Another reason, accorded to Mr. Talmage, why the Jew Bible is inspired, is that prophecies in it have been fulfilled. How do we know that the prophecies were not fulfilled before they were written? They are so vague that you can't tell what was prophesied. If you will read the Jew Bible carefully you will see that there was not a line, not a word, prophesying the coming of Christ. Catholics were right in saying that if the Jew Bible was to be kept in awe it must be kept from the people. Protestants are wrong in letting the people read it.

Another argument of Mr. Talmage for the inspiration of the Bible is that the Jews have been kept as a wandering, persecuted race to fulfill the prophesies of the Old Testament. I don't believe an infinitely merciful God would persecute a race for thousands of years to use them as witnesses. Christian hate has not allowed the Jews to learn a trade nor to practice a profession, and now by a kind of poetic justice, the Jews control the money of the world. Emperors go to their banks with hats in hand and beg them to discount their notes. This is because God has cursed the Jews. (Applause.) Only a little while ago Christians have robbed Hebrews, stripped them naked, turned them into the streets, and pointed to them as a fulfillment of divine prophecy. If you want to know the difference between some Jews and some Christians compare the address of Felix Adler with the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. (Continued applause.) Mr. Talmage thinks that the light of every burning Jewish home in Russia throws light upon the Gospel. Every wound in a Jewish breast is to him a mouth to proclaim the divine inspiration of the Bible. Every Jew maiden violated is another fulfillment of God's holy word. (Applause.) What do these horrid persecutions prove, except the barbarity of Christians? Next it is said that martyrs prove the truth of the Bible. Mr. Talmage affirms that no man ever died cheerfully for a lie. Why, men have gone cheerfully to their death for believing that a wafer was God's flesh. Thousands have died for their belief in Mohammed. Men have died because they believed in immersion. Either Mr. Talmage is a Catholic, a Mohammedan, a Baptist, or else he believes that these thousands died for lies. (Applause.) Every religion has had its martyrs, and every religion cannot be true. Then it is said that miracles prove the inspiration of the Bible. But it is impossible by the human senses to establish a violation of Nature's laws. When the Hebrews threw down sticks before Pharoah and they became snakes, did he believe? No; because he was there. After the Jews had been led through the desert and had been fed upon bread rained from Heaven, had been clothed in indestructible pantaloons, and had quenched their thirst with water that followed them over mountains and through sands; when they saw Jehovah wrapped in the smoke of Sinai they still had more faith in a calf that they could make than in anything Jehovah could give them. (Laughter.) It was so with the miracles of Christ. Not twenty people were converted by one of them. In fact, human testimony cannot substantiate a miracle. Take the miracle about the bears which ate the children who laughed at the bald-headed old prophet. What do you suppose Mr. Talmage would say that meant? Why, first, that children ought to respect preachers, and second, that God is kind to animals. (Laughter.) Nearly every miracle in the Old Testament is wrought in the interest of slavery, polygamy, creed or lust. I wish by denying them to rescue the reputation of Jehovah from the assaults of the Bible. (Laughter.)

"Who are the witnesses to the truth of the narratives of the Jew's Bible? Eusebius was one. He lived in the reign of Constantine, and said that the tracks of Pharaoh's chariots could be seen—perfectly preserved in the sands of the Red Sea. He was the man who forged the passage in Josephus which speaks about the coming of Christ. Good witness, isn't he? Another one was Polycarp. We don't know much about him. He suffered martyrdom in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and when the fire wouldn't burn and he looked like gold through it, a heathen was so mad about it that he ran his sword through Polycarp. The blood gushed out and quenched the fire, while the martyr's soul flew up to heaven in the form of a dove. And that's all we know about Polycarp. (Laughter.) To know how much reliance should be placed upon the judgment of such trustworthy witnesses, we should look at what some of their beliefs were. They thought that the world was flat; that the phœnix story was true; that the stars had souls and sinned; and one said that there were four gospels because there were four winds and four corners of the earth. He might have added that it was also because a donkey has four legs. (Laughter.)

"So far as the argument drawn from the sufferings of the martyrs is concerned, the speaker said that thousands upon thousands of men had died as cheerfully in defense of the Koran as Christians had died in defense of the Bible. Their heroic sufferings simply proved that they were sinners in their beliefs, not that those beliefs were true. This argument, as advanced by Mr. Talmage, proves too much. Every religion on the face of the globe has had martyrs, but all religions cannot be true. Men do die cheerfully for falsehoods when they believe them to be true." The question of miracles was discussed at some length, and Col. Ingersoll declared that it was impossible to establish by any human evidence that a miracle had ever been performed. Pharoah was not convinced by the alleged miracle performed by Aaron, of turning a stick into a serpent. Why? Because he was there, and no such miracle was ever done. No twenty people were convinced by the reported miracles of Christ, and yet people of the nineteenth century were coolly asked to be convinced on hearsay by miracles which those who are supposed to have seen them refuse to credit. "It won't do," said the speaker. "The laws of Nature never have been interrupted, and they never will be. All the books in the universe will never convince a thinking man that miracles have been performed." The lecture was sprinkled throughout with the satirical wit for which Col. Ingersoll is famous, and concluded by the enumeration of a long list of "unscientific" facts and events recorded in the Bible.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll's Brilliant Decoration Day Oration

Why the Struggle Came Between the North and the South and What Was Accomplished—From the Chicago Tribune, June 2, 1882.

THE memorial services at the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of Decoration Day were of more than ordinary interest, Gen. Henry A. Barnum acted as temporary chairman, and Gen. James McQuade as permanent chairman. At their right sat Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States; Charles. J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; Gen. Hancock, President Arthur, and General Grant, in the order named; at their left were Roscoe Conkling, the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, and Mayor Grace.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the orator of the occasion, spoke as follows:

This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring. This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart. Today we tell the history of our country's life—recount the lofty deeds of vanished years—the toil and sufferings, the defeats and victories of heroic men—of men who made our nation great and free.

We see the first ships whose prows were gilded by the Western sun. We feel the thrill of discovery when the New World was found. We see the oppressed, the serf, the peasant, and the slave—men whose flesh had known the chill of chains—the adventurous, the proud, the brave, sailing an unknown sea, seeking homes in unknown lands. We see the settlements, the little clearings, the block-house and the fort, the rude and lonely huts. Brave man, true woman, builders of homes, fellers of forests, founders of States! Separated from the Old World—away from the heartless distinctions of caste; away from sceptres and tittles and crowns—they governed themselves. They defended their homes, they earned their bread. Each citizen had a voice, and the little villages became almost republics.

Slowly the savage was driven, foot by foot, back in the dim forest. The days and nights were filled with fear, and the slow years with massacre and war, and cabins' earthen floors were wet with the blood of mothers and their babes.

But the savages of the New World were kinder than the kings and nobles of the Old; and so the human tide kept coming, and the places of the dead were filled.

Amid common dangers and common hopes the prejudices and feuds of Europe faded slowly from their hearts. From every land, of every speech driven by want and lured by hope, exiles and emigrants sought the mysterious continent of the West. Year after year the colonists fought and toiled, and suffered, and increased. They began to talk about liberty—to reason of the rights of man. They asked no help from distant kings, and they began to doubt the use of paying tribute to the useless. They lost respect for dukes and lords, and held in high esteem an honest man.

There was the dawn of a new day. They began to dream of independence. They found that they could make and execute the laws. They had tried the experiment of self-government. They had succeeded. The Old World wished to dominate the New. In the care and keeping of the colonists was the destiny of this continent—of half the world.

On this day the story of the great struggle between colonists and kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest—first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the history of the Declaration of Independence—the chart

and compass of all human rights—that all men are equal and have the right to life, liberty and joy. The declaration uncrowned kings and wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power. It superseded royal grants and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career, it knighted all the sons of toil, it opened all the paths to fame and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe.

England was then the mightiest of nations—mistress of every sea—and yet our fathers, poor and few, defied her power. To-day we remember the defeats, the victories, the disasters, the weary marches, the poverty, the hunger, the sufferings, the agonies, and, above all, the glories of the Revolution. We remember all—from Lexington to Valley Forge, and from that midnight of despair to Yorktown's cloudless day. We remember the soldiers and thinkers—the heroes of the sword and pen. They had the brain and heart, the wisdom and the courage to utter and defend these words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." In defense of this sublime and self-evident truth the war was waged and won. To-day we remember all the heroes, all the generous and chivalric men who came from other lands to make ours free.

Of the many thousands who shared the gloom and glory of the seven sacred years not one remains. The last has mingled with the earth, and nearly all are sleeping now in unmarked graves, and some beneath the leaning, crumbling stones, from which their names have been effaced by Time's irreverent and relentless hand. But the nation they founded remains. The United States are still free and independent. The "Government derives its just power from the consent of the governed," and 50,000,000 of people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution.

To-day we remember the heroes of the second war with England, in which our fathers fought for the freedom of the seas, for the rights of the American Sailor. We remember with pride the splendid victories of Erie and Champlain, and the wondrous achievements upon the sea—achievements that covered our navy with a glory that neither the victories nor defeats of the future can dim. We remember the heroic services and sufferings of those who fought the merciless savage of the frontier. We see the midnight massacre and hear the war-cries of the allies of England. We see the flames climb round the happy homes, and in the charred and blackened ruins we see the mutilated bodies of wives and children.

Peace came at last, crowned with the victory of New Orleans—a victory that "did redeem all sorrows" and all defeats. The Revolution gave our fathers a free land—the war of 1812 a free sea. To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chapultepec. Leaving out of question the justice of our cause—necessity for war—we are yet compelled to applaud the marvelous courage of our troops. A handful of men, brave, impetuous, determined, irresistable—conquered a nation. Our history has no record of more daring deeds.

Again peace came, and the nation hoped and thought that strife was at an end. We had grown too powerful to be attacked. Our resources were boundless, and the future seemed secure. The hardy pioneers moved to the Great West. Beneath their ringing strokes the forests disappeared, and on the prairie waved the billowed seas of wheat and corn. The great plains were crossed, the mountains were conquered, and the foot of victorious adventurer pressed the shore of the Pacific. In the great North all the streams went singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles and casting shuttles back and forth. Inventions were springing like magic from a thousand brains. From labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame, and from the countless forges rang the chant of rhythmic stroke. But in the South the negro toiled unpaid and mothers wept while babes were sold, and at the auction block husbands and wives speechlessly looked the last good-by. Fugitives, lighted by the North Star, sought liberty on English soil and were by Northern men thrust back to whip and chain. The great statesmen, the successful politicians, announced that law had compromised with crime, that justice had been bribed, and that time had barred appeal. A race was left without a right, without a hope. The future had no dawn, no star—nothing but ignorance and fear, nothing but work and want. This was the conclusion of the statesmen, the philosophy of the politicians—of constitutional expounders. This was decided by courts and ratified by the nation.

We had been successful in three ways. We had wrested thirteen colonies from Great Britain. We had conquered our place upon the high seas. We had added more than two millions of square miles to the National domain. We had increased in popu-

lation from three to thirty-one millions. We were in the midst of plenty. We were rich and free. Ours appeared to be the most prosperous of nations. But it was only appearance. The statesmen and the politicians were deceived. Real victories can be won only for the right. The triumph of justice is the only peace. Such is the nature of things. He who enslaves another cannot be free. He who attacks the right assaults himself.

The mistakes our fathers made had not been corrected. The foundations of the Republic were insecure. The great dome of the temple was clad in the light of prosperity, but the corner-stones were crumbling. Four millions of human beings were enslaved. Party cries had been mistaken for principles, partisanship for patriotism, success for justice. But pity pointed to the scarred and bleeding backs of slaves; mercy heard the sobs of mothers reft of babes, and justice held aloft the scales in which one drop of blood shed by a master's lash outweighed a nation's gold. There were a few men, a few women, who had the courage to attack this monstrous crime. They found it intrenched in constitutions, statutes, and decisions, barricaded and bastioned by every department and by every party. Politicians were its servants, statesmen its attorneys, judges its menials. Presidents its puppets, and upon its cruel altar has been sacrificed our country's honor. It was the crime of the nation—of the whole country—North and South responsible alike.

To-day we reverently thank the Abolitionists. Earth has produced no grander man, no nobler woman. They were the real philanthropists, the true patriots. When the will defies fear, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor scorns to compromise with death—this is heroism.

The Abolitionists were heroes. He loves his country best who strives to make it best. The bravest men are those who have the greatest fear of doing wrong. Mere politicians wish the country to do something for them; true patriots desire to do something for their country. Courage without conscience is a wild beast; patriotism without principle is the prejudice of birth—the animal attachment to place. These men, these women, had courage and conscience, patriotism and principle, heart and brain. The South relied upon the bond, upon a barbarous clause that stained, disfigured and defiled the Federal pact, and made the monstrous claim that slavery was the nation's ward. The spot of shame grew red in Northern cheeks, and Northern men declared that slavery had poisoned, cursed, and blighted soul and soil enough and that the territories must be free.

The Radicals of the South cried, "No Union without slavery!" The Radicals of the North replied, "No Union without liberty!"

The Northern Radicals were right. Upon the great issue of free homes for free men a president was elected by the free States. The South appealed to the sword and raised the standard of revolt. For the first time in history the oppressors rebelled. But let us to-day be great enough to forget individuals—great enough to know that slavery was treason, that slavery was rebellion, that slavery fired upon our flag and sought to wreck and strand the mighty ship that bears the hope and fortune of this world.

The first shot liberated the North. Constitutions, statutes, and decisions—compromises, platforms, and resolutions, made, passed, and ratified in the interest of slavery became mere legal lies, mean and meaningless, base and baseless. Parchment and paper could no longer stop or stay the onward march of man. The North was free. Millions instantly resolved that the nation should not die—that freedom should not perish and that slavery should not live. Millions of our brothers, our sons, our fathers, our husbands answered to the nation's call. The great armies have desolated the earth; the greatest soldiers have been ambition's dupes. They waged war for the sake of place and pillage, pomp and power, for the ignorant applause of vulgar millions, for the flattery of parasites and the adulation of sycophants and slaves. Let us proudly remember that in our time the greatest, the grandest, the noblest army of the world fought—not to enslave, but to free; not to destroy, but to save; not simply for themselves, but for others; not for conquest, but for conscience; not only for us, but for every land and every race. With courage, with enthusiasm, with devotion never excelled, with an exaltation and purity of purpose never equaled, this grand army fought the battles of the Republic. For the preservation of this nation, for the destruction of slavery, these soldiers, these sailors, on the land and sea, disheartened by no defeat, discouraged by no obstacle, appalled by no danger, neither paused nor swerved until a stainless flag, without a rival, floated over all our wide domain, and until every human being beneath its fold was absolutely free. The great victory for human rights—the greatest of all the years—had been won, won by the Union men of the North, by the Union men of the South, and by those who

had been slaves. Liberty was national—slavery was dead.

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be. It is the emblem of equal rights. It means free hands, free lips, self-government, and the sovereignty of the individual. It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom. It means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. It means that the school-house is the fortress of liberty. It means that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"; that each man is accountable to and for the Government; that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty. It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his State, and his country. It means that the ballot box is the ark of the covenant; that the source of authority must not be poisoned. It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution. It means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every State, abroad in every land, on every sea. It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our law; that our Government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all. It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong. It means national hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste—in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life—and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent, and free.

The flag is the emblem of a supreme will—of a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut. The flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be, and, like the bow of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun. This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons.

Here in this peaceful land of ours—here where the sun shines, where flowers grow where children play—millions of armed men battled for the right and breasted on a thousand fields the iron storms of war.

These brave, these incomparable men founded the first Republic. They fulfilled the prophecies, they brought to pass the dreams, they realized the hopes that all the great, and good, and wise, and just have made and had since man was man.

But what of those who fell?

There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

Talmagian Theology

Reply to the Criticisms of a Well-Known Brooklyn Preacher—He Reviews the Talmagian Theology and Pleads for Human Liberty. Chicago Tribune, Nov. 13, 1882.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's lecture on "Talmagian Theology" drew an immense crowd to McVicker's Theatre yesterday afternoon, even all the standing room being occupied. At least three thousand people were present. No one, as usual, introduced him. When he came on the stage he was applauded, and as soon as the noise ceased he began, speaking as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Nothing can be more certain than that no human being can by any possibility control his thought. We are in this world—we see, we hear, we feel, we taste; and everything in Nature makes an impression upon the brain, and that wonderful something, enthroned there with these materials, weaves what we call thought, and the brain can no more help thinking than the heart can help beating. The blood pursues its old accustomed round without our will. The heart beats without asking leave of us, and the brain thinks in spite of all that we can do. This being true, no human being can justly be held responsible for his thought any more than for the beating of his heart, any more than for the course pursued by the blood, any more than for breathing air. And yet for thousands of years thought has been thought to be a crime, and thousands and millions have threatened us with eternal fire if we give the product of that brain. Each brain, in my judgment, is a field where Nature sows the seeds of thought, and thought is the crop that man reaps, and it certainly cannot be a crime to gather; it certainly cannot be a crime to tell it, which simply amounts to the right to sell your crop or exchange your product for the product of some other man's brain. That is all it is. Most brains—at least some—are rather poor fields, and the orthodox worst of all. (Laughter.) That field produces mostly sorrel and mullin (laughter), while there are fields which, like the tropic world, are filled with growth, and where you find the vine and palm, royal children of the sun and brain. I then stand simply for absolute freedom of thought (applause) absolute, and I don't believe, if there be a God, that it will be or can be pleasing to Him to see one of His children afraid to express what he thinks. (Applause.) And, if I were God, I never would cease making men until I succeeded in making one grand enough to tell his honest opinion. (Applause.)

Now there has been a struggle, you know, a long time between the believers in the natural and the supernatural—between gentlemen who are going to award us in another world and those who propose to make life worth living here and now. In all ages the priest, the medicine man, the magician, the astrologer, in other words, gentlemen who have traded upon the fear and ignorance of their fellow-man in all countries, they have sought to make their living out of others. There was a time when a God presided over every department of human interest, when a man about to take a voyage bribed the priest of Neptune so that he might have a safe journey, and, when he came back, he paid more, telling the priest that he was infinitely obliged to him that he had kept waves from the sea and storms in their caves. And so, when one was sick he went to a priest; when one was about to take a journey he visited the priest of Mercury; if he were going to war he consulted the representative of Mars. We have gone along. When the poor agriculturist plowed his ground and put in the seed he went to the priest of some god and paid him to keep off the frost. (Laughter.) And the priest said he would do it (renewed laughter); "but," added the priest, "you must have faith." If the frost came early he said, "You didn't have faith."

(Great laughter.) And besides all that he says to him: "Anything that has happened badly, after all, was for your good." (Laughter.) Well, we found out, day by day, that a good boat for the purpose of navigating the sea was better than prayers, better than the influence of priests; and you had better have a good captain attending to business than thousands of priests ashore praying. (Laughter and applause.)

We also found that we could cure some diseases, and just as soon as we found that we could cure diseases we dismissed the priest. We have left him out now of all of them except, it may be, cholera and smallpox. (Laughter.) When visited by a plague some people get frightened enough to go back to the old idea—go back to the priest, and the priest says: "It has been sent as a punishment." Well, sensible people began to look about; they saw that the good died as readily as the bad; they saw that this disease would attack the dimpled child in the cradle and allow the murderer to go unpunished; and so they began to think in time that it was not sent as a punishment; that it was a natural result; and so the priest stepped out of medicine. (Laughter and applause.)

In agriculture we need him no longer; he has nothing to do with the crops. All the clergymen in this world can never get one drop of rain out of the sky; and all the clergymen in the civilized world could not save one human life if they tried it.

"Oh, but," they say, "we do not expect a direct answer to prayer; it is the reflex action we are after." (Laughter.) It is like a man endeavoring to lift himself up by the straps of his boots; he will never do it, but he will get a good deal of useful exercise. (Laughter and applause.)

The missionary goes to some pagan land, and there finds a man praying to a god of stone, and it excites the wrath of the missionary. I ask you to-night, Does not that stone god answer prayer just as well as ours? Does he not cause rain? Does he not delay frost? Does he not snatch the ones that we love from the grasp of death, precisely the same as ours? (Laughter and applause.) Yet we have ministers that are still engaged in that business. (Laughter.) They tell us that they have been "called"; that they do not go at their professions as other people do, but they are "called"; that God, looking over the world, carefully selects his priests, his ministers, and his exhorters. (Laughter and applause.)

I don't know. They say their calling is sacred. I say to you to-night that every kind of business that is honest, that a man engages in for the purpose of feeding his wife and children, for the purpose of building up his home, for the purpose of feeding and clothing the ones he loves—that business is sacred. (Applause.) They tell us that statesmen and poets, philosophers, heroes, and scientists, and inventors come by chance; that all other departments depend entirely upon luck; but when God wants exhorters, He selects. (Laughter and applause.)

They also tell us that it is infinitely wicked to attack the Christian religion, and when I speak of the Christian religion, I do not refer especially to the Christianity of the New Testament; I refer to the Christianity of the orthodox church, and when I refer to the clergy I refer to the clergy of the orthodox church. There was a time when men of genius were in the pulpits of the orthodox church; that time is past. (Applause.) When you find a man with brains now occupying an orthodox pulpit you will find him touched with heresy (laughter)—every one of them.

How do they get most of these ministers? There will be a man in the neighborhood not very well (laughter)—not having constitution enough to be wicked; and it instantly suggests itself to everybody who sees him he would make an excellent minister. (Laughter.) There are so many other professions, so many cities to be built, so many railways to be constructed, so many poems to be sung, so much music to be composed, so many papers to edit, so many books to read, so many splendid things, so many avenues to distinction and glory, so many things beckoning from the horizon of the future to every great and splendid man that the pulpit has to put up with the leavings (laughter), ravelings, selvages. (Renewed laughter.)

These preachers say, "How can any man be wicked and infamous enough to attack our religion and to take from the world the solace of orthodox Christianity?" What is that solace? Let us be honest. What is it? If the Christian religion be true the grandest, greatest, noblest of the world are now in Hell, and the narrowest and meanest are now in Heaven. Humboldt, the Shakespeare of science, the most learned man of the most learned nation, with a mind grand enough to grasp not simply this globe, but this constellation—a man who shed light upon the whole earth—a man who honored human nature, and who won all his victories on the field of thought—that man, pure and upright, noble beyond description,—if Christianity be true, is in Hell this moment. That is what they call "solace" (laughter); "tidings of great joy." (Renewed laughter.) La Place, who read

the heavens like an open book, who enlarged the horizon of human thought, is there too. (Laughter.) Beethoven, master of melody and harmony, who added to the joy of human life, and who has borne upon the wings of harmony and melody millions of spirits to the height of joy, with his heart still filled with melody—he is in Hell to-day. (Laughter.) Robert Burns, poet of love and liberty, and from his heart, like a spring gurgling and running down highways, his poems have filled the world with music. They have added lustre to human love. That man who, in four lines, gave all the philosophy of life—

> To make a happy fireside clime
> For weans and wife,
> Is the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life.

—he is there with the rest. (Laughter.) Charles Dickens (applause), whose genius will be a perpetual shield, saving thousands and millions of children from blows, who did more to make us tender with children than any other writer that ever touched a pen—he is there with the rest (laughter), according to our Christian religion. A little while ago there died in this country a philosopher—Ralph Waldo Emerson (applause)—a man of the loftiest ideals, a perfect model of integrity, whose mind was like a placid lake and reflected truths like stars. If the Christian religion be true, he is in perdition to-day. And yet he sowed the seeds of thought, and raised the whole world intellectually. And Longfellow, whose poems, tender as the dawn, have gone into millions of homes, not an impure, not a strained word in them all; but he was not a Christian. He did not believe in the "tidings of great joy." (Laughter.) He didn't believe that God so loved the world that He intended to damn most everybody. (Laughter.) And now, he has gone to his reward. (Laughter.) And Charles Darwin (applause) a child of Nature—one who knew more about his mother than any other child she ever had. (Laughter.) What is philosophy? It is to account for phenomena by which we are surrounded—that is, to find the hidden cord that unites everything. Charles Darwin threw more light upon the problem of human existence than all the priests who ever lived from Melchisedek to the last exhorter. (Applause.) He would have traversed this globe on foot had it been possible to have found one new fact or to have corrected one error that he had made. (Applause.) No nobler man has lived—no man who has studied with more reverence (and by reverence I mean simply one who lives and studies for the truth)—no man who studied with more reverence than he. And yet, according to orthodox religion, Charles Darwin is in Hell. Consolation! (Laughter.) So, if Christianity be true, Shakespeare, the greatest man who ever touched this planet (applause), within whose brain were the fruits of all thought past, the seeds of all to be—Shakespeare, who was an intellectual ocean toward which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain (applause)—that man who has added more to the intelligence of the world than any other who ever lived—that man, whose creations will live as long as man has imagination, and who has given more happiness upon the stage and more instruction than has flown from all the pulpits of this earth (applause)—that man is in Hell, too. (Laughter.) And Harriet Martineau, who did as much for English liberty as any man, brave and free—she is there. "George Eliot," the greatest woman the English-speaking people ever produced (applause)—she is with the rest. And this is called "Tidings of Great Joy." (Laughter.)

Who are in Heaven? (Laughter.) How could there be much of a Heaven without the men I have mentioned—the great men that have endeavored to make the world grander—such men as Voltaire, such men as Diderot, such men as the Encyclopedists, such men as Hume, such men as Bruno, such men as Thomas Paine? (Loud applause.) If Christianity is true, that man who spent his life in breaking chains is now wearing the chains of God; that man who wished to break down the prison walls of tyranny is now in the prison of the most merciful Christ. (Applause.) It will not do. I can hardly express to you to-day my contempt for such a doctrine; and if it be true, I make my choice to-day, and I prefer Hell. (Applause.)

Who is in Heaven? John Calvin! (Laughter.) John Knox! (Laughter.) Jonathan Edwards! Torquemada—the builders of dungeons, the men who have obstructed the march of the human race. These are the men who are in Heaven; and who else? Those who never had brain enough to harbor a doubt. (Laughter and cheers.) And they ask me: "How can you be wicked enough to attack the Christian religion?" (Laughter and applause.)

"Oh," but they say, "God will never forgive you if you attack the orthodox religion." Now, when I read the history of this world, and when I think of the experience of my fellow-men, when I think of the millions living in poverty and when I know that in the very air we breathe and in the sunlight that visits our homes there lurks

an assassin ready to take our lives, and even when we believe we are in the fullness of health and joy, they are undermining us with the contagion—when I know that we are surrounded by all these evils, and when I think of what man has suffered, I do not wonder if God can forgive man, but I often ask myself, "Can man forgive God?" (Great applause.)

There is another thing. Some of these ministers have talked about me, and have made it their business to say unpleasant things. Among others the Rev. Mr. Talmage of Brooklyn—a man of not much imagination, but of most excellent judgment—charges that I am a "blasphemer." A frightful charge! Terrible, if true!

What is blasphemy? It is a sin, as I understand, against God. Is God infinite? He is, so they say; He is infinite; absolutely conditionless. Can I injure the conditionless? No. Can I sin against anything that I cannot injure? No. That is a perfectly plain proposition. I can injure my fellow-man, because he is a conditioned being, and I can help to change those conditions. He must have air; he must have food; he must have clothing; he must have shelter; but God is conditionless, and I cannot by any possibility affect Him. Consequently I cannot sin against Him. But I can sin against my fellowman, so that I ought to be a thousand times more fearful of doing injustice than of uttering blasphemy. (Applause.) There is no blasphemy but injustice, and there is no worship except the practice of justice. (Applause.) It is a thousand times more important that we should love our fellowmen than that we should love God. It is better to love wife and children than to love Jesus Christ. He is dead; they are alive. (Applause.) I can make their lives happy and fill all their hours with the fullness of joy. (Applause.) That is my religion; and the holiest temple ever erected beneath the stars is the home; the holiest altar is the fireside. (Applause.)

What is this blasphemy? First, it is a geographical question. (Laughter and applause.) There was a time when it was blasphemy in Jerusalem to say that Christ was God. In this country it is now blasphemy to say that He was not. It is blasphemy in Constantinople to deny that Mahomet was the prophet of God; it is blasphemy here to say that he was. It is a geographical question; you cannot tell whether it is blasphemy or not without looking at the map. (Laughter and cheers.) What is blasphemy? It is what the mistake says about the fact. (Laughter.) It is what the last year's leaf says about this year's bud. It is the last cry of the defeated priest. (Laughter and applause.) Blasphemy is the little breastwork behind which hypocrisy hides; behind which mental impotency feels safe. (Applause.) There is no blasphemy but the avowal of thought, and he who speaks what he thinks blasphemes. (Loud applause.)

That I have had the hardihood—it doesn't take much—to attack the sacred Scriptures. I have simply given my opinion; and yet they tell me that that book is holy—that you can take rags, make pulp, put ink on it, bind it in leather, and make something holy. (Laughter.) The Catholics have a man for a Pope; the Protestants have a book. The Catholics have the best of it. (Laughter.) If they elect an idiot he will not live forever (great laughter), and it is impossible for us to get rid of the barbarisms in our book. (Laughter.) The Catholics said, "We will not let the common people read the Bible." That was right. (Laughter.) If it is necessary to believe it in order to get to Heaven no man should run the risk of reading it. (Laughter.) To allow a man to read the Bible on such conditions is to set a trap for his soul. The right way is never to open it, and when you get to the day of judgment, and they ask you if you believe it say, "Yes, I have never read it." (Roars of laughter.) The Protestant gives the book to a poor man and says, "Read it. You are at liberty to read it." "Well, suppose I don t believe it, when I get through?" "Then you will be damned." (Laughter.) No man should be allowed to read it on those conditions. And yet Protestants have done that infinitely cruel thing. If I thought it was necessary to believe it I would say never read another line in it but just believe it (laughter) and stick to it. (Renewed laughter.) And yet these people really think that there is something miraculous about that book. They regard it as a fetish—a kind of amulet—a something charmed, that will keep off evil spirits, or bad luck (laughter), stop bullets, and do a thousand handy things for the preservation of life. I heard a story upon that subject. You know that thousands of them are printed in the Sunday-school books. Here is one they don't print. (Laughter.) There was a poor man who had belonged to the church, but he got cold, and he rather neglected it, and he had bad luck in his business, and he went down and down and down until he hadn't a dollar—not a thing to eat; and his wife said to him, "John, this comes of your having abandoned the church. This comes of your having done away with family worship. Now, I beg you, let's go back" Well,

John said it wouldn't do any harm to try. So he took down the Bible, blew the dust off it, read a little from a chapter, and had family worship. As he was putting it up he opened it again, and there was a $10 bill between the leaves. He rushed out to the butcher's and bought meat, to the grocer's and bought tea and bread, and butter and eggs, and rushed back home and got them cooked, and the house was filled with the perfume of food; and he sat down at the table, tears in every eye and a smile on every face. She said, "What did I tell you?" Just then there was a knock on the door, and in came a constable who arrested him for passing a $10 counterfeit bill. (Long continued laughter.) They tell me that I ought not to attack the Bible—that I have misrepresented it, and among other things that I have said that, according to the Bible, the world was made of nothing. Well, what was it made of? They say God created everything. Consequently, there must have been nothing when He commenced. If He didn't make it of nothing what did He make it of? (Laughter.) Where there was nothing, He made something. Yes; out of what? I don't know. (Laughter.) This doctor of divinity, and I should think such a divinity would need a doctor (laughter), says that God made the universe out of His omnipotence. (Laughter.) Why not out of His omniscience, or His omnipresence? Omnipotence is not a raw material. It is the something to work raw material with. Omnipotence is simply all powerful, and what good would strength do with nothing? The weakest man ever born could lift as much nothing as God. (Laughter.) And he could do as much with it after he got it lifted. (Renewed laughter.) And yet a doctor of divinity tells me that this world was made of omnipotence. And right here let me say I find even in the mind of the clergyman the seeds of infidelity. He is trying to explain things. (Laughter.) That is a bad symptom. (Laughter.) The greater the miracle the greater the reward for believing it. God cannot afford to reward a man for believing anything reasonable. Why, even the Scribes and Pharisees would believe a reasonable thing. Do you suppose God is to crown you with eternal joy and give you a musical instrument for believing something where the evidence is clear? No, sir. The larger the miracle the more grace. And let me advise the ministers of Chicago and of this country, never to explain a miracle; it cannot be explained. (Laughter.) If you succeed in explaining it, the miracle is gone. If you fail you are gone. (Great laughter and applause.) My advice to the clergy is use assertion, just say "it is so," and the larger the miracle the greater the glory reaped by the eternal. And yet this man is trying to explain, pretending that He had some raw material of some kind on hand. And then I objected to the fact that He didn't make the sun until the fourth day, and that, consequently, the grass could not have grown—could not have thrown its mantle of green over the shoulders of the hill—and that the trees would not blossom and cast their shade upon the sod without some sunshine; and what does this man say? Why, that the rocks, when they crystallized, emitted light, even enough to raise a crop by. And he says "vegetation might have depended on the glare of volcanoes in the moon." (Laughter.) What do you think would be the fate of agriculture depending on "the glare of volcanoes in the moon?" (Laughter.) Then he says, "the aurora borealis." Why, you couldn't raise cucumbers by the aurora borealis. (Laughter.) And he says "liquid rivers of molten granite." I would like to have a farm on that stream. (Laughter.) He guesses everything of the kind except lightning-bugs and fox-fire. Now, think of that explanation in the last half of the nineteenth century by a minister. The truth is, the gentleman who wrote the account knew nothing of astronomy—knew as little as the modern preacher does (laughter—just about the same; and if they don't know more about the next world than they do about this, it is hardly worth while talking with them on the subject. There was a time, you know, when the minister was the educated man in the country, and when, if you wanted to know anything, you asked him. Now you do if you don't. (Laughter.) So I find this man expounding the flood, and he says it was not very wet. (Laughter.) He begins to doubt whether God had water enough to cover the whole earth. Why not stand by his book? He says that some of the animals got in there to keep out of the wet. (Laughter.) I believe that is the way the Democrats got to the polls last Tuesday. (Laughter and applause.)

Another divine says that God would have drowned them all, but it was purely for the sake of economy that He saved any of them. Just think of that! According to this Christian religion all the people in the world were totally depraved through the fall, and God found He could not do anything with them, so He drowned them. Now, if God wanted to get up a flood big enough to drown sin, why did He not get up a flood big enough to drown the snake? That was His mistake. (Laughter.) Now,

these people say that if Jonah had walked rapidly up and down the whale's belly he would have avoided the action of its gastric-juice. (Laughter and applause.) Imagine Jonah sitting in the whale's mouth, on the back of a molar-tooth; and yet this doctor of divinity would have us believe that the infinite God of the universe was sitting under his gourd and made the worm that was at the foot of Jonah's vine. Great business. (Laughter.)

David is said to have been a man after God's own heart, and if you will read the twenty-eighth chapter of Chronicles you will find that David died full of years and honors. So I find in the great book of prophecy, concerning Solomon, "He shall reign in peace and quietness, he shall be my son, and I shall be his father, and I will preserve his Kingdom." Was that true? (Applause.)

It won't do. But they say God couldn't do away with slavery suddenly, nor with polygamy all at once—that He had to do it gradually—that if He had told this man you mustn't have slaves, and one man that he must have one wife, and one wife that she must have one husband, He would have lost the control over them, notwithstanding all the miraculous power. Is it not wonderful that, when they did all these miracles, nobody paid any attention to them? (Laughter.) Isn't it wonderful that, in Egypt, when they performed these wonders —when the waters were turned into blood, when the people were smitten with disease and covered with horrible animals—isn't it wonderful that it had no influence on them? Do you know why all these miracles didn't affect the Egyptians? They were there at the time. Isn't it wonderful, too, that the Jews who had been brought from bondage —had followed a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night—who had been miraculously fed, and for whose benefit water had leaked from the rocks and followed them up and down through all their journeying —isn't it wonderful, when they had seen the earth open and their companions swallowed, when they had seen God Himself write, in robes of flames from Sinai's crags, when they had seen Him talking face to face with Moses—isn't it a little wonderful that He had no more influence over them? They were there at the time. (Applause.) And that is the reason they didn't mind it—they were there. (Laughter.) And yet, with all these miracles, this God could not prevent polygamy and slavery. Was there no room on the two tables of stone to put two more commandments? Better have written them on the back, then. (Laughter.) Better have left the others all off and put these two on. Man shall not enslave his brother, you shall not live on unpaid labor, and the one man shall have the one wife. (Applause.) If these two had been written and the other ten left off, it would have been a thousand times better for this world. (Applause.)

But, they say, God works gradually. No hurry about it. (Laughter.) He is not gradual about keeping Sunday, because, if he met a man picking up sticks, He killed him; but in other things He is gradual. Suppose we wanted now to break certain cannibals of eating missionaries (laughter) —wanted to stop them from eating them raw? Of course we would not tell them, in the first place, it was wrong. That would not do. We would induce them to cook them. That would be the first step toward civilization. (Laughter.) We would have them stew them. (Laughter.) We would not say it is wrong to eat missionary, but it is wrong to eat missionary raw. (Laughter.) Then, after they began stewing them, we would put in a little mutton—not enough to excite suspicion (laughter) but just a little, and so, day by day, we would put in a little more mutton and a little less missionary, until, in about what the Bible calls "the fullness of time," we would have clear mutton and no missionary. (Laughter.) That is God's way. (Renewed laughter.)

The next great charge against me is that I have disgraced my parents by expressing my honest thoughts. No man can disgrace his parents that way. I want my children to express their real opinions, whether they agree with mine or not. (Applause.) I want my children to find out more than I have found, and I would be gratified to have *them* discover the errors I have made. And if my father and mother are still alive I feel and know that I am pursuing a course of which they would approve. I am true to my manhood. (Applause.) But think of it! Suppose the father of Dr. Talmage had been a Methodist and his mother an infidel. Then what? Would he have to disgrace them both to be a Presbyterian? (Applause and laughter.) The disciples of Christ, according to this doctrine, disgraced their parents. The founder of every new religion, according to this doctrine, was a disgrace to his father and mother. Now there must have been a time when a Talmage was not a Presbyterian, and the one that left something else to join that church disgraced his father and mother. (Applause.) Why, if this doctrine be true, why do you send missionaries to other lands and ask those people to disgrace their parents? (Applause.) If this doctrine be true nobody

has religious liberty except foundlings (great laughter); and it should be written over every Foundling Hospital: "Home for Religious Liberty." (Laughter.) It won't do.

What is the next thing I have said? I have taken the ground, and I take it again to-day, that the Bible was only words of humiliation for woman. The Bible treats woman as the slave, the serf of man, and wherever that book is believed in thoroughly woman is a slave. (Applause.) It is the infidelity in the church that gives her what liberty she has to-day. (Applause.) Oh! but, says the gentleman, think of the heroines in the Bible. How could a book be opposed to woman which has pictured such heroines? Well, that is a good argument. Let's answer it. Who are the heroines? He tells us. The first is Esther. Who was she? Esther is a very peculiar book, and the story is about this: Ahasverus was a King. His wife's name was Vashti. She didn't please him. He divorced her, and advertised for another. (Laughter.) A gentleman by the name of Mordecai had a good looking niece, and he took her to market. Her name was Esther. I don't feel like reading the whole of the second chapter. It is sufficient to say she was selected. After a time there was a gentleman by the name of Haman who, I should think, was in the cabinet, according to the story. (Laughter.) And this man Mordecai began to put on considerable style (laughter) because his niece was the King's wife, and he would not bow, or he would not rise, or he would not meet this gentleman with marks of distinguished consideration, so he made up his mind to have him hung. Then they got out an order to kill the Jews, and this Esther went to see the King. In those days they believed in the Bismarckian style of Government—all power came from the King, not from the people; and if anybody went to see this King without an invitation, and he failed to hold out his sceptre to him, this person was killed just to preserve the dignity of the monarch. (Laughter.) When Esther arrived he held out the sceptre, and there upon she induced him to send out another order for the fellows who were to kill the Jews, and they killed 75,000 or 80,000 of them. And they came back and said, "Kill Haman and his ten sons," and they hung the family up. That is all there is to the story. (Laughter.) And yet this Esther is held up as a model of womanly grace and tenderness, and there is not a more infamous story in the literature of the world.

The next heroine is Ruth. I admit, that is a very pretty story. But Ruth was guilty of more things that would be deemed indiscreet than any girl in Brooklyn. That is all there is about Ruth. (Laughter.) The next heroine was Rebecca. Now what do you suppose was the matter with her? (Laughter.) She made a coat for her boy; that's all. (Laughter.) I have known a woman to make a whole suit! (Applause.) The next heroine was Abigail. She was the wife of Natal. King David had a few soldiers with him, and he called at the house of Natal, and he asked if he could not get food for his men. Abigail went down to give him something to eat, and she was very much struck with David. David evidently fancied her. Natal died within a week. I think he was poisoned. If that had happened in Chicago there would have been a Coroner's jury, and an inquest; but that is all there was to that. (Laughter and applause.)

The next is Dorcas. She was in the New Testament. She was real good to the ministers. Those ladies have always stood well with the church. (Laughter and applause.) She was real good to the poor. She died one day, and you never hear of her again. (Laughter and applause.)

Then there was that person that was raised from the dead. I would like to know from a person that had recently been raised from the dead, where he was when he was wanted, what he was traveling about, and what he was engaged in. (Laughter and applause.) I cannot imagine a more interesting person than one that has just been raised from the dead. Lazarus comes from the tomb, and I think sometimes that there must be a mistake about it, because when they come to die again thousands of people would say, "Why, he knows all about!" Would it not be noted? Would it not be noted if a man had two funerals? (Laughter.)

Now, then, there are all the heroines to show you how little they thought of women in that day. In the days of the Old Testament they did not even tell us when the mother of us all (Eve) died, nor where she is buried, nor anything about it. They do not even tell us where the mother of Christ sleeps, nor when she died. Never is she spoken of after the morning of the resurrection. He who descended from the cross went not to see her; and the son had no word for the broken-hearted mother. (Sensation.)

The story is not true. I believe Christ was a great and good man, but He had nothing about Him miraculous except the courage to tell what He thought about the religion of His day. (Applause.) The New Testament, in relating what occurred between Christ and His Mother, mentions

three instances; once, when they thought He had been lost in Jerusalem, when He said to them, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Next, at the marriage of Cana, when He said to the woman, "What have I to do with thee?"—words which He never said; and again from the cross, "Mother, behold Thy Son;" and to the Disciple, "Behold thy Mother!"

So of Mary Magdalene. In some respects there is no character in the New Testament that so appeals to us as loving Christ, first at the sepulchre—and yet when He meets her after the resurrection He had for her the comfort only of the chilling words, "Touch me not!" I don't believe it. (Applause.) There were thousands of heroic women then. There are heroic women now. Think of the women who cling to fallen and disgraced husbands day by day, until they reach the gutter, and who stoop down to lift them from that position, and raise them up to be men once more! (Applause.)

Every country is civilized in proportion as it honors women. There are women in England working in mines, deformed by labor, that would become wild beasts were it not for the love they bear for home. (Applause.) Can you find among the women of the New Testament any women that can equal the women born of Shakespeare's brain? You can find no woman like *Isabella*, where reason and purity blend into perfect truth; no woman like *Juliet*, where passion and purity meet like red and white within the bosom of a flower; no woman like *Imogen*, who said, "What is it to be false?" no woman like *Cordelia*, that would not show her wealth of love in hope of gain; nor like *Hermione*, who bore the cross of shame for years; nor like *Miranda*, who told her love as the flower exposes its bosom to the sun; nor like *Desdemona*, who was so pure that she could not suspect that another could suspect her of a crime. (Applause.)

And we are told that woman sinned first and man second; that man was made first and woman not till afterwards. The idea is that we could have gotten along without the woman well enough, but they never could have gotten along without us. I tell you that love is better than piety, love is better than all the ceremonial worship of the world, and it is better to love something than to believe anything on this globe. (Applause.) So this minister, seeking a mark to throw an arrow somewhere—trying to find some little place in the armor—charges me with having disparaged Queen Victoria. That you know is next to blasphemy. (Laughter.) Well, I never did anything of the kind—never said a word against her in my life, neither as wife, or mother, or Queen—never doubted but that she is a good woman enough, and I have always admitted that her reputation was good in the neighborhood where she resides. (Laughter.) I never had any other opinion. All I said in the world was—I was endeavoring to show that we are now to have an aristocracy of brain and heart—that is all—and I said, speaking of Louis Napoleon, he was not satisfied with simply being an Emperor and having a little crown on his head, but wanted to show that he had something in his head, so he wrote the life of Julius Caesar, and that made him a member of the French Academy; and speaking of King William, upon whose head is the divine petroleum of authority, I asked how he would like to exchange brains with Heckel, the philosopher. Then I went over to England, and said, "Queen Victoria wears the garment of power given her by blind fortune, by eyeless chance; 'George Eliot' is arrayed in robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius." Thereupon I am charged with disparaging a woman. And this priest, in order to get even with me, digs open the grave of "George Eliot" and endeavors to stain her unresisting dust. He calls her an adulteress—the vilest word in the language of men, and he does it because she hated the Presbyterian creed, because she, according to his definition, was an atheist, because she lived without faith and died without fear, because she grandly bore the taunts and slanders of the Christian world. "George Eliot" carried tenderly in her heart the faults and frailties of her race. She saw the highway of eternal right through all the winding paths, where folly vainly stalks with thorn-pierced hands, the fading flowers of selfish joy; and whatever you may think or I may think of the one mistake in all her sad and loving life, I know and feel that in the court where her conscience sat as judge she stood acquitted pure as light and stainless as a star. (Applause.) "George Eliot" has joined the choir invisible whose music is the gladness of this world, and her wondrous lines, her touching poems, will be read hundreds of years after every sermon in which a priest has sought to stain her name shall have vanished utterly from human speech. (Applause.) How appropriate here, with some slight change, the words of Laertes at Ophelia's grave:

Lay her in the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring;

I tell thee, priest and minister,
A ministering angel shall this woman be
When thou liest howling. (Applause.)

I have no words with which to express my loathing hatred and condemn the man who will stain a noble woman's grave. (Applause.)

The next argument in favor of the "sacred Scriptures" is the argument of numbers; and this minister congratulates himself that the infidels could not carry a precinct, or a county, or a State in the United States. Well, I tell you, they can come proportionately near it—just in proportion that that part of the country is educated. (Applause.) The whole world doesn't move together in one life. There has to be some man to take a step forward and the people follow; and when they get where that man was, some other Titan has taken another step, and you can see him there on the great mountain of progress. That is why the world moves. There must be pioneers, and if nobody is right except he who is with the majority, then we must turn and walk toward the setting sun. He says "We will settle this by suffrage." The Christian religion was submitted to a popular vote in Jerusalem, and what was the result? "Crucify Him!" (Applause.) An infamous result, showing that you can't depend on the vote of barbarians. (Applause and laughter.) But I am told that there are 300,000,000 of Christians in the world. Well, what of it? There are more Buddhists. And they say, what a number of Bibles are printed!—more Bibles than any other book. Does this prove anything? True, because more of them. Suppose you should find published in the New York *Herald* something about you, and you should go to the editor and tell him: "That is a lie," and he should say, "That can't be; the *Herald* has the largest circulation of any paper in the world." (Laughter.) Three hundred millions of Christians, and here are the nations that prove the truth of Christianity: Russia 80,000,000 of Christians. I am willing to admit it (laughter); a country without freedom of speech, without freedom of press—a country in which every mouth is a bastile and every tongue a prisoner for life (applause)—a country in which assassins are the best men in it. (Applause.) They call that Christian. Girls sixteen years of age for having spoken in favor of human liberty are now working in Siberian mines. That is a Christian country. Only a little while ago a man shot at the Emperor twice. The Emperor was protected by his armor. The man was convicted, and they asked him if he wished religious consolation. "No." "Do you believe in a God?" "No; if there was a God there would be no Russia." Sixteen millions of Christians in Spain—Spain that never touched a shore except as a robber—Spain that took the gold and silver of the New World and used it as an engine of oppression in the Old—a country in which cruelty was worship, in which murder was prayer—a country where flourished the inquisition—I admit Spain is a Christian country. (Applause.) If you don't believe it I do. Read the history of Holland, read the history of South America, read the history of Mexico—a chapter of cruelty beyond the power of language to express. I admit that Spain is orthodox. (Laughter.) If you will go there you will find the man who robs you and asks God to forgive you—a country where infidelity hasn't made much headway, but, thank God, where there are such men as Castelar and others, who begin to see that one schoolhouse is equal to three cathedrals and one teacher worth all the priests. (Applause.) Italy is another Christian nation, with 28,000,000 of Chistians. In Italy lives the only authorized agent of God, the Pope. (Laughter.) For hundreds of years Italy was the beggar of the earth, and held out both hands. Gold and silver flowed from every land into her palms, and she became covered with nunneries, monasteries, and the pilgrims of the world.

Italy was sacred dust. Her soil was a perpetual blessing, her sky was an eternal smile. Italy was guilty not simply of the death of the Catholic Church, but Italy was dead and buried and would have been in her grave still had it not been for Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour (applause), when the prophecy of Garibaldi shall be fulfilled, when the priests, with spades in their hands, shall dig ditches to drain the Pontine marshes, when the monasteries shall be factories, when the whirling wheels of industry shall drown the drowsy and hypocritical prayers, then, and not till then, will Italy be great and free. (Applause.) Italy is the only instance in our history and in the history of the world, so far as we know, of the resurrection of a nation. She is the first fruits of them that sleep. (Applause.) Portugal is another Christian country. She made her living in the slave trade for centuries. I admit that all the blessings that that country enjoyed flowed naturally from Catholicism, and we believe in the same Scriptures. If you don't believe it, read the history of the prosecution of the Jewish people. I admit that Germany is a Christian nation; that is, Christians are in

power. When the bill was introduced for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the Jews, Bismarck spoke against it, and said, "Germany is a Christian nation, and therefore we cannot pass the bill." Austria is another Christian nation. If you don't believe it, read the history of Hungary, and, if you still have doubts, read the history of the partition of Poland. But there is one good thing in that country. They believe in education, and education is the enemy of ecclesiasticism. (Applause.) Every thoroughly educated man is his own church, and his own Pope, and his own priest. (Applause.) They tell me that the United States—our country—is Christian. I deny it. (Applause.) It is neither Christian nor pagan; it is human. (Applause.) Our fathers retired all the gods from politics. (Laughter and applause.) Our fathers laid down the doctrine that the right to govern comes from the consent of the governed, and not from the clouds. (Applause.) Our fathers knew that if they put an infinite God in the Constitution there would be no room left for the people. (Laughter and applause.) Our fathers used the language of Lincoln, and they made a Government for the people by the people. (Applause.) This is not a Christian country. Some gentleman said, "How about Delaware?" I told him there was a man in Washington some twenty or thirty years ago who came there and said he was a Revolutionary soldier and wanted a pension. He was so bent and bowed over that the wind blew his shoestrings into his eyes. They asked him how old he was, and he said 50 years. "Why, good man, you can't get a pension because the war was over before you were born. You mustn't fool us." "Well," said he, "I'll tell you the truth: I lived sixty years in Delaware, but I never count it, and hope God won't." (Laughter.) And these Christian nations which have been brought forward as the witnesses of the truth of the Scriptures owe $25,000,000,000. which represents Christian war, Christian cannon, Christian shot and Christian shell. The sum is so great that the imagination is dazed in its contemplation. That is the result of loving your neighbor as yourself. (Laughter.)

The next great argument brought forward by these gentlemen is the prosecution of the Jews. We are told in the nineteenth century that God has the Jews prosecuted simply for the purpose of establishing the authenticity of the Scriptures, and every Jewish home burned in Russia throws light on the Gospel (laughter), and every violated Jewish maiden is another evidence that God still takes an interest in the Holy Scriptures. (Laughter.) That is their doctrine. They are "fulfilling prophecy." The Christian grasps the Jew, strips him, robs him, makes him an outcast, and then points to him as a fulfillment of prophecy; and we are to-day laying the foundation of future prosecution—we are teaching our children the monstrous falsehood that Jews crucified God and the nation consented.

They crucified a good man. What nation has not? What race has not? Think of the number killed by the Presbyterians; by the Catholics. Every sect, with maybe two or three exceptions, have crucified their fellows, and every race has burned its greatest and its best. And yet we are filling the minds of children with hatred of the Jewish people. It is a poor business. Ah! but they say, "These people are cursed by God." I say they never had any good fortune until the Jehovah of the Bible deserted them. (Applause.) Whenever they have had a reasonable chance they have been the most prosperous people in the world. I never saw one begging. I never saw one in the criminal dock. For hundreds of years they were not allowed to own any land, for hundreds of years they were not allowed to work at any trade, they were driven simply to dealing in money and in precious stones, and things of that character, and, by a kind of poetic justice, they have to-day the control of the money of the world. (Applause.) I am glad to see that Kings and Emperors go to the offices of the Jews with their hats in their hands, to have their notes discounted. (Applause.) And yet I am told by clergymen that all this infamy has been kept up simply to establish the truth of the Gospel. I despise such doctrine. (Applause.) As long as the liberty of one Jew is unsafe, my liberty is not secure. (Applause.) Liberty for all, and not until then will the liberty of any be assured. Ah; but says this man, "Nobody ever died cheerfully for a lie. The Jewish people have suffered prosecution for 1,600 years, and they have suffered it cheerfully." If this doctrine is true, then Judaism must be true and Christianity must be false. But martyrdom doesn't prove the truth if the martyr knows it. It simply proves the barbarity of his prosecutions, and has no sincerity. That is all it proves. But you must remember that this gentleman who believes in this doctrine is a Presbyterian, and why should a Presbyterian object? After a few hundred years of burning he expects to enjoy the eternal auto-da-fé of hell—an auto-da-fé that will be presided over by

God and His angels, and they will be expected to applaud. He is a Presbyterian; and what is that? It is the worst religion of this earth. (Applause.) I admit that thousands and millions of Presbyterians are good people, no man ever being half so bad as his creed. (Applause.) I am not attacking them. I am attacking their creed. I am attacking what this religion calls "Tidings of great joy." (Laughter.) And, according to that, hundreds of billions and billions of years ago our face was irrevocably and forever fixed, and God, in the secret councils of his own inscrutable will, made up His mind whom He would save and whom He would damn. When thinking of that God I always think of the mistake of a Methodist preacher during the war. He commenced the prayer—and never did one more appropriate for the Presbyterian God or the Methodist go up—"O, Thou great and unscruptuous God." (Great laughter.) This Presbyterian believes that, billions of years before that baby in the cradle—that little dimple child, basking in the light of a mother's smile—was born, God had made up His mind to damn it; and when Talmage looks at one of those children who will probably be damned he is cheerful about it; he enjoys it. That is Presbyterianism—that God made man and damned him for His own glory. If there is such a God I hate Him with every drop of my blood (applause); and if there is a Heaven it must be where He is not. (Applause.) Now think of that doctrine! Only a little while ago there was a ship from Liverpool out eighty days with its rudder washed away; for ten days nothing to eat—nothing but the bare decks and hunger; and the Captain took a revolver in his hand and put it to his brain and said: "Some of us must die for the others. And it might as well be I." One of his companions grasped the pistol and said: "Captain, wait; wait one day more. We can live another day." And the next morning the horizon was rich with a sail, and they were saved. And yet if Presbyterianism is true, if that man had put the bullet through his infinitely generous brain so that his comrades could have eaten of his flesh and reached their homes and felt about their necks the dimpled arms of children and the kisses of wives upon their lips—if Presbyterianism be true, God had a constable ready there to clutch that soul and thrust it down to eternal hell. (Applause.) Tidings of great joy. (Laughter.) And yet this is religion. Why, if that doctrine be true, every soldier in the Revolutionary War who died not a Christian has been damned; every one in the War of 1812 who kept our flag upon the sea, if he died not a Christian has been damned; and every one in the Civil War who fought to keep our flag in Heaven, not a Christian, and the ones who died in Andersonville and Libby, not Christians, are now in the prison of God, where the famine of Andersonville and Libby would be regarded as a joy. Orthodox Christianity! Why, we have an account in the Bible—it comes from the other world—from both countries—from Heaven and from Hell—let us see what it is. Here is a rich man who dies. The only fault about him was, he was rich; no other crime was charged against him. We are told that the rich man died, and when he lifted up his eyes he found no sympathy, yet even in Hell he remembered his five brethren, and prayed that some one should be sent to them so that they should not come there. I tell you I had rather be in hell with human sympathy than in Heaven without it. (Applause.)

The Bible is not inspired, and ministers know nothing about another world. They don't know. I am satisfied there is no world of eternal pain. If there is a world of joy, so much the better. I have never put out the faintest star of human hope that ever trembled in the night of life. (Applause.) There was a time when I was not; after that I was; now I am. (Laughter.) And it is just as probable that I will live again as it was that I could have lived before I did. (Laughter and applause.) Let it go. Ah! but what will life be? The world will be here. Men and women will be here. The page of history will be open. The walls of the world will be adorned with art, the niches with sculpture; music will be here, and all there is of life and joy. And there will be homes here, and the fireside, and there will be a common hope without a common fear. Love will be here, and love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. Love was the first to dream of immortality. Love is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the child; it sheds its radiance upon the peaceful tomb. Love is the mother of beauty—the mother of melody, for music is its voice. Love is the builder of every hope, the kindler of every fire on every hearth. Love is the enchanter, the magician that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal Kings and Queens out of common clay. Love is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart. Without that divine passion, without that divine sway, we are less than beasts, and with it earth is heaven and we are gods. (Great applause.)

What Must We Do to Be Saved?

Ingersoll Replies to the Criticisms of Drs. Lorimer and Thomas and Other Preachers—Pronounces the Old Testament Infinitely Worse Than the New—Chicago Tribune, Nov. 27, 1882.

Col. Ingersoll filled McVicker's Theater again yesterday afternoon, when he answered the question, "What Must We Do to Be Saved?" But before doing so he replied to the recent criticisms of city clergymen on his "Talmagian Theology." He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Wherever I lecture, as a rule, some ministers think it their duty to reply for the purpose of showing either that I am unfair, or that I am blasphemous, or that I laugh. And laughing has always been considered by theologians as a crime. (Laughter.) Ministers have always said that you will have no respect for our ideas unless you are solemn. Solemnity is a condition precedent to believing anything without evidence. (Laughter.) And if you can only get a man solemn enough, awed enough, he will believe anything.

In this city the Rev. Dr. Thomas has made a few remarks, and I may say by way of preface that I have always held him in the highest esteem. He struggles, according to his statement, with the problem of my sincerity, and he about half concludes that I am not sincere. There is a little of the minister left in Dr. Thomas. (Laughter.) Ministers always account for a difference of opinion by attacking the motive. Now, to him, it makes no difference whether I am sincere or insincere; the question is, can my argument be answered? Suppose you could prove that the maker of the multiplication table held mathematics in contempt? What of it? Ten times ten would be a hundred still. (Laughter and applause.) My sincerity has nothing to do with the force of the argument—not the slightest. But this gentleman begins to suspect that I am doing what I do for the sake of applause. What a commentary on the Christian religion! That after they have been preaching it for 1,600 or 1,800 years, a man attacks it for the sake of popularity (applause)—a man attacks it for the purpose of winning applause; when I commenced to speak upon this subject, there was no appreciable applause; most of my fellow-citizens differed with me; and I was denounced as though I had been a wild beast. But I have lived to see the majority of the men and women of intellect in the United States on my side (applause); and I have lived to see the church deny her creed. I have lived to see ministers apologize in public for what they preached; and a great and glorious work is going on until, in a little while, you will not find one of them, unless it is some old petrifaction of the red-stone period (laughter), who will admit that he ever believed in the Trinity, in the Atonement, or in the doctrine of Eternal Agony. (Applause.) The religion preached in the pulpits does not satisfy the intellect of America, and if Dr. Thomas wishes to know why people go to hear infidelity it is this: Because they are not satisfied with the orthodox Christianity of the day. (Applause.) That is the reason. They are beginning to hold it in contempt.

But this gentleman imagines that I am insincere because I attacked certain doctrines of the Bible. I attacked the doctrine of eternal pain. I hold it in infinite and utter abhorrence. And if there is a God in this universe who made a hell; if there be a God in this universe who denies to any human being the right of reformation, then that God is not good (applause), that God is not just, and the future of man is infinitely dark. I despise that doctrine, and I have done what little I could to get that horror from the cradle, that horror from the hearts of mothers, that horror from the hearts of husbands and fathers, and sons, and brothers, and sisters. It is a doctrine

that turns to ashes all the humanities of life and all the homes of mankind. (Applause.) I despise it.

And the gentleman also charges that I am wanting in reverence. I admit here to-day that I have no reverence for a falsehood (applause), I don't care how old it is (laughter), and I don't care who told it (renewed laughter), whether the men were inspired or not. (Laughter.) I have no reverence for what I believe to be false, and in determining what is false I go by my reason. (Applause.) And whenever another man gives me an argument I examine it. If it is good, I follow it. If it is bad I throw it away. I have no reverence for any book that upholds human slavery. (Applause.) I despise such a book. I have no reverence for any book that upholds or palliates the infamous institution of polygamy. (Applause.) I have no reverence for any book that tells a husband to kill his wife if she differs with him upon the subject of religion. I have no reverence for any book that defends wars of conquest and extermination. I have no reverence for a God that orders His legions to slay the old and helpless, and to whet the edge of the sword with the blood of mother and babes. I have no reverence for such a book; neither have I any reverence for the author of that book. (Applause.) No matter whether he be God or man, I have no reverence. I have no reverence for the miracles of the Bible. I have no reverence for the story that God allowed bears to tear children to pieces. I have no reverence for the miraculous, but I have reverence for the truth, for justice, for charity, for humanity, for intellectual liberty and for human progress. (Applause.) I have the right to do my own thinking. I am going to do it. (Applause.) I have never met any minister that I thought had brain enough to think for himself and for me too. (Applause.) I do my own. I have no reverence for barbarism, no matter how ancient it may be, and no reverence for the savagery of the Old Testament; no reverence for the malice of the New. And let me tell you here to-night that the Old Testament is a thousand times better than the New. The Old Testament threatened no vengeance beyond the grave. God was satisfied when His enemy was dead. It was reserved for the Old Testament—it was reserved for universal benevolence—to rend the veil between time and eternity and fix the horified gaze of man upon the abyss of hell. The New Testament is just as much worse than the Old as hell is worse than sleep. (Applause.) And yet it is the fashion to say that the Old Testament is bad and that the New Testament is good. I have no reverence for any book that teaches a doctrine contrary to my reason; no reverence for any book that teaches a doctrine contrary to my heart; and, no matter how old it is, no matter how many have believed it, no matter how many have died on account of it, no matter how many live for it, I have no reverence for that book, and I am glad of it. (Applause.)

Dr. Thomas seems to think that I should approach these things with infinite care, that I should not attack slavery, polygamy, or religious persecution, but that I should "mildly suggest"—mildly—should not hurt anybody's feelings. When I go to church the ministers tell me I am going to hell. When I meet one I tell him "There is no hell," and he says: "What do you want to hurt our feelings for?" (Applause and laughter.) He wishes me to mildly suggest that the sun and moon didn't stop, that maybe the bears only frightened the children, and that, after all, Lot's wife was only scared. (Laughter.) Why, there was a minister in this City of Chicago who imagined that his congregation were progressive, and, in his pulpit, he said that he didn't believe the story of Lot's wife—said that he didn't think any sensible man would believe that a woman was changed into salt; and they tried him, and the congregation thought he was entirely too fresh. (Great laughter.) And finally he went before that church and admitted that he was mistaken (laughter), and owned up to the chloride of sodium, and said, "I not only take the Bible *cum greno salis*, but with a whole barrelful." (Laughter.) My doctrine is, if you don't believe a thing say so; no need of going away around the bush and suggesting maybe, perhaps, possibly, peradventure. That is the ministerial way, but I don't like it.

I am also charged with making an onslaught upon the good as well as the bad. I say here to-day that never in my life have I said one word against honesty, one word against liberty, one word against charity, one word against any institution that is good. I attack the bad, not the good, and I would like to have some minister point out in some lecture or speech that I have delivered one word against the good, against the highest happiness of the human race. I have said all I was able to say in favor of justice, in favor of liberty, in favor of home, in favor of wife and children, in favor of progress, and in favor of universal kindness; but not one word in favor of the bad, and I never expect to.

Dr. Thomas also attacks my statement that the brain thinks in spite of us.

Doesn't it? Can any man tell what he is going to think to-morrow? (Laughter.) You see, hear, taste, you feel, you smell—these are the avenues by which Nature approaches the brain. The consequence to this is thought, and you cannot by any possibility help thinking. Neither can you determine what you will think. The impressions are made independently of your will. "But," says this reverend doctor, "whence comes this conception of space?" I can tell him. There is such a thing as matter. We conceive that that matter occupies room, space—and, in our minds, space is simply the opposite of matter. And it comes naturally—not supernaturally. Does the gentleman contend there had to be a revelation of God for us to conceive of a place where there is nothing? We know there is something. We can think of the opposite of something, and therefore we say space. "But," says this gentleman, "where do we get the idea of good and bad?" I can tell him; no trouble about that. Every man has the capacity to enjoy and the capacity to suffer—every man. Whenever a man enjoys himself he calls that good; whenever he suffers he calls that bad. The animals that are useful to him he calls good; the poisonous, the hurtful, he calls bad. The vegetables that he can eat and use he calls good; those that are of no use except to choke the growth of the good ones he calls bad. When the sun shines, when everything in nature is out that ministers to him, he says "This is good"; when the storm comes and blows down his hut, when the frost comes and lays down his crop, he says, "This is bad." And all phenomena that effect men well he calls good; all that effect him ill he calls bad. Now then, the foundation of the idea of right and wrong is the effect in nature that we are capable of enjoying or capable of suffering. That is the foundation of conscience; and if man could not suffer, if man could not enjoy, he never would have dreamed of the word conscience, and the words right and wrong never could have passed human lips. (Applause.) There are no supernatural fields. We get our ideas from experience—some of them from our forefathers, many from experience. A man works—food doesn't come of itself. A man works to raise it, and, after he has worked in the sun and heat, do you think it is necessary that he should have a revelation from Heaven before he thinks that he has a better right to it than the man who didn't work? (Applause and laughter.) And yet, according to these gentlemen, we never would have known it was wrong to steal had not the Ten Commandments been given from Mount Sinai. You go into a savage country where they never heard of the Bible, and let a man hunt all day for game and finally get one little bird, and the hungry man that staid at home endeavors to take it from him, and you would see whether he would need a direct revelation from God in order to make up his mind who had the better right to that bird. (Applause and laughter.) Our ideas of right and wrong are born of our surroundings, and, if a man will think for a moment, he will see it.

But they deny that the mind thinks in spite of us. I heard a story of a man who said, "No man can think of one thing a minute; he will think of something else." Well, there was a little Methodist preacher. He said he could think of a thing a minute—that he could say the Lord's Prayer and never think of another thing. "Well," said the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. There is the best road horse in the country. I will give you that horse if you will just say the Lord's Prayer and not think of another thing." And the little fellow shut up his eyes. "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done—I suppose you will throw in the saddle and bridle?" (Great laughter and applause.)

I have always insisted, and I shall always insist, until I find some fact in Nature correcting the statement, that Nature sows the seeds of thought—that every brain is a kind of field where seeds are sown, and that some are very poor, and some are very barren, and some are very rich. That is my opinion.

Again he asked: "If one is not responsible for his thought, why is anyone blamed for thinking as he does?" It is not a question of blame; it is a question of who is right—a question of who is wrong. Admit that every one thinks exactly as he must, that does not show that his thought is right; that doesn't show that his thought is the highest thought. Admit that every piece of land in the world produces what it must; that doesn't prove that the land covered with barren rocks and a little moss is just as good as the land covered with wheat or corn; neither does it prove that the land had any choice as to what it would produce. I hold men responsible not for their thoughts; I hold men responsible for their actions. And I have said a thousand times: Physical liberty is this—the right to do anything that doesn't interfere with another—

in other words, to act right; and intellectual liberty is this—the right to think right, and the right to think wrong provided you do your best to think right. (Applause.) I have always said it, and I always expect to say it.

The reverend gentleman is also afflicted with the gradual theory. I believe in that theory. If you will leave out inspiration, if you will leave out the direct interference of an infinite God, the gradual theory is right. It is the theory of evolution. I admit that astronomy has been born of astrology, that chemistry came from the black art; and I also contend that religion will be lost in science. (Applause.) I believe in evolution. I believe in the budding of the seed, the shining of the sun, the dropping of the rain; I believe in the spreading and the growing; and that is as true in every other department of the world as it is in vegetation. I believe it; but that doesn't account for the Bible doctrine. We are told we have a book absolutely inspired, and it will not do to say God gradually grows. If He is infinite now, He knows as much as he ever will. If He has been always infinite He knew as much at the time He wrote the Bible as He knows today; and, consequently, whatever He said then must be as true now as it was then. You see they mix up a little bit of philosophy with religion—a little bit of science with the shreds and patches of the supernatural. Hear this. I said in my lecture the other day that all the clergymen in the world could not get one drop of rain out of the sky. I insist on it. All the prayers on earth cannot produce one drop of rain. I also said that all the clergymen of the world could not save one human life. (Applause.) They tried it last year. They tried it in the United States. The Christian world upon its knees implored God to save one life, and the man died. (Applause.) The man died! Had the man recovered the whole church would have claimed that it was in answer to prayer. The man having died, what does the church say now? What is the answer to this? The Rev. Dr. Thomas says: "There is prayer and there is rain." Good. Can he, that is himself, or any one else say there is no possible relation between one and the other? I do. Let us put it in another way. There is rain, and there is infidelity (applause); can any one say there is no possible relation between the two? (Laughter and applause.) How does Dr. Thomas know that he is not indebted to me for this year's crops? (Laughter.) And yet this gentleman really throws out the idea that there is some possible relation between prayer and rain, between rain and health; and he tells us that he would have died twenty-five years ago had it not been for prayer. I doubt it. (Laughter.)

Prayer is not a medicine. (Laughter.) Life depends upon certain facts—not upon prayer. All the prayers in the world cannot take the place of the circulation of the blood. All the prayers in the world is no substitute for digestion. (Laughter.) All the prayers in the world cannot take the place of food; and whenever a man lives by prayer you will find that he eats considerable besides. (Laughter and applause.) It won't do. (Laughter.)

Again. This reverend doctor says: "Shall we say that all the love of the unseen world——" how does he know there is any love in the unseen world? "and the love of God——" how does he know there is any love in God? "heed not the cries and tears of earth."

I do not know; but let the gentleman read the history of religious persecution. Let him read the history of those who were put in dungeons, of those who lifted their chained hands to God and mingled prayer with the clank of fetters; men that were in the dungeons simply for loving this God, simply for worshiping this God? And what did God do? Nothing. The chains remained upon the limbs of his worshipers. They remained in the dungeons built by theology, by malice, and hatred, and what did God do? Nothing. Thousands of men were taken from their homes, fagots were piled around their bodies; they were consumed to ashes; and what did God do? Nothing. The sword of extermination was unsheathed, hundreds and thousands of men, women and children perished. Women lifted their hands to God and implored Him to protect their children, their daughters; and what did God do? Nothing. Whole races were enslaved, and the cruel lash was put upon the naked back of toil. What did God do? Nothing. Children were sold from the arms of mothers. All the sweet humanities of life were trodden beneath the brutal foot of creed; and what did the God do? Nothing. Human beings, his children, were tracked through swamps by bloodhounds; and what did the God do? Nothing. Wild storms sweep over the earth and the shipwrecked go down in the billows; and what does the God do? Nothing. There come plague, and pestilence, and famine. What does the God do? Thousands and thousands perish, little children die upon the withered breasts of mothers; and what does the God do? Nothing.

What evidence has Dr. Thomas that the cries and tears of man have ever touched the heart of God? (Applause.) Let us be honest. I appeal to the history of the world; I appeal to the tears, and blood, and agony, and imprisonment, and death of hundreds and millions of the bravest and best. (Applause.) Have they ever touched the heart of the Infinite? Has the hand of help ever been reached from Heaven? I don't know, but I don't believe it.

Dr. Thomas tells me that orthodox Christianity—what right has he to tell what is orthodox Christianity? (Laughter.) He is a heretic. (Applause and laughter.) He had too much brain to remain in the Methodist pulpit. (Applause.) He had a doubt, and a doubt is born of an idea. And his doctrine has been declared by his own church to be orthodox. They have passed on his case and they have found him unconstitutional. (Laughter and applause.) What right has he to state what is orthodox? (Laughter.) And here is what he says: "Christianity"—orthodox Christianity I suppose he means—"teaches, concerning the future world, that rewards and punishments are carried over from time to eternity; that the principles of the government of God are the same there as here; that character, and not profession determines destiny; and that Humboldt, and Dickens, and all others who have gone and shall go to that world shall receive their just rewards; that souls will always be in the place in which for the time, be it now or a million years hence, they are fitted. That is what Christianity teaches."

If it does, I have never another word to say against Christianity. (Applause.) It never has taught it. Christianity—orthodox Christianity—teaches that when you draw your last breath you have lost the last opportunity for reformation. Christianity teaches that this little world is the eternal line between time and eternity, and if you do not get religion in this life you will be eternally damned in the next. That is Christianity. (Applause.) They say, "Now is the accepted time." If you put it off until you die that is too late; and the doctrine of the Christian world is that there is no opportunity for reformation in another world. The doctrine of orthodox Christianity is that you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ here in this life, and it will not do to believe on Him here, and that if you fail here, God in His infinite mercy will never give you another chance. (Laughter.) This is orthodox Christianity; and according to orthodox Christianity the greatest, the best and the sublimest of the world are now in hell. And why is it that they say it is not orthodox Christianity? I have made them ashamed of their doctrine. (Applause.) When I called to their attention the fact that such men as Darwin, such men as Emerson, Dickens, Longfellow, La Place, Shakespeare and Humboldt were in hell, it struck them all at once that the company in Heaven would not be very interesting with such men left out. (Laughter and applause.)

And now they begin to say: "We think the Lord will give those men another chance." (Laughter.) I have succeeded in my mission beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have made orthodox ministers deny their creeds; I have made them ashamed of their doctrine—and that is glory enough. (Applause.) They will let me in a few years after I am dead. (Applause and laughter.)

I admit that the doctrine that God will treat us as we treat others—I admit that as taught by Matthew, Mark and Luke; but it is not taught by the Orthodox Church. I want that understood. (Laughter.) I admit also that Dr. Thomas is not orthodox, and that he was driven out of the church because he thought God too good to damn men forever without giving them the slightest chance. Why, the Catholic Church is a thousand times better than your Protestant Church upon that question. The Catholic Church believes in Purgatory—that is a place were a fellow can get a chance to make a motion for a new trial. (Great laughter and applause.)

Dr. Thomas, all I ask of you is to tell all that you think. Tell your congregation whether you believe the Bible was written by divine inspiration. Have the courage and the grandeur to tell your people whether in your judgment God ever upheld slavery. Do not shrink. Do not shrink. Tell your people whether God ever upheld polygamy. Do not shrink. Tell them whether God was ever in favor of religious persecutions. Stand right to it. Then tell your people whether you honestly believe that a good man can suffer for a bad one and the bad one get the credit. Be honor bright. Tell what you really think and there will not be as much difference between you and myself as you imagine. (Applause and laughter.)

The next gentleman, I believe is the Rev. Dr. Lorimer. He comes to the rescue, and I have an idea of his mental capacity from the fact that he is a Baptist. He believes that the infinite God has a choice as to the manner in which a man or a babe shall be dampened. (Laughter.) This

gentleman regards modern infidelity as pitifully shallow as to its intellectual conceptions and as to its philosophical views of the universe and of the problem regarding man's place in it and of his destiny. Pitifully shallow!

What is the modern conception of the universe? The modern conception of it is that the universe always has been and forever will be. The modern conception of the universe is that it embraces within its infinite arms, all matter, all spirit, all forms of force, all that is, all that has been, all that can be. That is the modern conception of this universe. And that is called pitiful!

What is the Christian conception? It is that all the matter in the universe is dead, inert, and that back of it is a Jewish Jehovah who made it, and who is now engaged in managing the affairs of this world. And they even go so far as to say that that Being made experiments in which He signally failed. That Being made man and woman and put them in a garden and allowed them to become totally depraved. That Being of infinite wisdom made hundreds and millions of people when He knew He would have to drown them. That Being peopled a planet like this with men, women and children, knowing that He would have to consign most of them to eternal fire. That is a pitiful conception of the universe. That is an infamous conception of the universe. Give me rather the conceptions of Spinoza, the conception of Humboldt, of Darwin, of Huxley, of Tyndall, and of every other man who has taught. I love to think of the whole universe together as one eternal fact. I love to think that everything is alive: that crystallization itself is a step toward joy. I love to think that when a bud bursts into blossom it feels a thrill. I love to have the universe full of feeling and full of joy, and not full of simple dead, inert matter, managed by an old bachelor for all eternity. (Laughter and applause.)

Another thing to which this gentleman objects is that I propose to banish such awful thoughts as the mystery of our origin and our relations to the present and to the possible future from human thought. I never said so. Never. I have said, "One world at a time. Why? Do not make yourself miserable about another. Why? Because I don't know anything about it, and it may be good. So don't worry. That is all. You don't know where you are going to land. It may be the happy port of Heaven. Wait until you get there. It will be time enough to make trouble then." That is what I have said. I have said that the golden bridge of life rested upon the mist, sprang this arch and touched the shadow. I do not know. I admit it. Life is a shadowy, strange, and winding road, on which we travel for a few short steps, just a little way from the cradle with the lullaby of love to the low and quiet wayside inn where all at last must sleep, and where the only salutation is "Good-night!"

Whether there is a good-morning I don't know, but I am willing to wait. (Applause.)

Let us think these high and splendid thoughts. Let us build palaces for the future, but do not let us spend time making dungeons for men who happen to differ from us. I am willing to take the conception of Humboldt and Darwin, of Hæckel and Spinoza, and I am willing to compare their splendid conception with the doctrine embraced in the Baptist creed.

This gentleman has his ideas upon a variety of questions, and he tells me that, "No one has a right to say that Dickens, Longfellow and Darwin are castaways." Why not? They were no Christians. They did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. They did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. And, if orthodox religion be true, they are castaways. But he says:

"No one has the right to say that orthodoxy condemns to perdition any man who has struggled toward the right, and who has tried to bless the earth he is raised on."

That is what I say, but that is not what orthodoxy says. Orthodoxy says that the best man in the world, if he fails to believe in the existence of God, or in the divinity of Christ, will be eternally lost. Does it not say it? Is there an orthodox minister in this town now who will stand up and say that an honest atheist can be saved? He will not. Let any preacher say it and he will be tried for heresy. (Laughter.)

I will tell you what orthodoxy is. A man goes to the day of judgment, and they cross examine him (laughter), and they say to him:

"Did you believe the Bible?"

"No."

"Did you belong to the church?"

"No."

"Did you take care of your wife and children?"

"Yes."

"Pay your debts?"

"Yes."

"Love your country?"

"Yes."

"Love the whole world?"

"Yes."

"Never made anybody unhappy?"

"Not that I know of. If there is any man or woman that I have ever wronged, let them stand up and say so. That is the kind of man I am; but," said he, "I didn't believe the Bible, I didn't believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and to tell you the truth, I didn't believe in the existence of God. I find now I was mistaken; but that was my doctrine."

Now I want to know what, according to the orthodox church, is done with that man? He is sent to Hell. That is their doctrine. Then the next fellow comes. He says:

"Where did you come from?" (Laughter.)

And he looks off kind of stiffy, with his head on one side, and he says:

"I came from the gallows. I was just hung." (Laughter.)

"What were you hung for?"

"Murdering my wife. She wasn't a Christian either, and she has got left. (Laughter.) Just the day I got hung I was washed in the blood of the Lamb." (Laughter.)

That is Christianity. And they say to him:

"Come in! Let the band play!" (Laughter.)

That is orthodox Christianity. Every man that is hanged—there is a minister there, and the minister tells him he is all right. All he has to do is just to believe on the Lord.

Another objection this gentleman has and that is that I am scurrilous. Scurrilous! (Laughter.) And this gentleman, in order to show that he is not scurrilous, calls infidels "donkeys, serpents, buzzards." (Laughter.) That is simply to show that he is not scurrilous. (Laughter.)

Dr. Lorimer is also of the opinion that the mind thinks independently of the will; and I propose to prove by him that it does. He is the last man in the world to controvert that doctrine—the last man. In spite of himself his mind absorbed the sermon of another man (great laughter and applause) and he repeated it as his own. (Renewed laughter.) I am satisfied he is an honest man; consequently his mind acted independently of his will (applause and laughter), and he furnishes the strongest evidence in favor of my position that it is possible to conceive. (Laughter.) I am infinitely obliged to him for the testimony he has unconsciously offered. (Laughter.)

He also takes the ground that infidelity debases a man and renders him unfit for the discharge of the highest duties pertaining to life, and that we show the greatest shallowness when we endeavor to overthrow Calvinism. What is Calvinism? It is the doctrine that an infinite God made millions of people, knowing that they would be damned. I have answered that a thousand times. I answer it again. No God has a right to make a mistake, and then damn the mistake. (Laughter.) No God has a right to make a failure, and a man who is to be eternally damned is not a conspicuous success. (Laughter.) No God has a right to make an investment that will not finally pay a dividend.

The world is getting better, and the ministers, all your life and all mine, have been crying out from the pulpit that we are all going wrong, that immorality was stalking through the land, that crime was about to engulf the world, and yet, in spite of all their prophecies, the world has steadily grown better, and there is more justice, more charity, more kindness, more goodness, and more liberty in the world to-day than ever before. (Applause.) And there is more infidelity in the world to-day than ever before. (Applause.)

The lecturer then took up his subject, "What Must We Do to Be Saved?"—one which he has talked about in Chicago before—urging that belief in Christ was not essential, but that liberty, kindness, charity, love, good fellowship, good living, good clothes, art, music—everything that added to the joys of life—was the religion that men needed. Whatever we sowed we should reap; and if there was another life, every man, woman and child would have an opportunity of reformation. (Applause.)

Orthodoxy

Col. Ingersoll lectured at the Central Music Hall last evening on "Orthodoxy." There were 3,000 in the audience, every seat occupied and several hundred people standing up. He introduced himself, and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is utterly inconceivable that any man believing in the truth of the Christian religion could publicly deny it, because he who believes in that religion would believe that, by a public denial, he would peril the eternal salvation of his soul. It is conceivable, and without any great effort of the mind, that millions who don't believe in the Christian religion should openly say that they did. In a country where religion is supposed to be in power—where it has rewards for pretense, where it pays a premium upon hypocrisy, where it at least is willing to purchase silence—it is easily conceivable that millions pretend to believe what they do not. And yet I believe it has been charged against myself, not only that I was insincere, but that I took the side I am on for the sake of popularity; and the audience to-night goes far toward justifying the accusation. (Applause.)

It gives me an immense pleasure to say to this immense audience that orthodox religion is dying out of the civilized world. (Applause.) It is a sick man. (Laughter.) It has been attacked with two diseases—softening of the brain and ossification of the heart. (Laughter.) It is a religion that no longer satisfies the intelligence of this country; a religion that no longer satisfies the brain; a religion against which the heart of every civilized man and woman protests. It is a religion that gives hope only to a few; a religion that puts a shadow upon the cradle; a religion that wraps the coffin in darkness and fills the future of mankind with flame and fear. It is a religion that I am going to do what little I can while I live to destroy; and in its place I want humanity, I want good-fellowship, I want a brain, without a chain, I want a religion that every good heart will cheerfully applaud. (Applause.)

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of change. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old forever stands youth and joy; and, when an old religion dies a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood, a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destroy the more room there will be for the true. There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place. There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist is gone; the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth. There was a time when the soothsayer and augur flourished, and after them came the parson and the priest; and the parson and priest must go. (Applause.) The preacher must go, and in his place must come the teacher—that real interpreter of Nature. We are done with the supernatural. We are through with the miraculous and wonderful. There was once a prophet who pretended to read in the book of the future. His place has been taken by the philosopher, who reasons from cause to effect—a man who finds the facts by which he is surrounded and endeavors to reason from these premises, and to tell what in all probability will happen in the future. The prophet is gone, the philosopher is here. There was a time when man sought aid entirely from Heaven—when he prayed to the deaf sky. There was a time when the world depended upon the supernaturalist. That time in Christendom has passed. We now depend upon the naturalist—not upon the disciple of faith, but upon the discoverer of facts—upon the demonstrator of truth. At last we are beginning

to build upon a solid foundation, and just as we progress the supernatural must die.

Religion of the supernatural kind will fade from this world, and in its place we will have reason. In the place of the worship of something we know not of, will be the religion of mutual love and assistance —the religion of reciprocity. Superstition must go. Science will remain. (Applause.) The church, however, dies a little hard. (Laughter.) The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases the same as diseases of the body. Intellectual mumps and measles still afflict mankind. (Laughter.) Whenever the new comes, the old protests, and the old fights for its place as long as it has a particle of power. And we are now having the same warfare between superstition and science that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotive. (Laughter.) But the stage-coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. (Laughter.) In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific, with the last Indian aboard. (Laughter.) So we find that there is the same conflict between the different sects and the different schools, not only of philosophy, but of medicine. Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of Nature. Words die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and the child-word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets too old, and wrinkled, and expressionless, and is carried mournfully to the grave, and that is the end of it. So in the schools of medicine. You can remember, so can I, when the old Allopathists reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man, they let out his blood. (Laughter.) Called to the bed-side, they took him to the edge of eternity with medicine, and then practiced all their art to bring him back to life. (Laughter.) One can hardly imagine how perfect a constitution it took a few years ago to stand the assault of a doctor. (Laughter.) And long after it was found to be a mistake hundreds and thousands of the old physicians clung to it, carried around with them, in one pocket, a bottle of jalap, and in the other a rusty lancet, sorry that they couldn't find some patient idiotic enough to allow the experiment to be made again.

So these schools, and these theories, and these religions die hard. What else can they do? Like the paintings of the old masters, they are kept alive because so much money has been invested in them. (Laughter.) Think of the amount of money that has been invested in superstition! Think of the schools that have been founded for the more general diffusion of useless knowledge! (Laughter.) Think of the colleges wherein men are taught that it is dangerous to think, and that they must never use their brains except in an act of faith. Think of the millions and billions of dollars that have been expended in churches, in temples, and in cathedrals! Think of the thousands and thousands of men who depend for their living upon the ignorance of mankind! (Laughter and applause.) Think of those who grow rich on credulity and who fatten on faith! (Renewed laughter and applause.) Do you suppose they are going to die without a struggle? (Laughter.) They will die if they don't struggle. (Laughter.) What are they to do? From the bottom of my heart I sympathize with the poor clergyman that has had all his common sense educated out of him, and is now to be thrown upon the cold and uncharitable world. His prayers are not answered; he gets no help from on high, and the pews are beginning to criticize the pulpit. What is the man to do? If he suddenly change he is gone. (Laughter.) If he preaches what he really believes he will get notice to quit. (Laughter.) And yet if he and the congregation would come together and be perfectly honest, they would all admit they didn't believe anything of it. (Laughter and applause.)

Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were riding together from a revival in a carriage late at night, and one said to the other, as they rode along. "I am going to say something that will shock you, and I beg you never to tell it to anybody else. I am going to tell it to you." "Well, what is it?" Says she: "I don't believe in the Bible." The other replied: "Neither do I." (Laughter and applause.) I have often thought how splendid it would be if the ministers could but come together and say: "Now let us be honest. Let us tell each other, honor bright—like Dr. Currie did in the meeting here the other day (applause) let us tell just what we believe." (Applause.) They tell a story that in the old time a lot of people, about twenty, were in Texas in a little hotel, and one fellow got up before the fire, put his hands behind him, and says he: "Boys, let us all tell our

real names." (Great laughter and applause.) If the ministers and their congregations would only tell their real thoughts they would find that they are nearly as bad as I am (laughter and applause), and that they believe just about as little. (Applause.)

Now, I have been talking a great deal about the orthodox religion; and, after having delivered a lecture, I would meet some good, religious person, and he would say to me: "You don't tell it as we believe it." "Well, but I tell it as you have it written in your creed." "Oh, well," he says, "we don't mind that any more." "Well, why don't you change it?" "Oh, well," he says, "we understand it." Possibly the creed is in the best possible condition for them now. There is a tacit understanding that they don't believe it. There is a tacit understanding that they have got some way to get around it, that they read between the lines; and if they should meet now to form a creed, they might fail to agree; and the creed is now so that they can say as they please, except in public. Whenever they do so in public, the church, in self-defense, must try them; and I believe in trying every minister that doesn't preach the doctrine as he agrees to. I have not the slightest sympathy with a Presbyterian preacher who endeavors to preach infidelity from his pulpit and receive Presbyterian money. (Applause and laughter.) When he changes his views, he should step down and out like a man, and say: "I don't believe your doctrine, and I will not preach it. You must hire some bigger fool than I am." (Laughter.)

But I find that I get the creed very nearly right. To-day there was put into my hands the new Congregational creed. I have just read it, and I thought I would call your attention to it to-night, to find whether the church has made any advance; to find whether it has been affected by the light of science; to find whether the sun of knowledge has risen in the heavens in vain; whether they are still the children of intellectual darkness; whether they still consider it necessary for you to believe something that you by no possibility can understand, in order to be a winged angel forever. Now, let us see what their creed is. I will read a little of it. They commence by saying that they "believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven, and of earth, and of all things visible and invisible." I am perfectly willing that He should make the invisible, if they want Him to. (Laughter.) They say, now, that there is this one personal God, that He is the maker of the universe and its ruler. I again ask the old question: of what did He make it? If matter has not existed through eternity, then this God made it. Of what did He make it? What did He use for the purpose? There was nothing in the universe except this God. What had the God been doing for the eternity He had been living? He had made nothing—called nothing into existence; never had had an idea, because it is impossible to have an idea unless there is something to excite an idea. What had He been doing? Why doesn't the Congregational Church tell us? How do they know about this Infinite Being? And if He is infinite, how can they comprehend Him? What good is it to believe something that you don't understand—that you never can understand? In the old creed they described this God as a being without body and parts or passions. Think of that! Something without body and parts or passions. I defy any man in the world to write a letter descriptive of nothing. (Laughter and applause.) You cannot conceive of a finer word-painting of a vacuum than a something without body and parts or passions. And yet this God, without passions, is angry at the wicked every day; this God, without passions, is a jealous God, whose anger burneth to the lowest hell. This God, without passions, loves the whole human race, and this God, without passions, damns a large majority of the same. (Laughter and applause.) So, too, He is the ruler of the world, and I find here that we find His providence in the government of the nations. What nations? What evidence can you find, if you are absolutely honest and not frightened, in the history of nations, that this universe is presided over by an infinitely wise and good God? How do you account for Russia? How do you account for Siberia? How do you account for the fact that whole races of men toiled beneath the master's lash for ages without recompense and without reward? How do you account for the fact that babes were sold from the arms of mothers—arms that had been reached toward God in supplication? How do you account for it? How do you account for the existence of martyrs? How do you account for the fact that this God allows people to be burned simply for loving Him? How do you account for the fact that justice doesn't always triumph? How do you account for the fact that innocence is not a perfect shield? How do you account for the fact that the world has been filled with pain, and grief, and tears? How do you account for the fact that people have been swallowed by volcanoes, swept from the earth by storms, dying of famine, if there is

above us a Ruler who is infinitely good and infinitely powerful? (Applause.)

I don't say there is none. I don't know. As I have said before, this is the only planet I was ever on. (Laughter.) I live in one of the rural districts of the universe. (Laughter.) I know not about these things as much as the clergy. (Laughter.) And if they know no more about the other world than they do about this, it is not worth mentioning. (Laughter.) How do they answer all this? They say that God "permits it." What would you say to me, if I stood by and saw a ruffian beat out the brains of a child, when I had full and perfect power to prevent it? You would say truthfully that I was as bad as the murderer. That is what you would say. Is it possible for this God to prevent it? Then, if He doesn't, He is a fiend; He is not good. But they say He "permits it." What for? So we may have freedom of choice. What for? So that God may find, I suppose, who are good and who are bad. Didn't He know that when He made us? Did He not know exactly just what He was making? Why should He make those whom He knew would be criminals? If I should make a machine that would walk your streets and commit murder, you would hang me. (Laughter.) Why not? And if God made a man whom He knew would commit murder, then God is guilty of that murder. (Applause.) If God made a man, knowing he would beat his wife, that he would starve his children, that he would strew on either side of his path of life the wrecks of ruined homes, then, I say, the being who called that wretch into existence is directly responsible. (Applause.) And yet we are to find the Providence of God in the history of nations. What little I have read, shows me that when man has been helped, man had to do it; when the chains of slavery have been broken, they have been broken by man; when something bad has been done in the government of mankind, it is easy to trace it to man, and to fix the responsibility upon human beings. You will not look to the sky; you need throw neither praise nor blame; you can find the efficient causes nearer home—right here. (Applause.)

What is the next thing I find in this creed? "We believe that man was made in the image of God, that he might know, love, and obey God, and enjoy Him forever." I don't believe that anybody ever did love God, because nobody ever knew anything about Him. We love each other. We love something that we know. We love something that our experience tells us is good and great, and good and beautiful. We cannot by any possibility love the unknown. We can love truth, because truth adds to human happiness. We can love justice, because it preserves human joy. We can love charity. We can love every form of goodness that we know or of which we can conceive, but we cannot love the infinitely unknown. And how can we be made in the image of something that has neither body nor parts nor passions? (Applause and laughter.) "That our first parents, by disobedience, fell under the condemnation of God, and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming power." Is there an intelligent man or woman now in the world who believes in the Garden of Eden story? If there is, strike here (tapping his forehead) and you will hear an echo. (Laughter and applause.) Something is for rent. Does any human being now believe that God made man of dust, and a woman of a rib, and put them in a garden, and put a tree in the middle of it? Wasn't there room outside of the garden to put His tree, if He didn't want people to eat His apple? (Laughter.)

If I didn't want a man to eat my fruit I would not put him in my orchard. (Laughter.)

Does anybody believe in the snake story? (Laughter.) I pity any man or woman who, in this nineteenth century, believes in that childish fable. Why did they disobey? Why, they were tempted. Who by? The devil. Who made the devil? (Laughter and applause.) What did he make him for? (Renewed laughter.) Why didn't He tell Adam and Eve about this fellow? (Laughter.) Why didn't He watch the devil, instead of watching Adam and Eve? (Laughter.) Instead of turning them out, why didn't He keep him from getting in? (Laughter.) Why didn't He have His flood first and drown the devil, before He made man and woman? (Laughter and applause.)

And yet people who call themselves intelligent—Professors in colleges and Presidents of venerable institutions—teach children, and young men who ought to be children, that the Garden of Eden story is an absolute, historical fact! Well, I guess it will not be long until that will fade from the imagination of men. I defy any man to think of a more childish thing. This God waiting around there (laughter)—knowing all the while what would happen—(laughter)—made them on purpose so it would happen; and then what does He do? Holds all of us responsible; and we

were not there. (Loud laughter.) Here is a representative before the constituency had been born. Before I am bound by a representative, I want a chance to vote for or against him (laughter); and if I had been there, and known all the circumstances, I should have voted against him. (Laughter and applause.) And yet, I am held responsible.

What did Adam do? I cannot see that it amounted to so much anyway. A god that can create something out of nothing ought not to have complained of the loss of an apple. (Laughter.) I can hardly have the patience to speak upon such a subject.

Now, that absurdity gave birth to another—that, while we could be rightfully charged with the rascality of somebody else, we could also be credited with the virtues of somebody else and the atonement is the absurdity which offsets the other absurdity of the fall of man. Let us leave them both out; it reads a great deal better with both of them out; it makes better sense. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, in consequence of that, everybody is alienated from God. How? Why? Oh, we are all depraved, you know; we all want to do wrong. Well, why? Is that because we are depraved? No. Why do we make so many mistakes? Because there is only one right way, and there is an almost infinite number of wrong ones; and as long as we are not perfect in our intellects we must make mistakes. There is no darkness but ignorance; and alienation, as they call it, from God, is simply a lack of intellect upon our part. Why were we not given better brains? That may account for the alienation. But the church teaches that every soul that finds its way to the shore of this world against God—naturally hates God; that the little dimpled child in the cradle is simply a shunk of depravity. (Laughter.) Everybody against God! It is a libel upon the human race; it is a libel upon all men who have worked for wife and child; libel upon all the wives who have suffered and labored, wept and worked, for children; it is a libel upon all the men who have died for their country; it is a libel upon all who have fought for human liberty; it is a libel upon the human race. (Applause.) Leave out the history of the church, and there is nothing in this world to prove the depravity of man left. (Applause.)

Everybody that comes is against God. Every soul, they think, is like the wrecked Irishman. He was wrecked in the sea and drifted to an unknown island, and as he climbed up the shore he saw a man, and said to him, "Have you a Government here?" The man said, "We have." "Well," said he, "I am agin it!" (Laughter and applause.) The Church teaches us that this is the attitude of every soul in the universe of God. Ought a god to take any credit to himself for making depraved people? A god that cannot make a soul that is not totally depraved, I respectfully suggest, should retire from the business. (Laughter and applause.) And if a god has made us, knowing that we would be totally depraved, why should we go to the same being for repairs? (Laughter and applause.)

What is the next? "That all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of his sin except through God's redeeming grace."

Reformation is not enough. If the man who steals becomes perfectly honest, that is not enough; if the man who hates his fellow-man changes and loves his fellow-man, that is not enough; he must go through the mysterious thing called the second birth; he must be born again. That is not enough unless he has faith; he must believe something that he does not understand. Reformation is not enough; there must be what they call conversion. I deny it. According to the church, nothing so excites the wrath of God—nothing so corrugates the brows of Jehovah with revenge—as a man relying on his own good works. (Laughter and applause.) He must admit that he ought to be damned, and that of the two he prefers it (laughter), before God will consent to save him. I saw a man the other day, and he said to me, "I am a Unitarian Universalist; that is what I am." Said I, "What do you mean by that?" "Well," said he, "here is what I mean: the Unitarian thinks he is too good to be damned, and the Universalist thinks God is too good to damn him, and I believe them both." (Laughter and applause.)

What is the next thing in this great creed?

> We believe that the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the records of God's revelation of Himself in the work of redemption; that they are written by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit; and that they constitute an authoritative standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged.

This is the creed of the Congregational Church; that is, it is the result of the high-joint commission appointed to draw up a creed for churches; and there we have the statement that the Bible was written "by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit." What part of the Bible? All of it; all of it; and yet

what is this Old Testament that was written by an infinitely good God? The being who wrote it did not know the shape of the world He had made. The being who wrote it knew nothing of human nature; He commands men to love Him, as if one could love upon command. The same God upheld the institution of human slavery; and the church says the Bible that upholds that institution was written by men under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Then I disagree with the Holy Ghost upon that institution. (Laughter and loud applause.)

The church tells us that men under the guidance of the Holy Ghost upheld the institution of polygamy—I deny it; that under the guidance of the Holy Ghost these men upheld wars of extermination and conquest—I deny it; that under the guidance of the Holy Ghost these men wrote that it *was* right for a man to destroy the life of his wife if she happened to differ with him on the subject of religion—I deny it. And yet that is the book now upheld in this creed of the Congregational Church. If the devil had written upon the subject of slavery, which side would he have taken? Let every minister answer, honor bright. If you knew the devil had written a little work on human slavery, in your judgment would he uphold slavery or denounce it? Would you regard it as an evidence that he ever wrote it if it upheld slavery? And yet, here you have a work upholding slavery, and you say that it was written by an infinitely good, wise and beneficent God! If the devil upheld polygamy would you be surprised? If the devil wanted to kill somebody for differing with him, would you be surprised? If the devil told a man to kill his wife, would you be astonished? And yet, you say, that is exactly what the God of us all did. If there be a God, then that creed is blasphemy. That creed is a libel upon Him who sits upon Heaven's throne. (Applause.) I want—if there be a God—I want Him to write in the book of His eternal remembrance that I denied these lies for Him. (Laughter and applause.)

I do not believe in a slave-holding God; I do not worship a polygamous Holy Ghost (laughter); I do not get upon my knees before any being who commands a husband to slay his wife because she expresses her honest thought. (Applause.)

Did it ever occur to you that if God wrote the Old Testament, and told the Jews to crucify or kill anybody that disagreed with them on religion, and that God afterwards took upon Himself flesh and came to Jerusalem, and taught a different religion, and the Jews killed Him—did it ever occur to you that He reaped exactly what He had sown? (Applause.) Did it ever occur to you that He fell a victim to His own tyranny, and was destroyed by His own law? Of course I do not believe that any God ever was the author of the Bible, or that any God was ever crucified, or that any God was ever killed or ever will be, but I want to ask you that question.

Take this Old Testament, then, with all its stories of murder and massacre; with all its foolish and cruel fables; with all its infamous doctrines; with its spirit of caste; with its spirit of hatred, and tell me whether it was written by a good God. Why, if you will read the maledictions and curses of that book, you would think that God, like Lear, had divided Heaven among his daughters, and then, in the insanity of despair, had launched his curses upon the human race. (Applause.)

And yet, I must say—I must admit—that the Old Testament is better than the New. In the Old Testament, when God got a man dead, He let him alone. (Laughter.) When He saw him quietly in his grave He was satisfied. (Laughter.) The muscles relaxed, and a smile broke over the Divine face. But in the New Testament the trouble commences just at death. (Laughter and applause.) In the New Testament God is to wreak His revenge forever and ever. It was reserved for one who said, "Love your enemies," to tear asunder the veil between time and eternity and fix the horrified gaze of men upon the gulfs of eternal fire. The New Testament is just as much worse than the Old, as hell is worse than sleep (laughter); just as much worse as infinite cruelty is worse than annihilation; and yet, the New Testament is pointed to as a Gospel of love and peace.

But "more of that hereafter," as the ministers say. (Laughter.)

We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the Kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, of righteousness and peace.

Well, that may have been the object of Jesus Christ. (Laughter.) I do not deny it. But what was the result? (Renewed laughter.) The Christian world has caused more war than all the rest of the world besides; all the cunning instruments of death have been devised by Christians; all the wonderful machinery by which the brains are blown out of a man, by which nations are conquered and subdued—all these machines have been born in Christian brains. And yet He came to bring peace, they say; but the Testament says otherwise: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword."

And the sword was brought. What are the Christian nations doing to-day in Europe? Is there a solitary Christian nation that will trust any other? (Laughter.) How many millions of Christians are in the uniform of everlasting forgiveness, loving their enemies? (Laughter.)

There was an old Spaniard upon the bed of death, and he sent for a priest, and the priest told him that he would have to forgive his enemies before he died. He says, "I have not any." "What; no enemies?" "Not one," said the dying man; "I killed the last one three weeks ago." (Laughter.)

How many millions of Christians are now armed and equipped to destroy their fellow-Christians? Who are the men in Europe crying out against war? Who wishes to have the nations disarmed? Is it the church? No; it is the men who do not believe in what they call this religion of peace. When there is a war, and when they make a few thousand widows and orphans, when they strew the plain with dead patriots, then Christians assemble in their churches and sing "Te Deum Laudamus" to God. Why? Because He has enabled a few of His children to kill some others of His children. (Laughter and applause.) This is the religion of peace—the religion that invented the Krupp gun, that will hurl a bullet weighing 2,000 pounds through twenty-four inches of solid steel. This is the religion of peace, that covers the sea with men-of-war, clad in mail, all in the name of universal forgiveness. (Laughter.)

What effect had this religion upon the nations of the earth? What have the nations been fighting about? What was the Thirty Year's War in Europe for? What was the war in Holland for? Why was it that England persecutes Ireland even unto this day? At the bottom of every one of these conflicts you will find a religious question. (Applause.) The religion of Jesus Christ, as preached by His church, causes war, bloodshed, hatred and all uncharitableness; and why? Because they say a certain belief is necessary to salvation. They do not say, if you behave yourself pretty well you will get there; they do not say, if you pay your debts and love your wife, and love your children, and are good to your friends, and your neighbors, and your country, you will get there; that will do you no good; you have got to believe a certain thing. Oh, yes, no matter how bad you are, you can instantly be forgiven then; and no matter how good you are, if you fail to believe that, the moment you get to the day of judgment nothing is left but to damn you forever, and all the angels will shout "hallelujah." (Laughter and applause.)

What do they teach to-day? Every murderer goes to Heaven; there is only one step from the gallows to God; only one jerk between the halter and Heaven. (Laughter.) That is taught by this same church. I believe there ought to be a law to prevent the slightest religious consolation being given to any man who has been guilty of murder. Let a Catholic understand that if he imbrues his hands in his brother's blood, he can have no extreme unction (applause); let it be understood that he can have no forgiveness through the church; and let the Protestant understand that when he has committed that crime, the community will not pray him into Heaven. (Applause.) Let him go with his victim. The victim, you know, dying in his sins, goes to Hell, and the murderer has the happiness of seeing him there. (Laughter.) And if Heaven grows dull and monotonous, the murderer can again give life to the nerve of pleasure by watching the agony of his victim. I am opposed to that kind of forgiveness. (Laughter.) And yet that is the religion of universal peace to everybody. (Laughter.)

Now, what is the next thing that I wish to call your attention to?

"We believe in the ultimate prevalence of that Kingdom of Christ over all the earth."

What makes you? Do you judge from the manner in which you are getting along now? (Laughter.) How many people are being born a year? About fifty millions. How many are you converting a year; really, truthfully? Five or six thousand. (Laughter.) I think I have overestimated the number. (Laughter.) Is orthodox Christianity on the increase? No. There are a hundred times as many unbelievers in orthodox Christianity as there were ten years ago. (Applause.) What are you doing in the missionary world? How long is it since you converted a Chinaman? (Laughter.) A fine missionary religion, to send missionaries, with their Bibles and tracts to China, but if a Chinaman comes here, mob him, simply to show him the difference between the practical and theoretical workings of the Christian religion. (Laughter and applause.) How long since you have had a convert in India? In my judgment, never; there never has been an intelligent Hindoo converted from the time the first missionary put his foot upon that soil; and never, in my judgment, has an intelligent Chinaman been converted since the first missionary touched that shore. Where are they? We hear nothing of

them, except in the reports. (Laughter.) They get money from poor old ladies, trembling on the edge of the grave, and go and tell them stories how hungry the average Chinaman is for a copy of the New Testament (laughter), and paint the sad condition of a gentleman in the interior of Africa without the work of Dr. McCosh (laughter), longing for a copy of the Princeton *Review*. (Laughter.) In my judgment, it is a book that would suit a savage. (Laughter and applause.) Thus money is scared from the dying and frightened from the old and feeble. About how long is it before this kingdom is to be established?

What is the next thing here? They all also believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in their Confession of Faith hereto attacked. I find they also believe in the resurrection of the body. Does anybody believe that that has ever thought? (Laughter.) Here is a man, for instance, that weighs 200 pounds, and gets sick and dies weighing 120; how much will he weigh in the morning of the resurrection? (Laughter and loud applause.) Here is a cannibal, who eats another man; and we know that the atoms that you eat go into your body and become a part of you. After the cannibal has eaten the missionary, and appropriated his atoms to himself, and then he dies, who will the atoms belong to in the morning of the resurrection (laughter and applause) in an action of replevin brought by the missionary against the cannibal? (Renewed laughter.) It has been demonstrated again and again that there is no creation in Nature, and no destruction in Nature. It has been demonstrated again and again that the atoms that are in us have been in millions of other beings; grown in the forest, in the grass, blossomed in the flowers, been in the metals; in other words, there are atoms in each one of us that have been in millions of others, and when we die these atoms return to the earth, and again spring in vegetation, taken up in the leaves of the trees, turned into wood. And yet we have a church, in the nineteenth century, getting up this doctrine, presided over by professors, by presidents of colleges, and by theologians (laughter), who tell us that they believe in the resurrection of the body. (Laughter and applause.)

They know better. There is not one so ignorant but what knows better.

And what is the next thing? "And in a final judgment." It will be a set day. All of us will be there (laughter), and the thousands, and millions, and billions, and trillions, and quadrillions that have died will be there. It will be the day of judgment, and the books will be opened and our case will be called. (Applause and laughter.) Does anybody believe in that now that has got the slightest sense?—one who knows enough to "chew gum without a string?" (Applause and laughter.) "The issues of which are everlasting punishment for the wicked and everlasting life for the redeemed." That is the doctrine to-day of the Congregational Church, and that is the doctrine that I oppose. That is the doctrine that I defy and deny.

But I must hasten on. Now this comes to us after all the discussion that has been, and we are told that this religion is finally to conquer this world. This is the same religion that failed to successfully meet the hordes of Mohammed. Mohammed wrested from the disciples of the Cross the fairest part of Europe. It was known that he was an impostor. They knew he was because the people of Mecca said so, and they knew that Christ was not because the people of Jerusalem said he was. This impostor wrested from the disciples of Christ the fairest part of Europe, and that fact showed the seeds of distrust and infidelity in the minds of the Christian world. And the next was an effort to rescue from the infidels the empty sepulchre of Christ. That commenced in the eleventh century and ended in 1291. Europe was almost depopulated. For every man owed a debt, the debt was discharged if he put a cross upon his breast and joined the Crusades. No matter what crime he had committed the doors of the prison were open for him to join the Crusades. And what was the result? They believed that God would give them victory over the infidel, and they carried in front of the first Crusade a goat and a goose, believing that both those animals had been blessed by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And I may say that those same animals are in the lead to-day in the orthodox world. (Laughter and applause.) Until 1291 they endeavored to get that sepulchre, until finally the hosts of Christ were driven back baffled, beaten, and demoralized—a poor, miserable religious rabble. They were driven back, and that fact sowed the seeds of distrust in Christendom. You know at that time the world believed in trial by battle—that God would take the side of right—and there has been a trial by battle between the Cross and Mohammed, and Mohammed has been victorious. (Applause.)

Well, what was the next? You know when Christianity came into power it destroyed every statute it could lay its ignorant hands upon. It defaced and obliterated every painting; it destroyed every

beautiful building; it destroyed the manuscripts, both Greek and Latin; it destroyed all the history, all the poetry, all the philosophy it could find, and burned every library that it could reach with its torch. And the result was the night of the Middle Ages fell upon the human race. But by accident, by chance, by oversight, a few of the manuscripts escaped the fury of religious zeal; a few statues had been buried, and the result was, that these manuscripts became the seed, the fruit of which is our civilization of to-day. (Applause.) A few forms of beauty were dug from the earth that had protected them, and now the civilized world is filled with art, with painting, and with statuary, in spite of the rage of the early church.

What is the next blow that this church received? The discovery of America. That is the next. The Holy Ghost who inspired a man to write the Bible, did not know of the existence of this Continent, never dreamed of it; the result was that His Bible never spoke of it. He did not dream that the earth is round. He believed it was flat, although He made it Himself (applause and laughter), and at that time Heaven was just up there beyond the clouds. There was where the gods lived, there was where the angels were, and it was against that Heaven that Jacob's ladder was that the angels ascended and descended. It was to that Heaven that Christ ascended after His resurrection. It was up there where the New Jerusalem was, with its streets of gold, and under this earth was perdition; there was where the devils lived; there was where a pit was dug for all unbelievers, and for men who had brains (laughter and applause), and I say that for this reason: That just in proportion that you have brains, just in that proportion your chances for eternal joy are lessened according to this religion. And just in proportion that you lack brains, your chances in proportion are increased. (Applause.) They believe, under there that they discovered America. They found that the earth is round. It was circumnavigated by Magellan. In 1519 that brave man set sail. The church told him: "The earth is flat, my friend; don't go off." (Laughter.) "You will go off the edge." (Laughter.) Magellan said: "I have seen the shadow of the earth upon the moon, and I have more confidence in the shadow even than I have in the church." (Applause.) The ship went round. The earth was circumnavigated. Science passed its hand above it and beneath it, and where was the Heaven, and where was the Hell? Vanished forever! And they dwell now only in the religion of superstition. (Applause.) We found there was no place for Jacob's ladder to lean against; no place there for the gods and angels to live; no place there to empty the waters of the deluge; no place there to which Christ could have ascended; and the foundations of the new Jerusalem crumbled, and the towers and domes fell and became simple space—space sown with an infinite number of stars; not with new Jerusalems, but with constellations.

Then man began to grow great, and with that you know came astronomy. Now just see what they did in that. In 1473 Copernicus was born. In 1543 his great work. In 1616 the system of Copernicus was condemned by the Pope, by the infallible Catholic Church (applause), and the church is about as near right upon that subject as upon any other. (Laughter.) The system of Copernicus was denounced. And how long do you suppose the church fought that? Let me tell you. It was revoked by Pius VII, in the year of grace 1821. For 205 years after the death of Copernicus the church insisted that that system was false, and that the old idea was true. Astronomy is the first help that we ever received from Heaven. (Applause and laughter.) Then came Kepler in 1609, and you may almost date the birth of science from the night that Kepler discovered his first law. That was the dawn of the day of intelligence—his first law, that the planets do not move in circles; his second law, that they described equal spaces in equal times; his third law, that there was a direct relation between weight and velocity. That man gave us a key to Heaven. That man opened its infinite book, and we now read it, and he did more good than all the theologians that ever lived. (Applause.) I have not time to speak of the others—of Galileo, of Leonardo da Vinci, and of hundreds of others that I could mention.

The next thing that gave this church a blow was statistics. Away went special Providence. We found by taking statistics that we could tell the average length of human life; that this human life did not depend upon infinite caprice; that it depended upon conditions, circumstances, laws and facts, and that those conditions, circumstances and facts were ever active. And now you will see the man who depends entirely upon special Providence gets his life insured. (Laughter and applause.) He has more confidence even in one of these companies than he has in the whole Trinity. (Laughter and applause.) We found by statistics that there were just so many crimes on an average committed; just

so many crimes of one kind and so many of another; just so many suicides, so many deaths by drowning; just so many accidents on an average; just so many men marrying women, for instance, older than themselves; just so many murderers of a particular kind; just the same number of accidents; and I say to-night statistics utterly demolish the idea of special Providence. (Applause.) Only the other day a gentleman was telling me of a case of special Providence. He knew it. He had been the subject of it. Yes, sir! (Laughter.) A few years ago he was about to go on a ship when he was detained, he didn't go, and the ship was lost and all on board. Yes! I said, "Do you think the fellows that were drowned believed in special Providence?" (Laughter and applause.) Think of the infinite egotism of such a doctrine. Here is a man that fails to go upon a ship with 500 passengers, and they go down to the bottom of the sea—fathers, mothers, children and loving husbands and wives waiting upon the shores of expectation. Here is one poor little wretch that didn't happen to go! (Laughter.) And he thinks that God, the Infinite Being, interfered in his poor little withered behalf and let the rest all go. (Laughter and applause.) That is special Providence!

You know we have a custom every year of issuing a proclamation of thanksgiving. We say to God, "Although You have afflicted all the other countries, although You have sent war, and desolation, and famine on everybody else, we have been such good children that You have been kind to us, and we hope You will keep on." (Laughter.) It don't make a bit of difference whether we have good times or not—not a bit; the thanksgiving is always exactly the same. (Laughter.) I remember a few years ago a Governor of Iowa got out a proclamation of that kind. He went on to tell how thankful the people were, how prosperous the State had been; and there was a young fellow in that State who got out another proclamation saying: Fearing that the Lord might be misled by official correspondence (applause and laughter), he went on to say that the Governor's proclamation was entirely false; that the State was not prosperous; that the crops had been an almost entire failure; that nearly every farm in the State was mortgaged; that if the Lord did not believe him, all he asked was: He would send some angel in whom He had confidence to look the matter over for Himself. (Applause and laughter.)

Of course, I have not time to recount the enemies of the church. Every fact is an enemy of superstition. Every fact is a heretic. Every demonstration is an infidel. Everything that ever happened testified against the supernatural. I have only spoken of a few of the blows that shattered the shield and shivered the lance of superstition. Here is another one—the doctrine of Charles Darwin. (Applause.) This century will be called Darwin's century, one of the greatest men who ever touched this globe. (Applause.) He has explained more of the phenomena of life than all of the religious teachers. (Applause.) Write the name of Charles Darwin there (on the one hand) and the name of every theologian that ever lived there (on the other hand), and from that name has come more light to the world than from all those. (Applause.) His doctrine of evolution, his doctrine of the survival of the fittest, his doctrine of the origin of species, has removed in every thinking mind the last vestige of orthodox Christianity. He has not only stated, but he has demonstrated, that the inspired writer knew nothing of this world, nothing of the origin of man, nothing of geology, nothing of astronomy, nothing of nature; that the Bible is a book written by ignorance—by the instigation of fear! (Applause.) Think of the man who replied to him. Only a few years ago there was no parson too ignorant to successfully answer Charles Darwin; and the more ignorant he was the more cheerfully he undertook the task. (Applause and laughter.) He was held up to the ridicule, the scorn, and the contempt of the Christian world, and yet when he died England was proud to put his dust with that of her noblest and her grandest. (Applause.)

Charles Darwin conquered the intellectual world, and the doctrine of evolution is now an accepted fact. (Applause.) His light has broken in on some of the early clergy (laughter), and the greatest man who to-day occupies the pulpit is a believer in the evolution theory of Charles Darwin—and that is Henry Ward Beecher (applause)—a man of more brains than the entire clergy of that entire church put together. (Applause and laughter.) And yet we are told in this little creed that orthodox religion is about to conquer the world. (Laughter.) It will be driven to the wilds of Africa. It must go to some savage country; it has lost its hold upon civilization, and I tell you it is unfortunate to have a religion; it is unfortunate to have a religion that cannot be accepted by the intellect of a nation. It is unfortunate to have a religion against which every good and noble heart protests. Let us have a good one or more. O! my pity

has been excited by seeing these ministers endeavor to warp and twist the passage of Scripture to fit some demonstration in science.

These pious evasions! These solemn pretenses! When they are caught in one way they give a different meaning to the words and say the world was not made in seven days. They say "good whiles" (laughter) —epochs. And in this same confession here of faith and creeds they believe the Lord's day is holy—every seventh day. Suppose you lived near the North Pole where the day is three months long. (Laughter.) Then which day will you keep? (Laughter.) Suppose you could get to the North Pole, you could prevent Sunday from ever overtaking you. (Laughter.) You could walk around the other way faster than the world could revolve. (Laughter.) How would you keep Sunday then? Suppose we ever invent anything that can go 1,000 miles an hour? We can just chase Sunday clear around the globe. (Applause and laughter.) Is there anything that can be more perfectly absurd than that a space of time can be holy! You might as well talk about a pious vacuum. (Laughter.) These pious evasions I heard the other night of an old man. He was not very well educated, you know, and he got into the notion that he must have reading of the Bible and have family worship; and there was a bad boy in the family—a pretty smart boy—and they were reading the Bible by course, and in the fifteenth of Corinthians is this passage: "Behold, brethren, I show you a mystery, we shall not all die, but we shall be changed." And this boy rubbed out the "c" in the "changed." (Laughter.) So next night the old man got on his specs and got down his Bible and said: "Behold brethren, I show you a mystery, we shall not all die, but we shall be hanged." The old lady said, "Father, I don't think it reads that way." He says, "Who is reading this?" (Laughter and applause.) "Yes, mother, it says be hanged, and, more than that, I see the sense of it. Pride is the besetting sin of the human heart, and if there is anything calculated to take the pride out of a man it is hanging." (Laughter.)

I keep going back to this book; I keep going back to the miracles, to the prophecies, to the fables, and people ask me if I take away the Bible, what are we going to do? How can we get along without the revelation that no one understands? (Laughter.) What are we going to do if we have no Bible to quarrel about? What are we to do without Hell? What are we going to do with our enemies? What are we going to do with the people we love but don't like? They tell me that there never would have been any civilization if it had not been for this Bible. Um! (Laughter.) The Jews had a Bible; the Romans had not. Which had the greater and the grander government? Let us be honest? Which of those nations produced the greatest poets, the greatest soldiers, the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, the greatest sculptors? Rome had no Bible. God cared nothing for the Roman Empire. He let the men come up by chance. His time was taken up by the Jewish people. (Laughter.) And yet Rome conquered the world, and even conquered God's chosen people. The people that had the Bible were defeated by the people who had not. How was it possible for Lucretius to get along without the Bible? How did the great and glorious of that empire? And what shall we say of Greece? No Bible. Compare Athens with Jerusalem. From Athens comes the beauty and intellectual grace of the world. Compare the mythology of Greece with the mythology of Judea. One covering the earth with beauty, and the other filling Heaven with hatred and injustice. (Applause.) The Hindoos had no Bible; they had been forsaken by the Creator, and yet they became the greatest metaphysicians of the world. Egypt had no Bible. Compare even Egypt with Judea. What are we to do without the Bible? What became of the Jews who had no Bible; their temple was destroyed and their city was taken; and, as I said before, they never found real prosperity until their God deserted them. Do without the Bible? Now I come again to the New Testament. There are a few things in there, I give you my word, I cannot believe. (Laughter.) I cannot—I cannot believe in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ. I believe he was the son of Joseph and Mary; that Joseph and Mary had been duly and legally married; that he was the legitimate offspring of that marriage (applause), and nobody ever believed the contrary until he had been dead 150 years. (Applause.) Neither Matthew, Mark or Luke ever dreamed that he was of divine origin. He did not say to either Matthew, Mark or Luke, or to any one in their hearing that He was the Son of God, or that he was miraculously conceived. He did not say it. The angel Gabriel, who, they say, brought the news, never wrote a word upon the subject. His mother never wrote a word upon the suoject. His father never wrote a word upon the subject. We are lacking in the matter

of witnesses. (Laughter.) I would not believe it now! I cannot believe it then. I would not believe people I know, much less would I believe people I don't know. (Laughter.) I say that at that time Matthew, Mark and Luke believed that he was the son of Joseph and Mary. And why? They say he descended from the blood of David, and in order to show that he was of the blood of David they gave the genealogy of Joseph. And if Joseph was not his father, why not give the genealogy of Pontius Pilate or Herod. (Laughter and applause.) Could they, by giving the genealogy of Joseph, show that he was of the blood of David if Joseph was in no way related to David; and yet that is the position into which the Christian world is now driven. It says the son of Joseph, and then interpolated the words "as was supposed." (Laughter.) Why, then, do they give a supposed genealogy. It will not do. And that is a thing that cannot in any way, by any human testimony, be established; and if it is important for us to know that He was the Son of God, I say then that it devolves upon God to give us evidence. Let Him write it across the face of the heaven, in every language of mankind. If it is necessary for us to believe it, let it grow on every leaf next year. No man should be damned for not believing unless the evidence is overwhelming. (Applause.) And he ought not to be made to depend upon say-so. He should have it directly for himself. A man says God told him so and so, and he tells me, and I haven't any one's word but that fellow's. He may have been deceived. If God has a message for me He ought to tell it to me, and not somebody that has been dead 4,000 or 5,000 years, and in another language; God may have changed His mind on many things; He has on slavery at least, and polygamy; and yet His church now wants to go out here and destroy polygamy in Utah with a sword. Why don't they send missionaries there with copies of the Old Testament? (Applause and laughter.) By reading the lives of Abraham, and Isaac, and Lot, and a few other fellows that ought to have been in the penitentiary, they can soften their hearts. (Laughter.)

Now, there is another miracle I do not believe. I want to speak about it as we would about any ordinary transaction in the world. In the first place, I do not believe that any miracle was ever performed, and if there was, you can't prove it. Why? Because it is altogether more reasonable that the people lied about it than that it happened. And why? Because according to human experience we know that people will not always tell the truth, and we never saw a miracle, and we have got to be governed by our experience, and if we go by our experience, it is in favor that the thing never happened; that the man is mistaken. Now, I want you to remember it. Here is a man that comes into Jerusalem, and the first thing he does he cures the blind. He lets the light of day visit the darkness of blindness. The eyes are opened and the whole world is again pictured upon the brain. Another man is clothed with leprosy. He touches him, and the disease falls from him, and he stands pure, and clean, and whole. Another man is deformed, wrinkled, bent. He touches him and throws upon him again the garment of youth. A man is in his grave, and He says, "Come forth!" and he again walks in life, feeling his heart throb and beat, and his blood going joyously through his veins. They say that happened. I don't know. There is one wonderful thing about the dead people that were raised—we don't hear of them any more. (Laughter.) What became of them? Why, if there was a man in this town that had been raised from the dead, I would go to see him to-night. (Laughter.) I would say, "Where were you when you got the notice to come back? What kind of opening there for a young man? How did you like it?" (Laughter.) But nobody ever paid the slightest attention to them there. They didn't even excite interest when they died the second time. Nobody said, "Why, that man isn't afraid. He has been there." (Laughter.) Not a word. They pass away quietly. You see I don't believe it. There is something wrong somewhere about that business. (Laughter.) And then there is another trouble in my mind. Now, you know I may suffer eternal punishment for all this. (Laughter.)

Here is a man that does all these things, and thereupon they crucify Him. Now, then, let us be honest. Suppose a man came in to Chicago and he should meet a funeral procession, and he should say, "Who is dead?" and they should say, "The son of a widow; her only support," and he should say to the procession, "Halt!" And to the undertaker, "Take out that coffin, unscrew that lid." "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And the latter should step from the coffin and in one moment after hold his mother in his arms. Suppose he should go to your cemetery and should find some woman holding a little child in each hand, while the tears fell upon a new-made grave, and he should say to

her, "Who lies buried here?" and she should reply, "My husband," and he should say, "I say unto thee, oh grave, give up thy dead," and the husband should rise and in a moment after have his lips upon his wife's, and the little children with their arms around his neck. Suppose that it is so. Do you think that the people of Chicago would kill him? Do you think any one would wish to crucify him? Do you not rather believe that every one who had a loved one out in that cemetery would go to him even upon their knees and beg him and implore him to give back their dead? Do you believe that any man was ever crucified who was the master of death? Let me tell you to-night if there shall ever appear upon this earth the master, the monarch of death, all human knees will touch the earth; he will not be crucified, he will not be touched. All the living who fear death; all the living who have lost a loved one will stand and cling to him. And yet we are told that this worker of miracles, this worker of wonders, this man who could clothe the dead in the throbbing flesh of life, was crucified by the Jewish people. (Applause.) It was never dreamed that he did a miracle until 100 years after he was dead.

There is another miracle I do not believe, I cannot believe it, and that is the resurrection. And why? If it was the fact, if the dead got out of the grave, why did He not show himself to his enemies? Why did He not again visit Pontius Pilate? Why did He not call upon Caiaphas, the high priest? Why did He not make another triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Why did He not again enter the temple and dispute with the doctors? Why didn't He say to the multitude: "Here are the wounds in My feet, and in My hands, and in My side. I am the one you endeavored to kill, but Death is My slave." Why didn't He? Simply because the thing never happened. (Applause.) I cannot believe it. But recollect, it makes no difference with its teachings. They are exactly as good whether He wrought miracles or not. Twice two are four; that needs no miracle. Twice two are five—a miracle would not help that. Christ's teachings are worth their effect upon the human race. It makes no difference about miracle or about wonder, but you must remember in that day every one believed in miracles. Nobody had any standing as a teacher, a philosopher, a Governor, or a king, about whom there was not something miraculous. The earth was then covered with the sons and daughters of the gods and goddesses. That was believed in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in Hindostan; everybody, nearly, believed in such things.

Then there is another miracle that I can not believe in, and that is the ascension—the bodily ascension of Jesus Christ. Where was He going? Since the telescope has been pointed at the stars, where was He going? The New Jerusalem is not there. The abode of the gods is not there. Where was He going? Which way did He go? That depends upon the time of day that He left. (Laughter.) If He left in the night He went exactly the opposite way from what He would in the day. (Laughter.) Who saw this miracle? They say the disciples. Let us see what they say about it. Matthew did not think it was worth mentioning. He doesn't speak of it at all. On the contrary he says that the last words of Christ were: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." That is what he says. Mark, he saw it. "So, then, after the Lord had spoken unto them He was received up into Heaven and sat on the right hand of God." That is all he has to say about the most wonderful thing that ever blessed human vision—about a miracle great enough to have stuffed credulity to bursting; and yet we have one poor, little meager verse. So, then, after He had quit speaking, He was caught up and sat on the right hand of God. How does he know He was on the right hand? (Laughter.) Did he see Him after He had sat down? (Laughter.) Luke says: "And it came to pass while He blessed them He was parted from them and was carried up into Heaven." But John does not mention it. He gives as His last words this address to Peter: "Follow thou Me." Of course He did not say that as He ascended. (Laughter and applause.) In the Acts we have another account. A conversation is given not spoken of in any of the others, and we find there two men clad in white apparel, who said: "Men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus that was taken up into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go up into Heaven." Matthew didn't see that; Mark forgot it; Luke didn't think it was worth mentioning, and John didn't believe it (laughter), and yet upon that evidence we are led to believe that the most miraculous of all miracles actually occurred. I cannot believe it.

I may be mistaken; but the church is now trying to parry, and when they come to the little miracles of the New Testament all they say is: "Christ didn't cast out devils; these men had fits." (Laughter.) He cured fits. Then I read in another place about the fits talking. Christ held a dia-

logue with the fits and the fits told Him His name (laughter), and the fits at that time were in a crazy man. (Laughter.) And the fits made a contract that they would go out of the man provided they would be permitted to go into swine. (Laughter.) How can fits that attack a man take up a residence in swine? (Laughter.) The church must not give up the devil. He is the right bower. (Laughter.) No devil, no Hell; (laughter) no Hell, no preach; (laughter) no fire, no insurance. (Laughter and applause.) I read another miracle —that this devil took Christ and put him on the pinnacle of a temple. Was that fits, too? (Laughter.) Why is not the theological world honest? Why do they not come up and admit what they know the book means? They have not the courage.

Now, their next doctrine is the absolute necessity of belief. That depends upon this: Can a man believe as he wants to? Can you? Can anybody? Does belief depend at all upon the evidence? I think it does somewhat in some cases. (Laughter.) How is it that when a jury is sworn to try a case, hearing all the evidence, hearing both sides, hearing the charge of the judge, hearing the law, and upon their oaths, are equally divided, six for the plaintiff and six for the defendant? It is because evidence does not have the same effect upon all people. Why? Our brains are not alike—not the same shape; we have not the same intelligence or the same experience, the same sense. And yet I am held accountable for my belief. I must believe in the Trinity—three times one is one, once one is three (laughter)—and my soul is to be eternally damned for failing to guess an arithmetical conundrum. And that is the poison part of Christianity—that salvation depends upon belief—that is the poison part, and until that dogma is discarded religion will be nothing but superstition. No man can control his belief. If I hear certain evidence I will believe a certain thing. If I fail to hear it I may never believe it. If it is adapted to my mind I may accept it; if it is not, I reject it. And what am I to go by? My brain. That is the only light I have from Nature, and if there be a God, it is the only torch that this God has given me by which to find my way through the darkness and the night called life. (Applause.) I do not depend upon hearsay for that. I do not have to take the word of any other man nor get upon my knees before a book. Here, in the temple of the mind, I go and consult the God, that is to say, my reason, and the oracle speaks to me, and I obey the oracle. What should I obey? Another man's oracle? Shall I take another man's word and not what he thinks, but what God said to him?

I would not know a god if I should see one. (Laughter.) I have said before, and I say again, the brain thinks in spite of me, and I am not responsible for my thought. No more can I control the beating of my heart, the expansion and contraction of my lungs for a moment; no more can I stop the blood that flows through the rivers of the veins. And yet I am held responsible for my belief. Then why does not the God give me the evidence? They say He has. In what? In an inspired book. But I do not understand it as they do. Must I be false to my understanding? They say: "When you come to die you will be sorry you did not." Will I be sorry when I come to die that I did not live a hypocrite? Will I be sorry I did not say I was a Christian when I was not? Will the fact that I was honest put a thorn in the pillow of death? (Applause.) God cannot forgive me for that. They say when he was in Jerusalem, He forgave His murderers. Now He won't forgive an honest man for differing with Him on the subject of the Trinity. (Laughter.) They say that God says to me, "Forgive your enemies." I say, "All right, I do;" but he says, "I will damn mine." God should be consistent. If He wants me to forgive my enemies, He should forgive His. I am asked to forgive enemies who can hurt me. God is only asked to forgive enemies who cannot hurt Him. He certainly ought to be as generous as He asks us to be. And I want no God to forgive me unless I do forgive others. All I ask, if that be true, is that this God should live according to His own doctrine. If I am to forgive my enemies I ask Him to forgive His. That is justice that is right. Here are these millions to-day who say: "We are to be saved by belief, by faith; but what are we to believe?"

In St. Louis last Sunday I read an interview with a Christian minister—one who is now holding a revival. They call him the boy preacher—a name that he has borne for fifty years. (Laughter.) The question was whether in these revivals, when they were trying to rescue souls from eternal torture, they would allow colored people to occupy seats with white people (laughter), and that revivalist, preaching the unsearchable richness of Christ, said he would not allow the colored people to sit with white people; they must go to the back of the church. The same people go and sit right next to them in Heaven (laughter), swap harps with them (laughter), and yet this man, believing as he says he does, that if he did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ

he would eternally perish, was not willing that the colored man should sit by a white man while he heard the Gospel of everlasting peace. He was not willing that the colored man should get into the life-boat of Christ, although there was plenty of room; he would not let them get into the boat with white men, although those white men might be totally depraved, and if they had justice done them, according to his doctrine, would be eternally damned—and yet he has the impudence to put on airs, although he ought to be eternally damned, and go and sit by the colored man. His doctrine of religion, the color line, has not my respect. (Applause.) I believe in the religion of humanity, and it is far better to love our fellow-men than to love God, because we can help them, and we cannot help Him. (Laughter and applause.) You had better do what you can than to be always pretending to do what you cannot. (Applause.)

Now I come to the last part of the Bible—this creed—and that is, eternal punishment; and I have concluded; and I have said I will never deliver a lecture that I do not give the full benefit of its name. That part of the Congregational creed would disgrace the lowest savage that crouches and crawls in the jungles of Africa. The man who now, in the nineteenth century preaches the doctrine of eternal punishment, the doctrine of eternal hell, has lived in vain. Think of that doctrine! The eternity of punishment! Why, I find in that same creed that Christ is finally going to triumph in this world and establish His kingdom; but if their doctrine is true, He will never triumph in the other world. He will have billions in hell forever. In this world we never will be perfectly civilized as long as a gallows casts its shadow upon the earth. As long as there is a penitentiary, behind the walls of which a human being is immured, we are not a civilized people. We will never be perfectly civilized until we do away with crime and criminals. And yet, according to this Christian religion God is to have an eternal penitentiary; He is to be an everlasting jailor, an everlasting turnkey, a warden of an infinite dungeon, and He is going to keep prisoners there not for the purpose of reforming them—because they are never going to get any better, only getting worse (laughter)—just for the purpose of punishing them. And what for? For something they did in this world; born in ignorance, educated it may be in poverty, and yet responsible through the countless ages of eternity. No man can think of a greater horror; no man can think of a greater absurdity. For the growth of that doctrine ignorance was soil and fear was rain. (Applause.) That doctrine came from the fanged mouths of wild beasts, and yet it is the "glad tidings of great joy." (Laughter.)

"God so loved the world" he is going to damn most everybody, and, if this Christian religion be true, some of the greatest, and grandest, and best who ever lived upon this earth, are suffering its torments to-night. It don't appear to make much difference, however, with this church. They go right on enjoying themselves as well as ever. (Laughter.) If their doctrine is true, Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest and best of men, who did so much to give us here a free government, is suffering the tyranny of God to-night, while he endeavored to establish freedom among men. If the churches were honest, their preachers would tell their hearers, "Benjamin Franklin is in hell, and we warn any and all the youth not to imitate Benjamin Franklin. Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, with its self-evident truths, has been damned these many years." That is what all the ministers ought to have the courage to say. Talk as you believe. Stand by your creed or change it. I want to impress it upon your mind, because the thing I wish to do in this world is to put out the fires of hell. I want to keep at it just as long as there is one little coal red (laughter) in the bottomless pit. As long as the ashes are warm (laughter) I shall denounce this infamous doctrine. I want you to know that the men who founded this great and glorious Government are there. The most of the men who fought in the Revolutionary War and wrested from the clutch of Great Britain this continent have been rewarded by the eternal wrath of God. The old Revolutionary soldiers are in hell by the thousands. (Laughter.) Let the preachers have the courage to say so. The men who fought in 1812, and gave to the United States the freedom of the seas, nearly all of them have been damned since 1815—all that were killed. The greatest of heroes, they are there. The greatest of poets, the greatest scientists, the men who have made the world beautiful and grand, they are all, I tell you, among the damned, if this creed is true. Humboldt, who shed light, and who added to the intellectual wealth of mankind; Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing, who almost created the German language—all gone! All suffering the wrath of God to-night (laughter), and every time an angel thinks of one of those men he gives his harp an extra twang. (Laughter.) La Place, who read the heavens like an open book—he is there. Rob-

ert Burns, the poet of human love—he is there because he wrote the "Prayer of Holy Willie"; because he fastened upon the cross the Presbyterian creed, and made it a lingering crucifixion. And yet that man added to the tenderness of human heart. Dickens, who put a shield of pity before the flesh of childhood—God is getting even with him. (Laughter.) Our own Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he had a thousand opportunities to hear Methodist clergymen (laughter), scorned the means of grace (laughter), and the Holy Ghost is delighted that he is in hell to-night.

Longfellow refined hundreds and thousands of homes, but he did not believe in the miraculous origin of the Savior. No, sir; he doubted the report of Gabriel. (Laughter.) He loved his fellow-men; he did what he could to free the slaves; he did what he could to make mankind happy; but God was just waiting for him. (Laughter.) He had His Constable right there. (Laughter.) Thomas Paine (applause), the author of the "Rights of Man," offering his life in both hemispheres for the freedom of the human race, and one of the founders of the Republic—it has often seemed to me that if we could get God's attention long enough to point Him to the American flag, He would let him out. (Laughter and applause.) Compte, the author of the "Positive Philosophy," who loved his fellow-men to that degree that he made of humanity a God, who wrote his great work in poverty, with his face covered with tears—they are getting their revenge on him now. Voltaire, who abolished torture in France; who did more for human liberty than any other man, living or dead (applause); who was the assassin of superstition, and whose dagger still rusts in the heart of Catholicism (applause)—all the priests who have been translated have their happiness increased by looking at Voltaire. Glorious country where the principal occupation is watching the miseries of the lost. Geordani, Bruno, Benedict, Spinoza, Diderot, the encyclopedist, who endeavored to get all knowledge in a small compass that he could put the peasant on an equality with the prince intellectually, the man who wished to sow all over the world the seeds of knowledge; who loved to labor for mankind. While the priests wanted to burn, he did all he could to put out the fire—he has been lost long, long ago (Laughter.) His cry for water has become so common that his voice is now recognized through all the realms of hell, and they say to one another, "That is Diderot." David Hume, the philosopher, he is there with the rest. Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, he has been lost, and Wagner, the master of melody, and who has made the air of this world rich forever, he is there, and they have better music in hell than in Heaven. (Applause and laughter.) Shelley, whose soul, like his own Skylark, was a winged joy—he has been damned for many, many years; and Shakespeare, the greatest of the human race (applause), who has done more to elevate mankind than all the priests who ever lived and died (applause)—he is there, and all the founders of inquisitions, the builders of dungeons, the makers of chains, the inventors of instruments of torture, tearers, and burners, and branders of human flesh, stealers of babes and sellers of husbands, and wives, and children, the drawers of the swords of persecution, and they who keep the horizon lurid with the fagot's flame for a thousand years—they are in Heaven to-night. (Applause.) Well, I wish Heaven joy of such company.

And that is the doctrine with which we are polluting the souls of children. That is the doctrine that puts a fiend by their dying bed and a prophecy of Hell over every cradle. That is "glad tidings of great joy." Only a little while ago, when the great flood came upon the Ohio, sent by Him who is ruling in the world and paying particular attention to the affairs of nations, just in the gray of the morning they saw a house floating down, and on its top a human being; and a few men went out to the rescue in a little boat, and they found there a mother, a woman, and they wanted to rescue her, and she said: "No, I am going to stay where I am. I have three dead babes in this house." Think of a love so limitless, stronger and deeper than despair and death, and yet the Christian religion says that if that woman did not happen to believe in their creed, God would send that mother's soul to eternal fire. If there is another world, and if in Heaven they wear hats, when such a woman climbs up the opposite bank of the Jordan, Christ should lift His to her.

That is the trouble I had with this Christian religion, its infinite heartlessness; and I cannot tell them too often that during our last war Christians who knew that if they were shot they would go right to Heaven, went and hired wicked men to take their places (laughter), perfectly willing the men should go to hell, provided they could stay at home. You see they are not honest in it; they do not believe it, or, as the people say, "they don't sense it"; they have not religion enough to conceive what it is they believe and what a terrific falsehood they assert. And I beg of every one

who hears me to-night, I beg, I implore, I beseech you never to give another dollar to build a church in which that lie is preached. (Applause.) Never give another cent to send a missionary with his mouth stuffed with that falsehood to a foreign land. Why, they say, the heathen will go to Heaven any way if you let them alone; what is the use of sending them to hell by enlightening them. Let them alone. The idea of going and telling a man a thing that if he does not believe he will be damned, when the chances are ten to one that he won't believe it. Don't tell him, and as quick as he gets to the other world and finds it necessary to believe, he will say, "yes." Give him a chance.

My objection to the Christian religion is that it destroys human love, and tells you and me that the love of your dear ones is not necessary in this world to make a heaven in the next. No matter about your wife, your children, your brother, your sister—no matter about all the affections of the human heart—when you get there you will be along with the angels. I don't know whether the angels would like me. I would rather stand by the folks who have loved me and whom I know; and I can conceive of no heaven without the love of this earth. (Applause.) That is the trouble with the Christian religion; leave your father, leave your mother, leave your wife, leave your children, leave everything and follow Jesus Christ. I will not. (Applause.) I will stay with the folks. (Laughter.) I will not sacrifice on the altar of a selfish fear all the grandest and noblest promptings of my heart. You do away with human love, and what are we without it? What would we be in another world, and what would we be here without it? Can any one conceive of music without human love? Human love builds every home—human love is the author of all the beauty in this world. Love paints every picture, and chisels every statue; love, I tell you, builds every fireside. What would Heaven be without love? And yet that is what we are promised—a Heaven with your wife lost, your mother lost, some of your children gone. And you expect to be made happy by falling in with some angel. (Laughter.) Such a religion is demoralizing; and how are you to get there? On the efforts of another. You are to be a perpetually heavenly pauper, and you will have to admit through all eternity that you never would have got there if you hadn't got frightened. "I am here," you will say, "I have these wings, I have this musical instrument, because I was scared." (Laughter.) What a glorious world; and then think of it! No reformation in the next world—not the slightest. If you die in Arkansas that is the end of you. At the end you will be told that being born in Arkansas you had a fair chance. Think of telling a boy in the next world, who lived and died in Delaware, that he had a fair show! Can anything be more infamous? All on an equality—the rich and the poor, those with parents loving them, those with every opportunity for education, on an equality with the poor, the abject, and the ignorant—and this little ray called life, this little moment with a shadow and a tear, this little space between your mother's arms and the grave, that balances an entire eternity. And God can do nothing for you when you get there. A little Methodist preacher can do no more for the soul here than its Creator can when you get there. The soul goes to Heaven, where there is nothing but good society; no bad examples; and they are all there, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and yet they can do nothing for that poor unfortunate except to damn him. Is there any sense in that? Why should this be a period of probation? It says in the Bible, I believe, "Now is the accepted time." When does that mean? That means whenever the passage is pronounced. Now is the accepted time. It will be the same to-morrow, won't it? And just as appropriate then as to-day, and if appropriate at any time, appropriate through all eternity. What I say is this: There is no world—there can be no world—in which every human being will not have an opportunity of doing right. (Applause.) That is my objection to this Christian religion, and if the love of earth is not the love of Heaven, if those who love us here are to be separated there, then I want eternal sleep. Give me a good cold grave rather than the furnace of Jehovah's wrath. Gabriel, don't blow! (Laughter.) Let me alone! (Laughter.) If, when the grave bursts, I am not to meet faces that have been my sunshine in this life let me sleep on. Rather than that the doctrine of endless punishment should be tried, I would like to see the fabric of our civilization crumble and fall to unmeaning chaos and to formless dust, where oblivion broods and where even memory forgets. I would rather a Samson of some unprisoned force, released by chance, should so wreck and strain the mighty world that man in stress and strain of want and fear should shudderingly crawl back to savage and barbaric night. I would rather that every planet would in its orbit wheel a barren star rather than that the Christian religion should be true. (Applause.)

I think it is better to love your children than to love God, a thousand times better, because you can help them, and I am inclined to think that God can get along without you. (Laughter.) I believe in the religion of the family. I believe that the roof-tree is sacred from the smallest fiber held in the soft moist clasp of the earth to the little blossom on the topmost bough that gives its fragrance to the happy air. (Applause.) The family where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world. And I tell you God cannot afford to damn a man in the next world who has made a happy family in this. God cannot afford to cast over the battlements of Heaven the man who has built a happy home here. God cannot afford to be unpitying to a human heart capable of pity. God cannot clothe with fire the man who has clothed the naked here; and God cannot send to eternal pain a man who has done something towards improving the condition of his fellow-man. (Applause.) If He can, I had rather go to Hell than to Heaven and keep the company of such a God.

They tell me the next terrible thing I do is to take away the hope of immortality. I do not, I could not. Immortality was first dreamed of by human love, and yet the church is going to take human love out of immortality. We love it; therefore we wish to love. A loved one dies, and we wish to meet again, and from the affection of the human heart grew the great oak of the hope of immortality. (Applause.) And around that oak has climbed the poisonous vine, superstition. Theologians, pretenders, soothsayers, parsons, priests, popes, bishops, have taken all that hope, and they have had the impudence to stand by the grave and prophesy a future of pain. They have erected their tollgates on the highway to the other world, and have collected money from the poor people on the way, and they have collected it from their fear. The church did not give us the idea of immortality; the Bible did not give us the idea of immortality. Let me tell you now the Old Testament tells you how you lost immortality; it does not say another word about another world from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi. (Laughter and applause.) There is not in the Old Testament one burial service.

No man in the Old Testament stands by the bed and says, "I will meet them again"—not one word. From the top of Sinai came no hope of another world. And when we get to the New Testament, what do we find there? "Have thy heart counted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection of the dead." As though some would be counted unworthy to obtain the resurrection of the dead. And, in another place: "Seek for honor, glory, immortality." If you have got it, why seek for it? And in another place: "God, who alone hath immortality," and yet they tell us that we get our idea of immortality from the Bible. I deny it. If Christ was in fact God, why didn't He plainly say there was another life? Why didn't He tell us something about it? Why didn't He turn the tear-stained hope of immortality into the glad knowledge of another life?

Why did He go dumbly to His death, and leave the world in darkness and in doubt? Why? Because he was a man and didn't know. (Applause.) I would not destroy the smallest star of human hope, but I deny that we got our idea of immortality from the Bible. It existed long before Moses existed. We find it symbolized through all Egypt, through all India. Wherever man has lived, his religion has made another world in which to meet the lost. (Applause.) It is not born of the Bible. The idea of immortality, like the great sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, beating with its countless waves against the rocks and sands of fate and time. It was not born of the Bible. It was born of the human heart, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death. (Applause.) We do not know. We do not prophesy a life of pain. We leave the dead with Nature, the mother of us all, under a seven-hued bow of hope. Under the seven-hued arch let the dead sleep. "Ah, but you take the consolation of religion." What consolation has religion for the widow of the unbeliever, the widow of a good, brave, kind man who lies dead? What can the orthodox ministers say to relieve the bursting heart of that woman? What can the orthodox minister say to relieve the aching hearts of the little orphans as they kneel by the grave of that father, if that father didn't happen to be an orthodox Christian? What consolation have they? I find that when a Christian loses a friend the tears spring from his eyes as quickly as from the eyes of others. Their tears are as bitter as ours. Why? The echo of the promises spoken eighteen hundred years ago is so low, and the sound of the clods upon the coffin so loud, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near. That is the reason. And they find no consolation there. I say honestly we do not know; we cannot say. We cannot say whether death is a wall or a door;

the beginning or end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar or the folding forever of wings; whether it is the rising or the setting of a sun, or an endless life that brings rapture and love to every one—we do not know; we cannot say.

There is an old fable of Orpheus and Eurydice: Eurydice had been captured and taken to the infernal regions, and Orpheus went after her, taking with him his harp and playing as he went; and when he came to the infernal regions he began to play, and Sysiphus sat down upon the stone that he had been heaving up the side of the mountain so many years, and which continually rolled back upon him; Ixion paused upon his wheel of fire; Tantalus ceased in his vain efforts for water; the daughters of the Danaidæ left off trying to fill their sieves with water; Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of Hell the cheeks of the Furies were wet with tears, monsters relented, and they said, "Eurydice may go with you, but you must not look back." So he again threaded the caverns, playing as he went, and as he again reached the light he failed to hear the footsteps of Eurydice, and he looked back and in a moment she was gone. This old fable gives to us the idea of the perpetual effort to rescue truth from the clutches of monsters. Some time Orpheus will not look back. Some day Euridyce will reach the blessed light, and at some time there will fade from the memory of men the superstition of religion. (Great Applause.)

Which Way?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: For thousands of years men have been asking the questions: "How shall we civilize the world? How shall we protect life, liberty, property and reputations? How shall we do away with crime and poverty? How clothe, and feed, and educate, and civilize mankind?" These are the questions that are asked by thoughtful men and thoughtful women. The question with them is not, "What will we do in some other world?" Time enough to ask that when we get there. The business we will attend to now is, how are we to civilize the world? What priest shall I ask? What sacred volume shall I search? What oracle can I consult?. At what shrine must I bow to find out what is to be done? Each church has a different answer; each has a different recipe for the salvation of the people, but not while they are in this world. All that is to be done in this world is to get ready for the next.

In the first place I am met by the theological world. Have I the right to inquire? They say, "Certainly; it is your duty to inquire." Each church has a recipe for the salvation of this world, but not while you are in this world—afterward. They treat time as a kind of pier—a kind of dock running out into the great ocean of eternity; and they treat us all as though we were waiting there, sitting on our trunks, for the Gospel Ship.

I want to know what to do here. Have I the right to inquire? Yes. If I have the right to investigate. If I have the right to investigate, I have the right to accept. If I have the right to accept, I have the right to reject? That which does not conform with my reason, with my standard of truth, with my standard of common sense. Millions of men have been endeavoring to govern this world by means of the supernatural. Thousands and thousands of churches exist, thousands of cathedrals and temples have been built, millions of men have been engaged to preach this Gospel; and what has been the result in this world? Will one church have any sympathy with another? Does the religion of one country have any respect for that of another? Or does not each religion claim to be the only one? And does not the priest of every religion, with infinite impudence, consign the disciples of all others to eternal fire?

Why is it the churches have failed to civilize this world? Why is it that the Christian countries are not better than any other countries? Why is it that Christian men are no better than any other men? Why is it that ministers as a class are no better than doctors, or lawyers, or merchants, or mechanics, or locomotive engineers, and a locomotive engineer is a

thousand times more useful. Give me a good engineer and a bad preacher to go through this world with rather than a bad engineer and a good preacher; and there is this curious fact about the believers in the supernatural: The priests of one church have no confidence in the miracles and wonders told by the priests of the other churches. Maybe they know each other. A Christian missionary will tell the Hindoo of the miracles of the Bible; the Hindoo smiles. The Hindoo tells the Christian missionary of the miracles of his sacred books; and the missionary looks upon him with pity and contempt. No priest takes the word of another.

I heard once a little story that illustrates this point: A gentleman in a little party was telling a most wonderful occurrence, and when he had finished everybody said: "Is it possible? Why, did you ever hear anything like that?" All united in a kind of wondering chorus except one man. He said nothing. He was perfectly still and unmoved; and one who had been greatly astonished by the story said to him: "Did you hear that story?" "Yes." "Well, you don't appear to be excited." "Well, no," he said; "I am a liar myself."

There is another trouble with the supernatural. It has no honesty; it is consumed by egotism; it does not think—it knows; consequently it has no patience with the honest doubter. And how has the church treated the honest doubter? He has been answered by force, by authority, by Popes, by Cardinals and Bishops, and Councils, and, above all, by mobs. In that way the honest doubter has been answered. There is this difference between the minister, the church, the clergy, and the men who believe in this world. I might as well state the question—I may go further than you. The real question is this: Are we to be governed by a Supernatural Being, or are we to govern ourselves? That is the question. Is God the source of power; or does all authority spring, in governing, from the consent of the governed? That is the question. In other words, is the universe a monarchy, a despotism, or a democracy? I take the democratic side, not in a political sense. The question is, whether this world should be governed by God or by man; and when I say "God" I mean the Being that these gentlemen have treated and enthroned upon the ignorance of mankind.

Now let us admit, for the sake of argument, that the Bible is true. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that God once governed this world—not that He did, but let us admit it, and I intend to speak of no god but our God, because we all insist that of all the gods ours is the best, and, if He is not good, we need not trouble ourselves about the others. Let them take care of themselves.

Now, the first question is, whether this world shall be governed by God or man. Admitting that the Being spoken of in the Bible is God, He governed this world once. There was a Theocracy at the start. That was the first government of the world. Now, how do you judge of a man? The best test of a man is, how does he use power? That is the supreme test of manhood. How does he treat those within his control? The greater the man, the grander the man, the more careful he is in the use of power—the tenderer he is, the nearer just, the greater, the more merciful, the grander, the more charitable. Tell me how a man treats his wife or his children, his poor debtors, his servants, and I will tell you what manner of a man he be. That, I say, is the supreme test, and we know tonight how a good and great man treats his inferiors. We know that. And a man endeavoring to raise his fellow-men higher in the scale of civilization—what will that man appeal to? Will he appeal to the lowest or to the highest that is in man? Let us be honest. Will he appeal to prejudiced prejudice—the fortress, the armor, the sword and shield of ignorance? Will he appeal to credulity—the ring in the nose by which priests lead stupidity? Will he appeal to the cowardly man? Will he play upon his fears—fear, the captial stock of imposture, the lever and fulcrum of hypocrisy? Will he appeal to the selfishness and all the slimy serpents that crawl in the den of savagery? Or will he appeal to reason, the torch of the mind? Will he appeal to justice? Will he appeal to charity, which is justice in blossom? Will he appeal to liberty and love? These are the questions. What will he do? What did our God do? Let us see. The first thing we know of Him is in the Garden of Eden. How did He endeavor to make His children great, and strong, and good, and free? Did He say anything to Adam and Eve about the sacred relation of marriage? Did He say anything to them about loving children? Did He say anything to them about learning anything under Heaven? Did He say one word about intellectual liberty? Did He say one word about reason or about justice? Did He make the slightest effort to improve them? All that He did in the world was to give them one poor, little, miserable, barren command, "Thou shalt not eat of a certain fruit." That's all that amounted to anything: and, when they

sinned, did this great God take them in the arms of His love and endeavor to reform them? No; He simply put upon them a curse. When they were expelled He said to the woman: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow. In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children. Thy husband shall rule over thee." God made every mother a criminal, and placed a perpetual penalty of pain upon human love. Our God made wives slaves—slaves of their husbands. Our God corrupted the marriage relation and paralyzed the firesides of this world. That is what our God did. And what did He say to poor Adam? "Cursed be the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field, and in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Did He say one word calculated to make him a better man? Did He put in the horizon of the future one star of hope? Let us be honest, and see what this God did, and we will judge of Him simply by ordinary common sense.

After a while Cain murdered his brother, and he was detected by this God. And what did this God say to him? Did He say one word of the crime of shedding human blood? Not a word. Did He say one word calculated to excite in the breast of Cain the slightest real sorrow for his deed? Not the slightest. Did He tell him anything about where Abel was? Nothing. Did He endeavor to make him a better man? Not a bit. What had He ever taught him before on that subject? Nothing. And so Cain went out to the other sons and daughters of Adam, according to the Bible, and they multiplied and increased until they covered the earth. God gave them no code of laws. God never built them a school-house. God never sent a teacher. God never said a word to them about a future state. God never held up before their gaze that dazzling reward of Heaven; never spoke about the lurid gulfs of Hell; kept Divine punishment a perfect secret, and, without having given them the slightest opportunity, simply drowned the world. Splendid administration! Cleveland will do better than that. And, after the waters had gone away, then He gave them some commandments. I suppose that He saw by that time that they needed guidance.

And here are the commandments:

1. You may eat all kinds of birds, beasts and fishes.

2. You must not eat blood; if you do, I will kill you.

3. Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

Nothing more. No good advice; not a word about government; not a word about the rights of man, or woman, or children; not a word about any law of nature; not a word about any science—nothing, not even arithmetic.

Nothing. And so He let them go on, and in a little while they came to the same old state, and began building the Tower of Babel; and He went there and confounded, as they said, their languages. Never said a word to them; never told them how foolish it was to try and reach Heaven that way. And the next we find Him talking to Abraham, and with Abraham He makes a contract. And how did He do it? "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee." Fine contract for a God. And thereupon He made certain promises to Abraham—promised to give him the whole world, all the nations round about, and that his seed should be as the sands of the sea. Never kept one of His promises—not one. He made the same promises to Isaac, and broke every one. Then He made them all over to Jacob, and broke every one; made them again to Moses, and broke them all. Never said a word about anybody behaving themselves—not a word. Finally, these people whom He had taken under His special care became slaves in the land of Egypt. How ashamed God must have been! Finally He made up His mind to rescue them from that servitude, and He sent Moses and Aaron. He never said a word to Moses or Aaron that Pharaoh was wrong. He never said a word to them about how the women felt when their male children were taken and destroyed. He simply sent Moses before Pharaoh with a cane in his hand that he could turn into a serpent; and, when Pharaoh called in magicians and they did the same, Pharaoh laughed. And then they made frogs; and Pharaoh sent for his magicians, and they did the same, and Pharaoh still laughed. And this God had infinite power, but Pharaoh defeated Him at every point!

It puts me in mind of the story that great Fenian told when the great excitement was about Ireland. An Irishman was telling about the condition of Ireland. He said: "We have got in Ireland now over 300,000 soldiers, all equipped. Every man of them has got a musket and ammunition. They are ready to march at a minute's notice." "But," said the other man, "why don't they march?" "Why," said the other man, "the police won't let them." How admirable! Imagine the infinite God endeavoring to

liberate the Hebrews, and prevented by a King, who would not let the children of Israel go until He had done some little miracles with sticks! Think of it! "But," said Christians, "you must wait a little while if you wish to find the foundation of law."

Christians now assert that from Sinai came to this world all knowledge of right and wrong, and that from its flaming top we received the first ideas of law and justice. Let us look at those Ten Commandments. Which of those Ten Commandments were new, and which of those Ten Commandments were old? "Thou shalt not kill." That was as old as life. Murder has been a crime, also, because men object to being murdered. If you read the same Bible you will find that Moses, seeing an Israelite and an Egyptian contending together, smote the Egyptian and hid his body in the sand. After he had committed that crime Moses fled from the land. Why? Simply because there was a law against murder. That is all. "Honor thy father and thy mother." That is as old as birth. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." That is as old as sex. "Thou shalt not steal." That is as old as work, and as old as property. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." That is as old as the earth. Never was there a nation, never was there a tribe on earth that did not have substantially those commandments. What, then, were new? First, "Thou shalt worship no other God; thou shalt have no other God." Why? "Because I am a jealous God." Second. "Thou shalt not make any graven image." Third, "Thou shalt not take my name in vain." Fourth, "Thou shalt not work on the Sabbath day." What use were these commandments? None—not the slightest. How much better it would have been if God from Sinai, instead of the commandments, had said: "Thou shalt not enslave thy fellow-man; no human being is entitled to the results of another's labor." Suppose He had said: "Thou shalt not persecute for opinion's sake; thought and speech must be forever free." Suppose he had said, instead of "Thou shalt not work on the Sabbath day," "A man shall have but one wife; a woman shall have but one husband; husbands shall love their wives; wives shall love their husbands and their children with all their hearts and as themselves"—how much better it would have been for this world.

Long before Moses was born the Egyptians taught one God; but afterwards, I believe, in their weakness, they degenerated into a belief in the Trinity. They taught the divine origin of the soul, and taught judgment after death. They taught as a reward for belief in their doctrine eternal joy, and as a punishment for nonbelief eternal pain. Egypt, as a matter of fact, was far better governed than Palestine. The laws of Egypt were better than the laws of God. In Egypt woman was equal with man. Long before Moses was born there were Queens upon the Egyptian throne. Long before Moses was born they had a written code of laws, and their laws were administered by courts and judges. They had rules of evidence. They understood the philosophy of damages. Long before Moses was born they had asylums for the insane and hospitals for the sick. Long before God appeared on Sinai there were schools in Egypt, and the highest office next to the throne was opened to the successful scholar. The Egyptian married but one wife. His wife was called the lady of the house. Women were not secluded; and, above all and over all, the people of Egypt were not divided into castes, and were infinitely better governed than God ever thought of. I am speaking of the God of this Bible. If Moses had remembered more of what he saw in Egypt his government would have been far better than it was. Long before these commandments were given Zoroaster taught the Hindoos that there was one infinite and supreme God. They had a code of laws, and their laws were administered by judges in their courts. By those laws, at the death of a father, the unmarried daughter received twice as much of his property as his son. Compare those laws with the laws of Moses.

So, too, the Romans had their code of laws. The Romans were the greatest lawyers the world produced. The Romans had a code of civil laws, and that code to-day is the foundation of all law in the civilized world. The Romans built temples to Truth, to Faith, to Valor, to Concord, to Modesty, to Charity, and to Chastity. And so with the Grecians. And yet you will find Christian ministers to-day contending that all ideas of law, of justice, and of right came from Sinai, from the Ten Commandments, from the Mosaic laws. No lawyer who understands his profession will claim that is so. No lawyer who has studied the history of law will claim it. No man who knows history itself will claim it. No man will claim it but an ignorant zealot.

Let us go another step—let us compare the ideas of this God with the ideas of uninspired men. I am making this long preface because I want to get it out of your minds that the Bible is inspired.

Now, let us go along a little and see what is God's opinion of liberty. Nothing is of more value in this world to-day than liberty, liberty of body and liberty of mind. Without liberty, the universe would be as a dungeon into which human beings are flung like poor and miserable convicts. Intellectual liberty is the air of the soul, the sunshine of the mind. Without it we should be in darkness. Now, Jehovah commanded the Jewish people to take captives the strangers and sojourners amongst them, and ordered that they and their children should be bondsmen and bondswomen forever.

Now let us compare Jehovah to Epictetus —a man to whom no revelation was ever made—a man to whom this God did not appear. Let us listen to him: "Remember your servants are to be treated as your own brothers—children of the same God." On the subject of liberty is not Epictetus a better authority than Jehovah, who told the Jews to make bondsmen and bondswomen of the heathen round about? And He said they were to make them their bondsmen and bondswomen forever. Why? Because they were heathen. Why? Because they were not children of the Jews. He was the God of the Jews and not of the rest of mankind. So He said to His chosen people: "Pillage upon the enemy and destroy the people of other gods. Buy the heathen round about." Yet Cicero, a poor pagan lawyer, said this—and he had not even read the Old Testament—had not even had the advantage of being enlightened by the prophets: "They who say that we should love our fellow-citizens, and not foreigners, destroy the universal brotherhood of mankind, and with it benevolence and justice would perish forever." Is not Cicero greater than Jehovah? The Bible, inspired by Jehovah, says: "If a man smite his servant with a rod and he die under his hand he shall be punished. If he continue a day or two and then die, he shall not be punished." Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, who had never heard of Jehovah, and never read a word of Moses, said this: "No man can be the owner of another, and the title is bad. Whether the slave became a slave by conquest, or by purchase, the title is bad." Let us come and see whether Jehovah has any humanity in Him. Jehovah ordered the Jewish general to make war, and this was the order: "And when the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee, thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them." And yet Epictetus, whom I have already quoted, said "Treat those in thy power as thou wouldst have thy superiors treat thee."

I am on the side of the pagan. Is it possible that a Being of infinite goodness said: "I will heap mischief upon them; I will send My arrows upon them. They shall be burned with hunger; they shall be devoured with burning heat and with bitter destruction. I will also send the teeth of locusts upon them, with the poisonous serpent of the desert. The sound without and the terror within shall destroy both the young men and the virgins, the sucklings also, and the men with gray hairs." While Seneca, a poor, uninspired Roman said: "A wise man shall not pardon any crime that ought to be punished, but will accomplish in another way all that is sought. He will spare some; he will pardon and watch over some because of their youth; he will pardon these on account of their ignorance. His clemency will not fail what is sought by justice, but his clemency will fulfill justice." That was said by Seneca. Can we believe that this Jehovah said: "Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds, and beg. Let them seek their bread out of desolate places. Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the stranger spoil his labor. Let not one extend mercy unto them, neither let any favor his fatherless children." Did Jehovah say this? Surely He had never heard this line—this plaintive music from the Hindoo: "Sweet is the lute to those who have not heard the voices of their own children." Let us see the generosity of Jehovah out of the cloud of darkness on Mount Sinai. He said to the Jews: "Thou shalt have no other God before Me. Thou shalt not bow down to any other Gods, for the Lord thy God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me." Just think of God saying to people: "If you do not love Me I will damn you." Contrast this with the words put by the Hindoo poet into the mouth of Brahma: "I am the same to all mankind. They who honestly worship other gods involuntarily worship me. I am he that partaketh of all worship. I am the reward of worship." How perfectly sublime! Let me read it to you again: "I am the same to all mankind. They who honestly worship other gods involuntarily worship me. I am he that partaketh of all worship. I am the reward of worship." Compare these passages. The first is a dungeon, which crude hands have digged with jealous time. The other is like the dome of

the firmament, inlaid with constellations. Is it possible God ever said: "If a prophet deceive when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, hath deceived that prophet?" Compare that passage with the poet, a pagan: "Better remain silent the remainder of life than speak falsely." Can we believe a Being of infinite mercy gave this command: "Put every man his sword by his side; go from the gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. Consecrate yourselves this day. Let every man lay his sword even upon his son, upon his brother, that he bestow blessing upon Me this day." Surely that was not the outcome of a great, magnanimous spirit, like that of the Roman Emperor, who declared: "I had rather keep a single Roman citizen alive than slay a thousand enemies." Compare the last command given to the children of Israel with the words of Marcus Aurelius: "I have formed an ideal of the State, in which there is the same law for all, and equal rights and equal liberty of speech established for all—an Empire where nothing is honored so much as the freedom of the citizens." I am on the side of the Roman Emperor.

What is more beautiful than the old story from Sufi? There was a man who for seven years did every act of good, every kind of charity, and at the end of the seven years he mounted the steps to the gate of Heaven and knocked. A voice cried, "Who is there?" He cried, "Thy servant, O Lord"; and the gate was shut. Seven other years he did every good work, and again mounted the three steps to Heaven and knocked. The voice cried, "Who is there?" He answered, "Thy slave, O God"; and the gates were shut. Seven other years he did every good deed, and again mounted the steps to Heaven, and the voice said: "Who is there?" He replied, "Thyself, O God"; and the gates wide open flew. Is there anything in our religion so warm or so beautiful as that? Compare that story from a pagan with the Presbyterian religion.

Take this story of Endesthora, who was a King of Egypt, and started for the place where the horizon touched the earth, where he was to meet God. With him followed Argune, and Bemis, and Traubation. They were taught that, when any man started after God in that way, if he had been guilty of any crime he would fall by the way. Endesthora walked at the head and suddenly he missed Argune. He said, "He was not always merciful in the hour of victory." A little while after he missed Bemis, and said, "He fought not so much for the rights of man as for his own glory." A little farther on he missed Traubation. He said, "My God, I know no reason for his failing to reach the place where the horizon touches the earth"; and the god Ram appeared to him, and, opening the curtains of the sky, said to him, "Enter." And Endesthora said: "But where are my brethren? Where are Argune, and Bemis, and Traubation?" And the god said: "They sinned in their time, and they are condemned to suffer below." Then said Endesthora: "I do not wish to enter into your heaven without my friends. If they are below, then I will join them." But the god said: "They are here before you, I simply said this to try your soul." Endesthora simply turned and said: "But what of my dog?" The god said, "Thou knowest that, if the shadow of a dog fall upon the sacrifice, it is unclean. How, then, can a dog enter heaven?" And Endesthora replies: "I know that, and I know another thing; that ingratitude is the blackest of crimes, whether it be to man or beast. That dog has been my faithful friend. He has followed me and I will not desert even him." And the god said: "Let the dog follow." Compare that with the Bible stories.

Long before the advent of Christ, Aristotle said: "We should conduct ourselves toward others as we would have them conduct themselves toward us." Seneca said: "Do not to your neighbor what you would not have your neighbor do to you." Socrates said: "Act toward others as you would have others act toward you. Forgive your enemies, render good for evil, and kiss even the hand that is upraised to smite." Krishnar said: "Cease to do evil; aim to do well; love your enemies. It is the law of love that virtue is the only thing that has strength." Poor, miserable pagans! Did you ever hear anything like this? Is it possible that one of the authors of the New Testament was inspired when he said that man was not created for woman, but woman for man? Epictetus said: "What is more delightful than to be so dear to your wife as to be on her account dearer even to yourself?" Compare that with St. Paul: "But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man, and the head of Christ is God. Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands as unto the Lord." That was inspiration. This was written by a poor, despised heathen: "In whatever house the husband is contented with the wife and the wife with the husband, in that house will for-

tune dwell. In the house where the woman is not honored, let the curse be pronounced. Where the wife is honored, there God is truly worshiped." I wish Jehovah had said something like that from Sinai. Is there anything as beautiful as this in the New Testament: "Shall I tell you where Nature is more blest and fair? It is where those we love abide. Though the space be small, it is ample as Earth; though it be a desert, through it run the rivers of Paradise."

Compare these things with the curses pronounced in the Old Testament, where you read of the heathen being given over to butchery and death, and the women and babes to destruction; and, after you have read them, read the chapters of horrors in the New Testament, threatening eternal fire and flame; and then read this, the greatest thought uttered by the greatest of human beings:

> The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
> 'Tis mightiest in the mighty;
> It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown.

Compare that with your doctrine of the New Testament! If Jehovah was an infinite God and knew things from the beginning, He knew that His Bible would be a breastwork behind which tyranny and hypocrisy would crouch, and knew His Bible would be the auction-block on which the mother would stand while her babe was sold from her, because He knew His Bible would be quoted by tyrants; that it would be quoted in defense of robbers called kings and by hypocrites called priests. He knew that He had taught the Jewish people; He knew that He had found them free and left them slaves; He knew that He had broken every single promise made to them; He knew that, while other nations advanced in knowledge, in art, in science, His chosen people were subjects still. He promised them the world; He gave them a desert. He promised them liberty, and made them slaves. He promised them power; He gave them exile, and any one who reads the Old Testament is compelled to say that nothing could add to their misery.

Let us be honest. How do you account for this religion? This world, where did it come from? You hear every minister say that man is a religious animal—that religion is natural. While man is an ignorant animal man will be a theological animal, and no longer. Where did we get this religion? The savage knew but little of Nature, but thought that everything happened in reference to him. He thought his sins caused earthquakes, and that his virtues made the sunshine.

Nothing is so egotistic as ignorance. You know, and so do I, that if no human being existed, the sun would shine, and that tempests would now and then devastate the earth, violets would spread their velvet blossoms to the sun, daisies would grow, roses would fill the air with perfume and now and then volcanoes would illuminate the horizon with their lurid glare, the grass would grow, the waters would run, and so far as nature is concerned, everything would be as joyous as though the earth were filled with happy homes. We know the barbarian savage thinks that all this was on his account. He thinks that there dwelt two very powerful deities; that there was a good one because he knows good things happen to him, and that there was a bad one because he knows bad things happen to him. Behind the evil influence he puts a divine, and behind a good an intention of a god; and then he imagines both these beings are in opposition, and, that between them, they struggle for the possession of his ignorant soul. He also thinks that the place where the good deity lives is Heaven, and that the place where the other deity keeps himself is a place of torture and punishment. And about that time other barbarians had chosen to keep the ignorant ones in subjection by means of the doctrine of fear and punishment.

There is no reforming power in fear. You can scare a man, maybe, so bad that he won't do a thing, but you can't scare him so bad he won't want to do it. There is no reforming power in punishment or brute force; but our barbarian rather imagined that every being would punish in accordance with his power, and his dignity, and that God would subject them to torture in the same way as those who made Him angry. They knew the King would inflict torments upon one in his power, and they supposed that God would inflict torture according to His power. They knew that the worst torture was a slow, burning fire; added to it the idea of eternity, and Hell was produced. That was their idea. All meanness, revenge, selfishness, cruelty and hatred of which men here are capable burst into blossom and bore fruit in that one word, Hell.

In this way a God of infinite wisdom experimented with man, keeping him between an outstretched abyss beneath and a heaven above; and in time the man came

to believe that he could please God by having read a few sacred books, could count beads, could sprinkle water, eat little square pieces of bread, and that he could shut his eyes and say words to the clouds; but the moment he left this world nothing remained except to damn him. He was to be kept miserable one day in seven, and he could slander and persecute other men all the other days in the week. That was the chance God gave a man here, but the moment he left this world that settled it. He would go to eternal pain or else to eternal joy. That was the way that the supernatural governed this world—through fear, through terror, through eternity of punishment; and that government, I say to-night, has failed. How has it been kept alive so long? It was born in ignorance. Let me tell you, whoever attacks a creed will be confronted with a list of great men who have believed in it. Probably their belief in that creed was the only weakness they had. But he will be asked, "So you knew more than all the great men who have taught and all the respectable men who have believed in that faith?" For the church is always going about to get a certificate from some Governors, or even perhaps members of the Legislature, and you are told, because So-and-so believed all these things, and you have no more talents than they, that you should believe the same thing. But I contend, as against this argument, that you should not take the testimony of these men unless you are willing to take at the same time all their beliefs on other subjects. Then, again, they tell you that the rich people are all on their side, and I say so, too. The churches to-day seek the rich, and poverty unwillingly seeks them. Light thrown from diamonds adorns the repentant here. We are told that the rich, the fortunate, and the holders of place are Christians now; and yet ministers grow eloquent over the poverty of Christ, who was born in a manger, and say that the Holy Ghost passed the titled ladies of the world and selected the wife of a poor mechanic for the mother of God. Such is the difference between theory and practice. The church condemns the men of Jerusalem who held positions and who held the pretensions of the Savior in contempt. They admit that He was so little known that they had to bribe a man to point Him out to the soldiers. They assert that He performed miracles; yet He remained absolutely unknown, hidden in the depths of obscurity. No one knew Him, and one of His disciples had to be bribed to point Him out. Surely He and His disciples could have met the arguments which were urged against their religion at that time.

So long as the church honored philosophers she kept her great men in the majority. How is it now? I say to-night that no man of genius in the world is in the orthodox pulpits so far as I know. Where are they? Where are the orthodox great men? I challenge the Christian church to produce a man like Alexander Humboldt. I challenge the world to produce a naturalist like Haeckel. I challenge the Christian world to produce a man like Darwin. Where in the ranks of orthodoxy are historians like Draper and Buckle? Where are the naturalists like Tyndall, philosophers like Mills and Spencer, and women like George Eliot and Harriet Martineau? You may get tired of the great-man argument; but the names of the great thinkers, the naturalists and scientists of our time, cannot be matched by the supernatural world.

What is the next argument they will bring forward? The father and mother argument. "You must not disgrace your parents." How did Christ come to leave the religion of His mother? That argument proves too much. There is one way every man can honor his mother—that is finding out more than she knew. There is one way a man can honor his father—by correcting the old man's errors.

Most people imagine that the creed we have came from the brain and heart of Christ. They have no idea how it was made. They think it was all made at one time. They don't understand that it was a slow growth. They don't understand that theology is a science made up of mistakes, prejudices and falsehoods. Let me tell you a few facts: The Emperor Constantine who lifted the Christian religion into power, murdered his wife and his eldest son the very year that he convened the Council of Nice to decide whether Jesus Christ was man or God; and that was not decided until the year of grace 325. Then Theodosius called a council at Constantinople in 381, and this council decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father. You see, there was a little doubt on that question before this was done. Then another council was called later to determine who the Virgin Mary really was, and it was solemnly decided that she was the mother of Christ. In 431, and then in 451, a council was held in Chalcedon, by the Emperor Marcian, and that decided that Christ had two natures—a human and a divine. In 680 another council was held at Constantinople; and in 1273, at Lyons, it

was decided that the Holy Ghost proceeded not only from the Father but from the Son; and when you take into consideration the fact that a belief in the Trinity is absolutely essential to salvation, you see how important it was that these doctrines should have been established in 1274, when millions of people had dropped into Hell in the interim solely because they had forgotten that question. At last we know how religions are made. We know how miracles are manufactured. We know the history of relics, and bones, and pieces of the true cross. And at last we understand apostolic succession. At last we have examined other religions, and we find them all the same, and we are beginning to suspect that ours is like the rest. I think we understand it.

I read a little story, a short time ago, from the Japanese, that throws light upon the question. There was an old priest at a monastery. This monastery was built over the bones of what he called a saint, and people came there and were cured of many diseases. This priest had an assistant. After the assistant grew up and got quite to understand his business, the old priest gave him a little donkey, and told him that henceforth he was to take care of himself. The young priest started out with this little donkey, and asked alms of those he met. Few gave to him. Finally he got very poor. He could not raise money enough to feed the donkey. Finally the donkey died; he was about to bury it when a thought occurred to him. He buried the donkey and sat down on the grave, and to the next stranger that passed he said: "Will you not give a little money to erect a shrine over the bones of a sinless one?" Thereupon a man gave some money. Others followed his example, a shrine was raised and in a little while a monastery was built over the bones of the sinless one. Down in the grave the young priest made an orifice, so that persons afflicted with any disease could reach down and touch the bones of the sinless one. Hundreds were thus cured, and persons left their crutches as testimonials to the miraculous power of the bones of the sinless one. Finally the priest became so rich that he thought he would visit his old master. He went to the old monastery with a fine retinue. His old master asked him how he became so rich and prosperous. He replied: "Old age is stupid, but youth has thought." Later on he explained to the old priest how the donkey had died, and how he had raised a monastery over the bones of the sinless one; and again reminded him that old age is stupid, but youth has thought. The old priest exclaimed: "Not quite so fast, young man; not quite so fast. Don't imagine you worked out anything new. This shrine of mine is built over the bones of the mother of your little donkey."

We have now reached a point in the history of the world when we know that theocracy as a form of government is a failure, and we see that theology as a foundation of government is an absolute failure. We can see that theocracy and theology created, not liberty, but despotism. We know enough of the history of the churches in this world to know that they never can civilize mankind; that they are not imbued with the spirit of progress; that they are not imbued with the spirit of justice and mercy. What I ask you tonight is: What has the church done to civilize mankind? What has the church done for us? How has it added to the prosperity of this world? Has it ever produced anything? Nothing. Why, they say, it has been charitable. How can a beggar be charitable? A beggar produces nothing. The church has been an eternal and everlasting pauper. It is not charitable. It is an object of charity, and yet it claims to be charitable. The giver is the charitable one. Somebody who has made something, somebody who has by his labor produced something, he alone can be charitable.

And let me say another thing: The Church is always on the wrong side. Let us take, first, the Episcopal Church—if you call that a church. Let me tell you one thing about that church. You know what is called the rebellion in England in 1688? Do you know what caused it? I will tell you. King James was a Catholic, and notwithstanding that fact, he issued an edict of toleration for the Dissenters and Catholics. And what next did he do? He ordered all the Bishops to have this edict of toleration read in the Episcopal churches. They refused to do it—most of them. You recollect that trial of the seven Bishops? That is what it was all about; they would not read the edict of toleration. Then what happened? A strange thing to say, and it is one of the miracles of this world: The Dissenters, in whose favor that edict was issued, joined hands with the Episcopalians, and raised the rebellion against the King; because he wanted to give the Dissenters liberty, and these Dissenters and the Episcopalians, on account of toleration, drove King James into exile. That is the history of the first rebellion the Church of England ever raised against the King, simply because he issued an edict of toleration and the poor, miserable wretches in whose favor

the edict was issued joined hands with their oppressors. I want to show you how much the Church of England has done for England. I get it from good authority. Let me read it to you to show how little influence the Christian Church, the Church of England, had with the government of that country. Let me tell you that up to the reign of George I. there were in that country sixty-seven offenses punishable with death. There is not a lawyer in this city who can think of those offenses and write them down in one day. Think of it! Sixty-seven offenses punishable with death! Now, between the accession of George I. and the termination of the reign of George II. there were added 156 new crimes punishable with death, making in all 223 crimes in England punishable with death. There is no lawyer in this State who can think of that many crimes in a week. Now, during all those years the government was becoming more and more cruel; more and more barbarous; and we do not find, and we have not found, that the Church of England, with its 15,000 or 20,000 ministers, with its more than a score of Bishops in the House of Lords, has ever raised its voice or perfected any organization in favor of a more merciful code, or in condemnation of the enormous cruelty which the laws were continually inflicting. And was not Voltaire justified in saying that "The English were a people who murdered by law?" Now, that is an extract from a speech made by John Bright in May, 1883. That shows what the Church of England did. Two hundred and twenty-three offenses in England punishable with death, and no minister, no Bishop, no church organization raising his or its voice against the monstrous cruelty. And why? Even then it was better than the law of Jehovah.

And the Protestants were as bad as the Catholics. You remember the time of Henry IV. in France, when the edict of Nantes was issued simply to give the Protestants the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Just as soon as that edict was issued the Protestants themselves, in the cities where they had the power, prevented the Catholics from worshiping their God according to the dictates of their conscience and it was on account of the refusal of those Protestants to allow the Catholics to worship God as they desired that there was a civil war lasting for seven years in France. Richelieu came into authority about the second or third year of that war. He made no difference between Protestants and Catholics; and it was owing to Richelieu that the Thirty Years' War terminated. It was owing to Richelieu that the peace of Westphalia was made in 1643, although I believe he had been dead a year before that time; but it was owing to him; and it was the first peace ever made between nations on a secular basis with everything religious left out, and it was the last great religious war.

You may ask me what I want. Well, in the first place I want to get theology out of government. It has no business there. Man gets his authority from man, and is responsible only to man. I want to get theology out of politics. Our ancestors in 1776 retired God from politics, because of the jealousies among the churches, and the result has been splendid for mankind. I want to get theology out of education. Teach the children what somebody knows, not what somebody guesses. I want to get theology out of morality, and out of charity. Don't give for God's sake, but for man's sake.

In conclusion I want you to know another thing: that neither Protestants nor Catholics are fit to govern this world. They are not fit to govern themselves. How could you elect a minister of any religion President of the United States. Could you elect a Bishop of the Catholic church; or a Methodist Bishop, or Episcopal minister, or one of the Elders? No. And why? We are afraid of the ecclesiastical spirit. We are afraid to trust the liberties of men in the hands of people who acknowledge that they are bound by a standard different from that of the welfare of mankind.

The history of Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Cuba and Brazil all show that slavery existed where Catholicism was a power. I would suggest an education that would rule theology out of the Government, and teach people to rely more on themselves and less on Providence. There are two ways of living—the broad way of life lived for others, and the narrow theological way. It is wise to so live that death can be serenely faced, and then, if there is another world, the best way to prepare for it is to make the best of this; and if there be no other world, the best way to live here is to so live as to be happy and make everybody else happy.

Blasphemy

What Happened When the World Crushed the Infidel.

To an audience which was only limited by the size of the Brooklyn Theater, Col. Ingersoll lectured last evening on his new topic, "Blasphemy." This is the first city in which he has delivered this lecture. His oration was as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: There is an old story of a missionary trying to convert an Indian. The Indian made a little circle in the sand and said, "That is what the Indian knows." Then he made another circle a little larger and said, "That is what missionary knows, but outside there the Indian knows just as much as missionary." (Laughter.) I am going to talk mostly outside that circle to-night.

First—What is the origin of the crime known as blasphemy? It is the belief in a god who is cruel, revengeful, quick tempered and capricious; a god who punishes the innocent for the guilty; a god who listens with delight to the shrieks of the tortured and gazes enraptured on their spurting blood. You must hold this belief before you can believe in the doctrine of blasphemy. You must believe that this god loves ceremonies, that this god knows certain men to whom he has told all his will. It then follows that, if this god loves ceremonies and has certain men to teach his will and perform these ceremonies, these men must have a place to live in. This place was called a temple, and it was sacred. (Laughter.) And the pots and pans and kettles and all in it were sacred too. No one but the priests must touch them. Then the god wrote a book in which he told his covenants to men, and gave this book to priests to interpret. While it was sacrilege to touch with the hands the pots and pans of the temple, it was blasphemy to doubt or question anything in the book. And then the right to think was gone, and the right to use the brain that God had given was taken away, and religion was intrenched behind that citadel called blasphemy. God was a kind of juggler. He did not wish man to be impudent or curious about how he did things. You must sit in audience and watch the tricks and ask no questions. In front of every fact he has hung the impenetrable curtain of blasphemy. Now then, all the little reason that poor man had is useless. To say anything against the priest was blasphemy and to say anything against God was blasphemy—to ask a question was blasphemy. Finally we sank to the level of fetichism. We began to worship inanimate things. If you will read your Bible you will find that the Jews had a sacred box. In it were the rod of Aaron and a piece of manna and the tables of stone. To touch this box was a crime. You remember that one time when a careless Jew thought the box was going to tip he held it. God killed him. (Laughter.) What a warning to baggage smashers of the present day. (Great applause.)

We find that also God concocted a hair oil and threatened death to any one who imitated it. And we see that He also made a certain perfume and it was death to make anything that smelt like it. It seems to me that is carrying protection too far. (Laughter.) It always has been blasphemy to say "I do not know whether God exists or not." In all Catholic countries it is blasphemy to doubt the Bible, to doubt the sacredness of the relics. It always has been blasphemy to laugh at a priest, to ask questions, to investigate the Trinity. In a world of superstition reason is blasphemy. In a world of ignorance facts are blasphemy. In a world of cruelty sympathy is a crime, and in a world of lies truth is blasphemy. Who are the real blasphemers? Webster offers the definition: blasphemy is an insult offered to God by attributing to Him a nature and qualities differing from His real nature and qualities and dishonoring him. A very good definition, if you only know what His nature and qualities are. (Laughter.) But that is not revealed; for, studying Him through the medium of the Bible, we find

him illimitably contradictory. He commands us not to work on the Sabbath day, because it is holy. Yet God works himself on the Sabbath day. The sun, moon and stars swing round in their orbits, and all the creation attributed to this God goes on as on other days. He says: "Honor thy father and mother," and yet this God, in the person of Christ, offered honors, and glory, and happiness an hundred fold to any who would desert their father and mother for him. Thou shalt not kill, yet God killed the first-born of Egypt, and he commanded Joshua to kill all his enemies, not sparing old or young, man, woman or child, even an unborn child. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," he says, and yet this God gave the wives of defeated enemies to his soldiers of Joshua's army. Then again he says, "Thou shalt not steal." By this command he protected the inanimate property and the cattle of one man against the hand of another, and yet this God who said, "Thou shalt not steal," established human slavery. The products of industry were not to be interfered with, but the producer might be stolen as often as possible. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And yet the God who said this said also, "I have sent lying spirits unto Ahab." The only commandment he really kept was, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me." Is it blasphemous to describe this God as malicious? You know that laughter is a good index of the character of a man. You like and rejoice with the man whose laugh is free and joyous and full of good will. You fear and dislike him of the sneering laugh. How does God laugh? He says, "I will laugh at their calamity and mock at their misfortune," speaking of some who have sinned. Think of the malice and malignity of that in an infinite God when speaking of the sufferings he is going to impose upon his children. You know that it is said of a Roman emperor that he wrote laws very finely, and posted them so high on the walls that no one could read them, and then he punished the people who disobeyed the laws. That is the acme of tyranny: to provide a punishment for breach of laws the existence of which was unknown. Now we all know that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which will not be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come. Hundreds of thousands of people have been driven to the lunatic asylum by the thought that they had committed this unpardonable sin. Every educated minister knows that that part of the Bible is an interpolation, but they all preach it. What that sin. Is it blasphemy to describe God specified? I say, "Oh, but, my good god, tell me what this sin is." And he answers, "Maybe now asking is the crime. Keep quiet." So I keep quiet and go about tortured with the fear that I have committed that sin. Is it blasphemy to describe God as needing assistance from the Legislature? (Laughter.) Calling for the aid of a mob to enfore his will here. Compare that God with a man, even with Henry Bergh. (Applause.) See what Mr. Bergh has done to awaken pity in our people and call sympathy to the rescue of suffering animals. And yet our God was a torturer of dumb brutes. Is it blasphemy to say that our god sent the famine and dried the mother's breast from her infant's withered lips? Is it blasphemy to say that he is the author of the pestilence; that he ordered some of his children to consume others with fire and sword? Is it blasphemy to believe what we read in the 109th Psalm? If these things are not blasphemy, then there is no blasphemy. If there be a God I desire Him to write in the book of judgment opposite my name that I denied these lines for him. (Great applause.) Let us take another step; let us examine the Presbyterian confession of faith. If it be possible to commit blasphemy, then I contend that the Presbyterian creed is most blasphemous, for, according to that, God is a cruel, unrelenting, revengeful, malignant and utterly unreasonable tyrant. I propose now to pay a little attention to the creed. First, it confesses that there is such a thing as a light of nature. It is sufficient to make man inexcusable but not sufficient for salvation; just light enough to lead man to hell. Now imagine a man who will put a false light on a hilltop to lure a ship to destruction. What would we say of that man? What can we say of a God who gives this false light of nature which, if its lessons are followed, results in hell? That is the Presbyterian God. I don't like Him. (Laughter.) Now it occurred to God that the light of nature was somewhat weak, and He thought He'd like another burner. (Great laughter.) Therefore He made His book and gave it to His servants, the priests, that they might give it to men. It was to be accepted not on the authority of Moses, or any other writer, but because it was the word of God. How do you know it's the word of God? You're not to take the word of Moses, or David, or Jeremiah, or Isaiah, or any other man, because the authenticity of their work has nothing to do with the matter; this creed expressly lets them out. (Laughter.) How are you to know that it is God's word? Because it is God's word. Why is it God's word? What proof have we that it is God's word? Because it is God's word. Now,

then, I find that the next thing in this wonderful confession of faith of the Presbyterians is the decree of predestination. (Reads the decree.) I am pleased to assure you that it is not necessary to understand this. (Laughter.) You have only to believe it. (Laughter.) You see that by decree of God some men angels are predestinated to heaven and others to eternal hell, and you observe that their number is so certain and definite that it can neither be changed nor altered. You are asked to believe that billions of years ago this God knew the names of all the men and women whom He was going to save. Had 'em in His book, that being the only thing except Himself that then existed. He had chosen the names by the aid of the secret council. The reason they called it secret was because they know all about it. (Laughter.)

In making His choice God was not at all bigoted. He did not choose John Smith because he foresaw that Smith was to be a Presbyterian, and was to possess a loving nature, was to be honest and true and noble in all his ways, doing good himself and encouraging others in the same. Oh, no! He was quite as likely to pick Brown in spite of the fact that he knew long before that Brown would be a wicked wretch. You see he was just as apt to send Smith to the devil and take Brown to heaven—and all for "his glory." This God also blinds and hardens—ah! he's a peculiar God. If sinners persevere, he will bind and harden and give them over at last to their own wickedness instead of trying to reclaim and save them. Now we come to the comforting doctrine of the total depravity of man, and this leads us to consider how he came that way. Can any person read the first chapters of Genesis and believe them unless his logic was assassinated in the cradle? We read that our first parents were placed in a pleasant garden; that they were given the full run of the place and only forbidden to meddle with the orchard; that they were tempted as God knew they were to be tempted; that they fell as God knew they would fall, and that for this fall which He knew would happen before He made them he fixed the curse of original sin upon them, to be continued to all their children. Why didn't He stop right there? Why didn't He kill Adam and Eve and make another pair who didn't like apples? Then when He brought His flood why did He rescue eight people if their descendants were to be so totally depraved and wicked? Why didn't He have His flood first and then drown the devil? (Laughter.) That would have solved the problem, and He could then have tried experiments unmolested. The Presbyterian confession says this corruption was in all men. It was born with them, it lived through their life, and after death survived in the children. Well, can't man help himself? No. I'll show you. God's got him. (Laughter.) Listen to this. (Reads extracts.) So that a natural man is not only dead in sin and unable to accomplish salvation, but he is also incapable of preparing himself therefor. Absolutely incapable of taking a trick. (Great laughter.) He is saved, if at all, completely by the mercy of God. If that's the case, then why doesn't He convert us all? Oh, He doesn't. He wishes to send the most of us to hell—to show His justice. (Laughter and applause.) Elect infants dying in infancy are regenerate. So also are all persons incapable of unbelief. That includes insane persons and idiots, because an idiot is incapable of unbelief. Idiots are the only fellows who've got the deadwood on God. (Laughter and applause.) Then according to this the man who has lived according to the light of nature, doing the best he knew how to make this earth happy, will be damned by God because he never heard of His Son. Whose fault is it that an infinite God does not advertise? (Great laughter.) Something wrong about that. I am inclined to think that the Presbyterian Church is wrong. (Applause.) I find here how utterly unpardonable sin is. There is no sin so small but it is punished with hell, and away you go straight to the deepest burning pit unless your heart has been purified by this confession of faith—unless this snake has crawled in there and made itself a nest. Why should we help religion? I would like people to ask themselves that question. (Loud applause.) An infinite God, by practicing a reasonable economy, can get along without our assistance. Loudly this confession proclaims that salvation comes from Christ alone. What, then, becomes of the savage who, having never heard the name of Christ, has lived according to the light of nature, kind and heroic and generous, and possessed of and cultivating all the natural virtues? He goes to hell. (Laughter.) God, you see, loves us. (Laughter.) If He had not loved us what would He have done? The light of nature then shows that God is good and therefore to be feared—on account of His goodness (laughter) to be served and honored without ceasing. And yet this creed says that on the last day God will damn

anyone who has walked according to this light. It's blasphemy to walk by the light of nature. (Laughter.) The next great doctrine is on the preservation of the saints. Now, there are peculiarities about saints. (Laughter.) They are saints without their own knowledge or free will; they may even be down on saints (laughter), but it's no good. God has got a rolling hitch on them, and they have to come into the kingdom sooner or later. (Laughter.) It all depends on whether they have been elected or not. God could have made me a saint just as easy as not, but He passed me by. (Laughter.) Now you know the Presbyterians say I trample on holy things. They believe in hell and I come and say there is no hell. I hurt their hearts, they say, and they add that I am going to hell myself. (Laughter.) I thank them for that, but now let's see what these tender Presbyterians say of other churches. Here it is:

This confession of faith calls the pope of Rome antichrist and a son of perdition. Now there are forty Roman Catholics to one Presbyterian on this earth. Do not the Presbyterians rather trample on the things that are holy to the Roman Catholics, and do they respect their feelings? But the Presbyterians have a pope themselves, composed of the presbyters and preachers. This confession attributes to them the keys of heaven and hell and the power to forgive sins. (Here extracts are read.) Therefore these men must be infallible, for God would never be so foolish as to intrust fallible men with the keys of heaven and hell. I care nothing for their keys nor for any world these keys would open or lock. I prefer the country. (Applause and laughter.)* * We are told by this faith that at the last day all the men and women and children who have ever lived on earth will appear in the self same bodies they have had when on earth. Everyone who knows anything knows the constant exchange which is going on between the vegetable and animal kingdom. The millions of atoms which compose one of our bodies have all come from animals and vegetables, and they in their turn drew them from animals and vegetables which preceded them. The same atoms which are now in our bodies have previously been in the bodies of our ancestors. The negro from Central Africa has many times been mahogany and the mahogany has many times been negro. (Laughter.) A missionary goes to the cannibal islands and a cannibal eats him and dies. The atoms which composed the missionary's body now composes in great part the cannibal's body. (Laughter.) To whom will these atoms belong in the morning of the resurrection? (Laughter.) * * How did the devil, who had always lived in heaven among the best society, ever happen to become bad? If a man surrounded by angels could become bad, why cannot a man surrounded by devils become good? * * Here is the last Presbyterian joy. At the day of judgment the righteous shall be caught up to heaven and shall stand at the right hand of Christ, and share with him in judging the wicked. Then the Presbyterian husband may have the ineffable pleasure of judging his wife and condemning her to eternal hell, and the boy will say to his mother, echoing the command of God—"Depart thou accursed into everlasting torment!" Here will come a man who has not believed in God. He was a soldier who took up arms to free the slaves and who rotted to death in Andersonville prison rather than accept the offer of his captors to fight against freedom. He loved his wife and his children and his home and his native country and all mankind, and did all the good he knew. God will say to the Presbyterians, "What shall we do to this man?" and they will answer, "Throw him into hell." (Laughter.) Last night there was a fire in Philadelphia, and at a window fifty feet above the ground Mr. King stood amid flame and smoke and pressed his children to his breast one after the other, kissed them, and threw them to the rescuers with a prayer. That was man. At the last day God takes His children with a curse and hurls them into eternal fire. That's your God as the Presbyterians describe Him. Do you believe that God—if there is one—will ever damn me for thinking Him better than He is? If this creed be true God is the insane keeper of a mad house. We have in this city a clergyman who contends that this creed gives a correct picture of God, and furthermore says that God has the right to do with us what He pleases—because He made us. If I could change this lamp into a human being, that would not give me the right to torture him, and if I did torture him and he cried out, "Why torturest thou me?" and I replied, "Because I made you," he would be right in replying, "You made me, therefore you are responsible for my happiness." No God has a right to add to the sum of human misery. And yet this minister believes an honest thought blasphemy. No doubt he is perfectly honest. Otherwise he would have too much intellectual pride to take the position he does. He says that the Bible offers the only restraint to the savage

passions of man. In lands where there has been no Bible there have been mild and beneficent philosophers, like Buddha and Confucius. Is it possible that the Bible is the only restraint, and yet the nations among whom these men lived have been as moral as we? In Brooklyn and New York you have the Bible, yet do you find that the restraint is a great success? Is there a city on the globe which lacks more in certain directions than some in Christendom, or even the United States? (Laughter.) What are the natural virtues of man? Honesty, hospitality, mercy in the hour of victory, generosity—do we not find these virtues among some savages? Do we find them among all Christians? (Applause.) I am also told by these gentlemen that the time will come when the infidel will be silenced by society. Why that time came long ago. Society gave the hemlock to Socrates. Society in Jerusalem cried out for Barrabas and crucified Jesus. In every Christian country society has endeavored to crush the infidel. Blasphemy is a padlock which hypocrisy tries to put on the lips of all honest men. At one time Christianity succeeded in silencing the infidel, and then came the dark ages when all rule was ecclesiastical, when the air was filled with devils and spooks, when birth was a misfortune, life a prolonged misery of fear and torment, and death a horrible nightmare. They crushed the infidels, Galileo, Kepler, Copernicus, wherever a ray of light appeared in ecclesiastical darkness. But I want to tell this minister to-night, and all others like him, that that day is past. (Cheers and great applause.) All the churches in the United States cannot even crush me. (Renewed cheering.) The day for that has gone, never to return. If they think they can crush free thought in this country, let them try it. What must this minister think of you and the citizens of this republic when he says, "Take the fear of hell out of men's hearts and a majority of them will become ungovernably wicked." Oh, think of an angel in heaven having to allow that he was scared there. This minister calls for my arrest. He thinks his God needs help, and would like to see the police crush the infidel. I would advise Mr. Talmage (hisses) to furnish his God with a rattle, so that when He is in danger again He can summon the police immediately. (Laughter.) I'll tell you what is blasphemy. It is blasphemy to live on the fruits of other men's labor, to prevent the growth of the human mind, to persecute for opinion's sake, to abuse your wife and children, to increase in any manner the sum of human misery. I'll tell you what is sacred. Our bodies are sacred, our rights are sacred, justice and liberty are sacred. I'll tell you what is the true Bible. It is the sum of all actual knowledge of man, and every man who discovers a new fact adds a new verse to this Bible. It is different from the other Bible because that is the sum of all that its writers and readers do not know. (Applause.)

Col. Ingersoll's Five Gospels

OR, WHAT WE BUILD

A Lecture Delivered in Investigator Hall, Before the Ingersoll Secular Society, Sunday, January 25, 1885.

BY W. M. CHANDLER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

For me, or for that matter, for any man, to appear as the champion and defender of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, would be like a tallow-dip offerings its assistance to the sun to help light a continent. No man was ever born more capable of taking care of and defending himself than he; for has he not over and over again, in two short hours, completely annihilated fifty thousand ministers, who have spent their entire lives in learning, parrot-like, to defend the indefensible, and to slander and malign the invincible?

But, as you are all aware, it is the charge of those who have had the unspeakable misfortune, as I am pleased to consider it, to be born twice, as well as of some others who know enough of the first principles of Rationalism to know better, that Col. Ingersoll tears everything down without building anything up. I deny it and denounce it as a slanderous misrepresentation! Tears everything down? What does he tear down? Let us see. Robert G. Ingersoll has never said one word, never aimed one blow at anything truly noble and good. Never! And never will! He has seen the right arm of the church dexterously wielding the lash of superstition, to the end that all might be made to say: "I believe." Believe what? Oh! the musty formulas that the Christian Fathers, so called agreed upon fifteen hundred years ago as "our Creed." He has been engaged in the work, as he says, "of rescuing the reputation of the Deity from the aspersions of the pulpit." Being a generous-hearted, whole-souled man himself, he stoutly affirms that the supreme law, the ruling force of this world, is a benevolent, generous, just force. He believes that if there is a universal Father, a supreme executive magistrate in Heaven, he is at least equal to the more intelligent and civilized fathers on earth.

This is something that the church, with a sublime inconsistency, has always denied. I suppose that some devout member of the Young Men's Christian Association will pick me up on that point. But, my friend, do you know of a decent father who would subject his child to the torture of the lash, for instance, until death should lull that child's nerves to sleep because it refused to believe all that father said, or do all he commanded, however revolting to its tender nature? And yet, has not the cry been buzzing in our ears ever since we were born, that if we refuse to believe the monstrous and miraculous, we should be consigned to the dungeons of eternal pain?

Robert G. Ingersoll, with logic that is unanswerable, and with eloquence that is sublime, has pronounced this threat an eternal lie, mean and meaningless, base and baseless. There is an old saying, "Give the devil rope enough and he will hang himself!" So the church, by clinging with such bull-dog tenacity to all the monstrous passages in its holy book, has hung itself. If it had only been satisfied with the things that do not positively shock intelligent men and women, who have the courage of their convictions, it might have had a much longer lease of power. But its revolting tyranny and monstrous ignorance kindled the spark of genius in the minds of such men as Paine and Voltaire and Ingersoll, and, through them, inspired the noblest and best of our race to rise to the dignity of their manhood, and put aside racks, and dungeons, and chains; to dig beneath the altar and clear away the accumulated rubbish of centuries; to gain the courage to

say, "I am a freeman, not a bondman, and will investigate the forces of Nature for myself, and solve the problems according to the logic of reason."

Because Col. Ingersoll has awakened the mind from its theological dream, they say "he has taken away all." And I don't deny it, for theology is, indeed, a chaotic mixture of nightmare and ecstacy, fear and flame, harps and wings. And when he says with the eloquence of a Webster, "Before drifting farther on the waves let us pause and ascertain how far the elements have driven us from our true course," they object, because boxing the compass of reason is so much harder than drifting with the tide. He has swept the upper story of the cobwebs spun by theological spiders in all the dark and dreary ages gone. But he has not, as they falsely claim, left it tenantless. He has stored away there the golden fruit of man's experience with Nature; the demonstrations of science; all that we have yet found out. He says truly, "I have not. If we are immortal, it is a fact in Nature. We are not indebted to creeds for it; nor to priests for it; nor to Bibles for it. And it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. We are here. We do not know where we came from nor where we are going. Let us be honest about it. We are on a ship and not on speaking terms with the captain. But we propose to have a happy voyage, and the best way is to do what we can to make our fellow-passengers happy. If finally we run into a good port we will be as happy angels as you will meet that day." Isn't that better than a pocket map of the New Jerusalem?

If he has shaken our faith in the four Gospels; if he has made those four pillars of the church totter to their fall, he has been generous enough to give us in their stead five others, far more definite, and more practical for shaping the conduct of life. To the consideration of these five Liberal Gospels, which Col. Ingersoll proposes in one of his lectures, and which we have every evidence are the foundation on which he has builded, I respectfully invite your attention. They are Good Living, Cheerfulness, Intelligence, Justice and Liberty.

One of the reasons why I fell out with religion was because it neglected that great question of good living. Not how to live well, but how to die well, has always been the great theological hobby. The theologian's Sunday recreation is to make a pilgrimage to the grave-yards of the patriarchs and solemnly study the epitaphs of antiquity. For thousands of years an epidemic was a judgment from the clouds for the wickedness of the people. When some man, of a reasoning and inquiring turn of mind, found out that it was a purely sanitary question, he was called a heretic and made an outcast. And even to-day, when a minister like Mr. Savage, of this city, drops theological nonsense, and preaches the doctrine of good living, with all it implies, they call him a dangerous man. Only a little while ago, a good orthodox man said to me that Mr. Savage was one of the most poisonous ministers of our time. A greater compliment, from that source, could not have been paid. Just in proportion that we have begun to preach and practice the doctrine of good living, has this world grown fit to live in. Our first great gospel, then, is the study and practice of the laws of health. And one of the best promoters of good health that I know of it embraced in our second gospel—Cheerfulness.

Ruskin declares that cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strength and health as color is to his cheek; and that wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life; and he might have added, or chronic piety. Col. Ingersoll has said that no man of any humor ever founded a religion. I think it is because humor or cheerfulness, is sunshine. Religion is fog; sunshine dispels fog; therefore cheerfulness dispels religion. This is logic, is it not?

I never heard of but two cheerful ministers, and they were not pious; because one of them, Sydney Smith, said, "Piety is like the bean crop; it flourishes best on a poor soil." The other is Robert Collyer. And he is by no means a pious dyspeptic, because he has our Robert's, Robert G.'s, picture hung up in his study, as a kind of inspiration. About two years ago genial Robert, as they call him, was giving a lecture in his New York church, on Emerson, when P. T. Barnum came in and took a seat in a back pew. Robert paused and said, "I see P. T. Barnum in the rear; will he please come forward and take a seat in my family pew? He always gives me a good seat in his circus, and I am going to give him one in my church." Now, you see, a pleasant little remark like that makes every one feel cheerful and happy. Then they tell me that Sydney Smith was always making pleasant and witty remarks. "Fancy," he said once, when he was told that one of the giraffes in the Zoological Garden had caught cold—"fancy a giraffe with a yard of sore throat!" But it is as rare to meet a minister like that as it is to run across a rose-bush in the desert of Sahara. Why, you know that our pious ministers used to think that a cheerful man was possessed of

the very devil himself! They used to think that it was wicked to even have an organ in a church. They were afraid it might lead to something cheerful. And even now they have them, they give to every note a kind of pious twang, and the words of the hymns they drawl out to cover the twangs.

Then just think how the church used to rail against the theater! But the theater has steadily gained until even the church-goers give the theater fifty or a hundred dollars where they give the church five. I heard the President of the Y. M. C. U. say awhile ago, that he was acquainted with a deacon of a church who was also a large owner in one of the city theaters. And somebody asked him how he managed to keep along in the church. "Oh!" he said, "easily enough; I give each of my deacons a pass." I tell you the theater is the house of worship for my gospel of cheerfulness. And while I enjoy occasionally one of the great tragedies of Shakespeare, generally speaking give me a comedy. It will do you more good to see Denman Thompson as "Uncle Josh Whitcomb" than the stalest sermon you ever heard. Honest "Uncle Josh," fresh from Swanzey, fired with a determination to regulate "every darned thing before he goes home." Then there is John T. Raymond; "You'd like him; he's sociable; been so ever since he was a boy." Then there are Robson and Crane, and others I might mention. Now the clergy can say what they please, but I say that these representative actors of the American stage are not only brushing away dull care and filling every heart with joy, but that they are teaching practical morality. A good hearty laugh, or any innocent amusement, not carried to excess, is a part of our gospel of cheerfulness. Then next we have the gospel of Intelligence.

A man may have graduated at Harvard, Yale, or Oxford, and not be intelligent. On the other hand, he may have graduated from the humblest village school in the land and be highly intelligent. In other words, a man cannot be intelligent without common sense. And he is extremely fortunate if he comes forth from one of our boasted collegiate institutions with more common sense left. It takes a strong mind to withstand the assault of a Greek professor. As Col. Ingersoll has wittily said, "Colleges are places where pebbles are polished, and diamonds dimmed." How can a young man be intelligent whose mind has been steeped in bigotry? Who has been warned against the greatest thinkers of the ages as being dangerous, and liable to pollute the tender mind of youth? Who has been compelled to feed on the intellectual nonsense of fossilaginous old fogies? If it had not been for that splendid quality in human nature that will not always mind, there would be no intelligence, to speak of, in the world to-day. Is a knowledge of the language in which the ancients spun their superstitious theories, intelligence? Does it take three or four languages to state the facts in a case? Emerson said "he would as soon swim across Charles River, instead of going over on the bridge, as to read a book in a foreign language, when he could get a good translation." The kind of intelligence we advocate in our gospel is not book learning alone, for; as Wendell Phillips told them out there at Harvard a few years ago, "Book learning does not make five per cent of that mass of common sense that runs the world, trebles its power over Nature, works out in the long run a rough average justice, lifts off its restraints, and removes its burdens." This idea that because a man has been highly educated he must be intelligent, has done incalculable mischief. People have taken the word of these men without investigation, and without thought, and allowed themselves to be deceived and deluded into intellectual serfdom. Without thought and investigation, without the compass of reason as a guide, there is no intelligence.

The man with his projecting bumps of veneration and spirituality, as the phrenologists call them, will tell you that intelligence is a religious commodity, and that we belong to the "riff-raff." But there is this difference between that man's intelligence and ours: In the first place, his teachers are on the plains and in the swamps of antiquity, persecuting for opinion's sake. Ours are on the hill-tops exploring the universe, broadening and educating humanity. Her golden age was in Judea in the first century, ours is in America in the nineteenth century. He has faith in something of which he knows nothing. We have faith in what we have learned by experience and investigation.

Finally, the end and aim of intelligence is practical talent. For if a man's intellectual training does not fit him to do something and be somebody, of what use is it anyway?

"Simply reading and brooding over what other men have been and done, will not answer. There are too many young men and women so exquisitely educated as to be good for nothing but to be put in a show case as a specimen of what the most approved system of education can do." It has been truly said that "the experience gained from books is of the nature of learning; but the experience gained from actual life

is wisdom, and an ounce of the latter is worth a pound of the former."

Again, "it is very easy comparatively, to live a life worth writing."

As Matthews has said, "the sum of the matter is that life is action." Thoughts and schemes, while they remain such, will avail you nothing, unless you are a Buddhist, depending on amalgamating yourself by meditation with the ineffable and divine essence. A Boston gentleman who looks at a business view of things, did not untruly characterize the whole class of poetic impracticables in a single felicitous sentence. Being asked the character of a certain transcendentalist—"O!" said he, "he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pays cash." In our gospel, then, we go in for a practical intelligence steered by common-sense.

What is called Infidelity is nothing more than a revolt against injustice; a revolt against that mythical superstition that has blighted so many minds, the Christian atonement. The creator and ruler of all worlds has been represented, by orthodox theology, as the very incarnation of injustice. The idea that man was created perfect; that he was born into the very lap of luxury; the sky of his future without a cloud, and that all of a sudden his heart became a lump of depravity, his path bristled with thorns, and an eternity of pain and tears stared him in the face. And all because he ate one apple off the wrong tree. He might have had a whole barrel full off the next tree, and it would have been all right. Not only was he to be eternally punished, but his children, and his children's children, forever, when very likely not one of them would have thought of stealing an apple off that tree. Would it have been possible to have invented a more absurd story? But there is a kind of rude ingenuity in it. It was intended to serve the purpose of a stupendous scarecrow to drive people into the Christian Church as the only means of escape. After getting a man thoroughly frightened, the priests say to him, "We will tell you of a nice little scheme, by which you can get back into the garden." They tell him that the second person in the Trinity very kindly offered to compromise the matter with the first and third persons, by dying a cruel death on the cross, in order that the first and third person's thirst for blood might be quenched. So, they tell him, "If you will join the Church we have founded, in honor of this second person in the Trinity, put your name to this creed we have drawn up, and pay your pew rent promptly, we will wash away your guilt and give you a pass to paradise." But the man says, "I don't understand this." "Never mind," says the priest, "neither do we. It is only necessary to believe it." And so fear and faith overcome reason, and he is drawn in. But now and then there is a man who stands by his better judgment, but he is branded as an Infidel. And there is another instance of injustice; there is another limb of the upas tree that has its root in Eden. To put on a man the mark of social ostracism simply because he is true to his own brain, simply because he follows the best light he has, is the grossest injustice. A few centuries back to be called an Infidel meant death at the stake; later on it meant poverty and degradation; to-day it means, don't mention it. To-day you may enjoy the luxury of thought, but you must not speak. For instances, Abraham Lincoln and Col. Ingersoll held about the same opinions on the subject of religion. Perhaps you have never been told this from the pulpit.

Most biographers have either concealed the fact, or lied about it. But the most complete, most truthful, and in every way the best life of Lincoln, written by Ward H. Lamon, gives us the truth, and proves by a cloud of witnesses that Abraham Lincoln was a Freethinker, and wrote a work on Infidelity, which was never published. In the name of truth and justice let me give you a few proofs from Mr. Lamon's book. And the first witness we will call to the stand is Wm. H. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend and law partner for twenty-five years. And I take it that his testimony will shed as much light on the subject as that of a minister who knows nothing of the facts, and never saw Lincoln. "As to Mr. Lincoln's religious views, he was, in short, an Infidel. He told me a thousand times that he did not believe the Bible was the revelation of God. In 1835 he wrote a small work on Infidelity and intended to have it published. The book was an attack on the whole grounds of Christianity, and especially was it an attack upon the idea that Jesus was the Christ. Mr. Lincoln was at that time in New Salem, Ill., keeping store for Mr. Samuel Hill, a merchant and postmaster at that place. Lincoln and Hill were very friendly. Lincoln, one day, after the book was finished, read it to Mr. Hill. Hill tried to persuade him not to make it public, not to publish it. Lincoln refused to destroy it, and said it should be published. Hill swore it should never see the light of day. He had an eye to Lincoln's popularity, and

believing that if the book were published it would kill Lincoln forever, he snatched it from Lincoln's hand, when he was not looking, and ran it into an old-fashioned tin-plate stove, and so Lincoln's book went up to the clouds in smoke. It is confessed by all that heard parts of it, that it was at once able and eloquent. His argument was grounded on the internal mistakes of the Old and New Testaments. His criticisms were sharp, strong, and manly."

The next witness is Hon. John T. Stewart. Let us see what he says: "Lincoln went farther against Christian beliefs and doctrines than any man I ever heard; he shocked me. Rev. Dr. Smith tried to convert Lincoln from infidelity as late as 1858, and could not do it." Next, Hon. David Davis, known to you all by reputation: "Mr. Lincoln had no faith, in the Christian sense of the term, but had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects." Last, but not least, comes the wife of the martyr President. She might have been expected to have some knowledge on the subject. She says: "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope, in the usual acceptance of those words." Mr. Lamon adds: "Lincoln never offered to recant, but he was a politician, and did not disdain to regulate his religious manifestations with some reference to his political interests. He saw the immense and augmenting power of the churches, and in times past he had practically felt it. The imputation of Infidelity had seriously injured him in several of his earlier political contests, and he was resolved that the same imputation should injure him no more. He perceived no reason for changing his convictions, but he did see many good and cogent reasons for not making them public."

Now, according to the logic of Orthodox theology, where is Lincoln's soul to-day? Will they please tell us? As I have said, and as you see by the evidence, President Lincoln and Col. Ingersoll held the same religious opinions. But Lincoln did not lecture on that subject, and he was sent to the White House. Ingersoll has shed some light on the subject, and though he is better equipped than nine-tenths of the statesmen which this country has produced, he is debarred from political office. But he don't need it; yet the people do need a few such men to look after their interests.

Justice demands that the honest and fearless thinker shall stand on an equality, socially, and politically with the man who wears the wreath of hypocrisy for policy's sake; and, "By the eternal!" as "Old Hickory" would say, the time is at hand when he will.

Our crowning gospel is Liberty.

The human race was enslaved and degraded by the church; it regained its liberty through the wonderful discoveries of science. When the world was ruled by Bibles and Popes, life was not worth living. Religious bigotry and superstition made it a curse. Every man who tried to enlighten his race did it at the peril of his life. The fiendish cruelty of Christian priests has no parallel in the history of savage tribes. Prof. Draper tells us that "between 1481 and 1808, the Inquisition, in the interests of religion, punished 340,000 persons, and of this number 30,000 were burned." And they were murdered either for the crime of having added to the sum of human knowledge, or because there was an expression of longing in their weary faces for liberty.

Galileo, the most illustrious man of his age, for simply writing a book in defense of the Copernican doctrine that the earth moves round the sun, was thrust into prison and treated with the most heartless cruelty, until relieved by death, a period of ten years.

Bruno, for simply spreading the light of science, for teaching the plurality of worlds, for saying that wherever he went he found skepticism varnished over by hypocrisy, for saying it was not against the belief of men, but against their pretended belief, that he was fighting, was burned at the stake, after a long imprisonment, only twenty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

More heart-rending still was the murder of that beautiful and learned woman, Hypatia, in Alexandria, in the year 415 A. D. She was a woman universally admired for her great talents, beauty, eloquence, and modesty. Prof. Draper tells us that "Each day before her academy stood a long train of chariots; her lecture room was crowded with the wealth and fashion of Alexandria. They came to listen to her discourses on those great questions which man in all ages has asked but which have never yet been answered: "What am I? Where am I? What can I do?" As a matter of course she incurred the hatred of the church, and especially of a certain pious fiend named St. Cyril. "One day as she repaired to her academy she was assaulted by Cyril's mob—a mob of bloodthirsty monks. Stripped naked in the street, she was dragged into a church and there killed with a club. The corpse was cut in pieces, the flesh was scraped from the bones with shells, and the remnants cast into a fire. For this frightful

crime Cyril was never called to account. It seemed to be admitted that the end sanctified the means." Had it not been for the countless martyrs who stood up in the face of death to be counted for the truth, where would have been our liberties? Every great scientific discoverer was pursued by religious bloodhounds as if he had been a wild beast. And the leaders of the Protestant Reformation are not exempt from this charge. As John Stuart Mills has said, "Those who first broke the yoke of what called itself the Universal Church were as little willing to permit differences of opinion as that church itself."

Luther and his followers felt keenly the galling oppression of the Catholic Church, but they were just as ready to burn and torment any man who had more brains than they. They burned Servetus, and hundreds of others, and a thousand ways added to the sum of human woe. And even in America, said to be the land of the free, men were taxed to support the church, fined for not attending it, deprived of the freeman's right to vote if they were not members of it, and hung if they dared to expose its shams.

Liberty had no goddess until her great apostle, Thomas Jefferson, wrote the Declaration, and her other great apostle, Thomas Paine, gave to the world the "Rights of man" and the "Age of Reason." And even then a race was left without a right, without a hope, until the modern Abraham, grander than the ancient, proclaimed that all men were created equal, and must be free.

You and I are only just beginning to realize what liberty means. The inquisitor is gone, the scientist is here. The children of those who heaped fagots around his feet are paying him the tardy tribute of sycophantic homage. The religion of superstition is being supplanted with the religion of evolution. We are beginning to realize the fact that the universe is governed by law, not by the whim of divine caprice. But liberty will not have attained her full growth until, in the words of John Stuart Mill, "Our laws and public sentiment recognize the fact that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any other number, is self-protection." That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others.

That being the law who would be harmed if English bigots should allow Charles Bradlaugh to take the seat to which he has been again and again elected by the people? Who would be harmed by listening to the expression of an honest thought? Who would be harmed if a man who is too honest to take a judicial oath, and whose stomach is too weak to kiss the filthy lids of a book, should be allowed to testify in court?

Mr. Mills says again: "Under the pretense that Atheists must be liars, the courts admit the testimony of all Atheists who are willing to lie, and reject only those who brave the obloquy of publicly denying a detested creed rather than utter a falsehood."

We shall not be wholly free until men can enjoy all their natural rights, and be honest with themselves, without a public penalty. Col. Ingersoll has said, as only he could say it, "Liberty is the one priceless jewel. It includes and holds and is the weal and the wealth of life. Liberty is the soil and light and rain—it is the plant and bud and flower and fruit—and in that sacred word lie all the seeds of progress, love, and joy."

Now, I know you cannot mention a virtue or a good that the church will not claim. She is in favor of anything that will help her cause or fill her coffers. In short, she claims the earth. But she can not justly lay claim to either one of Col. Ingersoll's Five Gospels.

I appeal to the facts of history that she has not taught men how to live well; she has not yet tried to fill their lives with cheerfulness and joy; she has not been in favor of a broad intelligence; she has been a stranger to justice; and she has never even learned what the word liberty means. She accuses us of being simply destroyers, but you see, my friends, that we are not only destructive, but *reconstructive*. It is true that we tear away the old gloomy Sunday, when it was thought a duty to be solemn and sad; when, as Wendell Phillips said, "the air was black with sermons." But the day has not yet come, nor will it ever come, when it will be good for us to give up a day of rest and recreation—a day in which to forget the work and worry of the week, and direct our thoughts in more restful channels.

We are through racking the brain over the vexatious nonsense of theology; but we are not through studying the laws and science of life and Nature. We are through gazing at the sky through the blinded eyes of a misdirected faith; but are not through looking at it with the telescope. We are done with sermons, but we are not done

with rational and entertaining lectures. We have ceased to fight a ghostly devil, but we will fight the devilish spirit of bigotry and caste as long as an unjust law remains; as long as thoughts are not as free as birds; as long as any man has a temptation to be a hypocrite for policy's sake; as long as there is a shred or patch of superstitious ignorance left.

I am afraid there is not a man here who will live to see the fight through, but we are gaining. Religion is losing, in spite of the "magnificent theological machinery" that Talmage says we have in this country. With the advance of intelligence and science, a system founded on the assumptions of ancient barbarians is bound to lose, and eventually die. What else can it do? But we of the Liberal faith are gaining, because we long ago resolved to keep step with the army of investigators and explorers. I say we of the Liberal faith; but our opponents say we have no faith. Well, we haven't in Mother Goose's Melodies for grown folks, nor in any theological Arabian Nights. We haven't explicit confidence in some of the incidents related in the biographical sketches of Adam, Noah, Moses, David, Jonah, and that tribe. We have our doubts about a multitude gorging themselves with a few sardines and hard-tack. Or, as Mr. Moody told them down at New Bedford some time ago, "five little barley loaves, and two fishes." Why, do you know that I thought that they were growing ashamed to repeat these stories, until Moody said in that sermon, with all the solemnity and seriousnes of an owl—"Then there was Joshua coming up to the walls of Jericho. He hadn't any battering-ram, no cannon, nothing but a few rams' horns. And yet with the rams' horns he blew down the walls; and if God could use rams' horns, couldn't he use you and me?" Well, I should say so, for I think Mr. Moody has fully demonstrated that he can do more blowing than any number of rams' horns. Then there is another thing we haven't any faith in, and that is, that swine ever set up in the clairvoyant business, and were controlled by poor unfortunates from another world who hadn't been born twice before they died once. I suppose that is one of the definitions of a devil.

But we have faith that when we sow in the spring we shall be able to reap in the fall. We have faith in education; not the general diffusion of useful knowledge, but practical education. We have faith in the demonstrations of science. Faith to follow where reason leads; faith, as Tennyson says—

> "That good shall fall,
> At last—far off—at last, to all.
> And every winter change to spring."

Oh! but they say, that's nothing. You must have faith in that book. Pardon us, gentlemen, but the contents of that book are not calculated to inspire our confidence. We prefer to stick to the realm of the known. We have no desire to graduate until we have learned the lessons of this world. As for another world, we prefer to follow the advice of that great Liberal and patriot, Abraham Lincoln, "not to cross a bridge until we come to it."

That, in a nut-shell, is about how we stand on this business of religion. At least it is about how I stand; but, you know, in our fold every man stands upon his own feet. Each one does his own thinking. We don't depend for ideas on some man who has had all the common sense educated out of him in a seminary; who has been taught, parrot-like, to defend a creed; who has been drilled in apologies and excuses, and the art "of twisting texts to suit the sects." We prefer to sit at the feet of those brave and fearless thinkers who have broken the chains that have made men slaves; who have cured the brain of the insanity of superstition and dogma; who have been the civilizers and benefactors of their race.

This society has adopted the name of such a man—a name that is in itself an inspiration. It means life, progress, energy and victory. At one time the father of Col. Ingersoll was a minister in a country village, preaching hell and damnation. He is a minister to the whole United States, preaching liberty and love. In all the great centers of civilization, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his reception has been for the last decade a perfect ovation. Of course I don't count that little Sahara of thought, Delaware. But I have always looked with some charity on that people, because I could easily imagine how frogs would feel if a whale should be introduced into their little pond, and intellectually, that was just the condition of Robert G. Ingersoll in the State of Delaware. But in the leading States of this Union he is appreciated, and recognized as a genius of the highest order. He is known as the man who has trampled out the cruel fires of hell, and who is driving theology to the wilds of Africa. His success as a lecturer is acknowledged to be without a parallel in the whole history of the platform; and no one could be better equipped in logic, originality, eloquence, and wit. His published works have become a perfect storehouse of the

most brilliant and sparkling gems to be found in the literature of this world. But, be it remembered, there must be an army of soldiers to one great general. So let us Liberals of Boston be loyal soldiers in that great army whose mission is, not to slay, but to free; not to shed blood, but light; not to make martyrs, but prosperous and happy men and women. We are fighting to overthrow superstition, social and mental tyranny, with common sense, logic, and reason.

The two distinguished veterans who have waged this battle with such indefatigable energy and courage for the last half century, and who have been the very life-blood of this Liberal organization, should be shown, as, indeed, in a measure they have been, by those who are flushed with youth and vigor, that they have not fought in vain. When they entered the field, it was full of stumps; but while the air was thick with bullets, fired by the reckless marksmen on the watch towers of Zion, they rooted them out, sowed the seed, and now they see on either hand a bountiful harvest.

In conclusion, let me say, the spirit of the age is with us; the greatest thinkers and scientists are with us; the greatest orator on earth is with us; so let us renew our strength and redouble our exertions, and on to victory.

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